Of this issue 2,350,000 copies have been printed

PICTORIAL REVIEW

FEBRUARY 1923

15¢

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LINCOLN'S LIVING MEMORIAL *by Ida Clyde Clarke*
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THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR

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PICTORIAL REVIEW

(Registered in the U. S. Patent Office)

Edited by Arthur T. Vance

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WILLIAM PAUL AHNELT, President and Publisher

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"The World Is Made for Women, Too"

AN EDITORIAL BY IDA CLYDE CLARKE

TALK about broadcasting American idealism, here it is. Women have found the way. Ten million churchwomen of the United States and Canada launched out on a great adventure and were promptly reenforced by students from Vassar, Smith, Wellesley, Goucher, Mount Holyoke, and sixty other women's colleges in these countries. Through their united efforts seven colleges for women have been established in the Orient, including a women's medical college. Fancy! A women's medical college in India, where a familiar proverb runs, "Educating a woman is like putting a knife in the hands of a monkey."

An old Japanese proverb says, "When women are friends men do not fight." Well, if it's as easy as that there need never be another war—certainly there need never be war between the East and the West.

Build Friendships, Not Battle-ships

WOMEN believe that it is more important to build friendships than it is to build battle-ships, and enlightened people on five continents are rapidly coming to the same view.

Because this great adventure is based on friendliness, even the Governments and high dignitaries of the Old World are accepting it as a demonstration of good-will from the women of the West to the women of the East. Oriental women, so many of whom live in the dark shadows of old superstitions and traditions, call it "a gift from the sunny side of the world."

In fact it is interesting to know that the initial call for medical ministration to Oriental women by those of their own sex came from a Hindu gentleman. And no wonder the coolie women of India carried bricks with which to build Vellore Medical College, which was opened in 1918, for in all of that vast country there are only 159 women doctors to minister to 150,000,000 women. Yet only a woman doctor can attend the secluded women of India.

Would Hindu women ever take so radical a step as to study medicine? That question was on every tongue when news of the prospective college reached India. Well, that first year there were sixty-nine applicants, and the next year there were one hundred and twenty. Last year one hundred and fifty were turned away for lack of room.

One of the greatest of the colleges for women in the Orient is a contemporary of Vassar. It was started forty years ago for six little girls in a mud-walled bazaar room at Lucknow—educational center for the 50,000,000 people of northern India. What a satisfying thought it is that an American woman, Isabella Thoburn, should have started this remarkable institution, and that it bears her name! Among its graduates are the first Mohammedan woman doctor in the world, the first dentist, the first agriculturist.

Yes, the light is breaking through to women in the Far East. "The world is made for women, too," is the motto over the door of the first women's club in India. Think of it—a real modern women's club in India, where only one per cent. of the women can read; where millions and millions of women never saw a doctor or a nurse; where a million girls are dedicated to prostitution as temple girls, being "married to the gods"; where over ten per cent. of the women are married under ten and over fifty per cent. under fifteen years of age; where maternity at twelve is the common lot! In India, as you read these words, there are over nine million child wives, many of them betrothed in babyhood and destined to be widowed before they are women.

America should have pride in the fact that our own college girls are standing squarely with the churchwomen in this great undertaking for the submerged millions of women on the other side of the world. This is the first world-wide effort to make the younger generation understand one another—and this understanding may be the key to world peace that will last forever. Every girl in Ginling College in China has a friend to write to in Smith College, and she writes her letters in English, too.

A Vassar girl said she "just loves" to think of a "freshman stunt party" in the court of a beautiful old Chinese palace, now a women's college. "You know there aren't any more Lalla Rookhs over there," she added. "They are just girls like us."

It was this American college girl who was speaking in a crowded courtyard in Peking when a wet-eyed, scarlet-cheeked Chinese girl flung at her the bitter question, "Why did not some one tell us before that it makes a difference what women think?"

In all of China's intricate life, the evolution of four thousand years of civilization, there were no modern libraries or lecture courses, and even high schools were few. It was in 1905 that the first college class matriculated at Peking University.

And how Chinese women need the light! In America we have an average of one doctor to every seven hundred and twelve people; in China the average is one to every four hundred thousand people. It is said that ninety per cent. of all the people who become ill in China are without medical attention.

In Japan there are thirty-three universities for men costing the Government millions of dollars, and yet there is not one corresponding Government school for women. The so-called Women's University is a private school with several departments, but it is not college in grade.

Oriental intellectuals are saying that our religion is something separate and apart from our national life, that our religion is not oriented into life as Eastern religions are. A distinguished Chinese official said to the writer in London recently, "Ah, when your civilization comes to us we shall forget to enjoy the beauty of a rose in the moonlight, the sound of the wind in the leaves, the whir of birds' wings in the air. Your thoughts are all of sky-scrapers and money and 'movies.'"

Sky-scrapers and Skylarks

TO THAT indictment this editorial furnishes the answer. We Western women believe that a sky-scraper may be as beautiful as a skylark, if we know how to enjoy it. We say to our Eastern critics that the soul of the woman is more important even than the soul of the rose.

Every one of us, regardless of creed, class, or kind, should have a part in this great adventure in world neighborliness. Whether or not we are churchwomen or college women we should feel a deep and a personal obligation to carry on this great and enduring work that has been so splendidly begun. We should see to it that these new and wonderful colleges for women in the Orient do not fail of their highest opportunity, because within their walls may be laid the foundation of a real understanding and a sympathy that will make future wars impossible.

This is woman's greatest adventure in internationalism. If you are interested in it write to the Joint College Committee, 300 Ford Building, Boston.

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And Now for the

UNIFORM MARRIAGE AND DIVORCE LAW

Herewith Is the Complete Text of Pictorial Review's Bill to Accomplish This Much-Needed Reform, Drawn After Thorough Deliberation in Accordance with the Ideas of the Leading Minds of the Country, Both Men and Women

With Introduction by GENEVIEVE PARKHURST

Note that this law does not create a federal bureau at Washington, its enforcement being left to the States.

THIRTY years ago the Congress of Mothers, with Elizabeth Cady Stanton as its spokesman, vainly besought the men who make our laws to enact a Federal Uniform Marriage and Divorce Law.

Thirty years ago the American Bar Association, seeing the wrongs inflicted by the confusion and contradiction of our forty-eight States' marriage and divorce laws, set out in good faith to unify these laws.

Thirty years ago the clergy of the country started their vigorous protest against the laxity of our marriage laws and the rapid increase of divorce.

Thirty years ago sociologists, their science just bourgeoning into recognition, added their forceful plea to the general protest that something be done to stabilize marriage so that the generations of the future should have a fuller heritage of physical and spiritual health. Centuries and centuries ago women the world over cried out in the wilderness of their broken spirits for a better justice in the codes and standards of marriage.

But during all of this time, and in spite of all these protests, nothing was done. For the laws were made by men, for men, in a men's world, where tradition decreed that women were chattels and should be treated accordingly.

But now, at last, women have the vote. And men, for that reason, must take heed of them. No longer need they cry out in despair. They, themselves, may help to heed that cry.

And just as Pictorial Review rallied to their support in their long, heart-breaking but triumphal struggle for the right to be heard equally with men in the government and in the economic world, so now we are coming forward to aid them in securing equal consideration in the home and in the family, which is the basis of all national integrity.

This can be accomplished only through an adequate Federal Uniform Marriage and Divorce Law, one which shall be the same in every State and which shall give to all, men, women, and children, rich and poor alike, an even chance for integrity in marriage and in the race, and when, because of human imperfection, marriage fails, a true justice to all members of the family.

Such a law Pictorial Review now presents. It was drafted by Mrs. Edward Franklin White, whose experience as a successful wife and mother, as a progressive club-woman, as a lawyer of repute, and as a Deputy Attorney-General of an outstanding State, qualified her for a task which we think she has finely achieved.

We do not say the law is perfect. It is open to revision, and with that revision, dictated by the best thought of the country, it can be made into a law which, if passed, would go far toward ending the confusion which has too long reigned in our marriage and divorce system.

We do not say that we can pass this law. That is up to the men and women of the country. They can have it if they want it enough to work for it: first, by the passage of a Federal amendment giving Congress power to enact a marriage and divorce law; second, by the passage of such a law through the Senate and the House of Representatives; third, by the ratification of such a law by the Legislatures of two-thirds of the States.

Are you ready to go ahead? We will help if you will. Tell us what you think is wrong with this law, and what you think is right. Tell us, above all, whether you want it or not, and if not, why not. And if you really want it we will start the ball arolling.

The High Spots of Pictorial Review's Bill

MARRIAGE PROVISIONS—Forbid marriage ceremony without a license, for which application must be made, by either party, two weeks before its final issuance. Both parties must be present when it is issued. Application to be posted in County Clerk's office and published in newspaper.

Marriageable age, with consent of parents, sixteen for girls and eighteen for boys. Legal age, without consent of parents, eighteen for girls and twenty-one for boys.

Forbids the marriage of imbeciles, the insane, feeble-minded, epileptic, paupers, those afflicted with tuberculosis or venereal disease, of the blacks and whites, or of those related within and including the degree of first cousins.

Two witnesses besides the officiating clergyman or official must be present at the marriage.

Penalties shall be imposed on those who issue licenses or perform marriage ceremonies contrary to these provisions.

A marriage which is legal in the State where contracted shall be legal in all States.

DIVORCE PROVISIONS—Grounds upon which divorce may be granted, interpretations to be alike for men and women, are as follows: Adultery, cruel or inhuman treatment, abandonment or failure to provide for a period of a year, incurable insanity, and the commission by either party of an infamous crime. Divorce shall not be granted upon the ground of adultery where there is evidence of collusion, or where both parties have been guilty of that offense.

Defendant in Divorce suit must appear in court. If he fails to do so the Prosecuting Attorney shall appoint some one to appear for him.

If defendant is resident of State in which suit is brought, he or she must be served with a personal summons; if not a resident of said State, summons must be published for three weeks in certain newspapers as directed, marked copies of which must be mailed to defendant's last known address.

Alimony shall be paid according to the defendant's ability and circumstances of the individual case, and shall be left to the discretion of the Judge.

The custody, support, and education of the children shall be a matter of equal justice, with the children always the first consideration. All things being equal, the mother's claims shall be favored, unless it is proved that she is mentally and morally incompetent to care properly for her children. Whichever parent is deprived of the guardianship and care shall be allowed to visit the children and have them visit him or her.

Upon the granting of a divorce an interlocutory decree shall be entered, but such decree shall not become final until the end of a year, during which interval neither party can contract a second marriage within the law.

A divorce which is granted in one State shall be recognized in all States.

Complete Text of the Pictorial Review Bill

SECTION 1. That when used in this act (1) the words "officiating person" shall include any minister of the gospel, civil or judicial officer who is now authorized to celebrate marriages by the laws of the State in which the marriage is celebrated.

(2) The word "county" shall include "parish," or other political sub-division of a State corresponding to the county.

(3) The use of the words "county jail" shall not preclude commitment to a penal farm, workhouse, reformatory, or prison, in the discretion of the court rendering judgment.

SECTION 2. That marriage may be validly contracted in any State only after a license has been issued therefor, in the manner following:

(1) Before any person authorized to celebrate marriages by the laws of the State in which application for license is made, by declaring in the presence of at least two competent witnesses other than the officiating person above referred to, that they take each other as husband and wife; or,

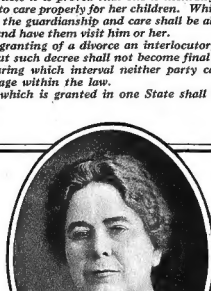
(2) In accordance with the customs, rules, and regulations of any religious society, denomination, or sect to which either of the parties may belong, by declaring in the presence of at least two competent witnesses, that they take each other as husband and wife.

SECTION 3. No persons shall be joined in marriage in any State until a license shall have been obtained for that purpose from the official authorized by the laws of such State to issue marriage licenses (hereinafter called the marriage license clerk), of the county in which the woman resides.

SECTION 4. Application for a marriage license must be made by one of the parties to the marriage at least two weeks before the license shall be issued; provided, that in cases of emergency, or extraordinary circumstances, the judge of the court having probate jurisdiction may authorize the license to be issued at any time before the expiration of said two weeks.

SECTION 5. No license to marry shall be issued to one who is at the time married, or under the age limit as provided by Section 7, or insane, or an imbecile, pauper, epileptic, feeble-minded, or afflicted with tuberculosis or a venereal disease, or related to each other within the following degrees of consanguinity or affinity, that is to say, are father and daughter, mother and son, grandfather and granddaughter, grandmother and grandson, uncle and niece, aunt and nephew, first cousins, great-uncle and great-niece, great-aunt and great-nephew, or where the applicants are members of different races; that is to say marriage between members of the white and black, or of the white and yellow races shall not be valid.

SECTION 6. No license shall be issued unless both of the contracting parties shall personally appear before and be identified to the satisfaction of the proper marriage license clerk, who shall further require of the parties, either separately or together, a statement under oath relative to the legality of the contemplated marriage as required by Section 5, the date of the same, the names,



MRS. EDWARD FRANKLIN WHITE
Author of accompanying bill, is Deputy Attorney-General of Indiana, Legislative Chairman of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, and legal editor for two leading publishers of law-books

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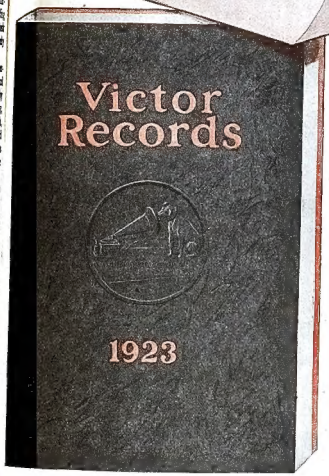

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If all the performances of great music given throughout the world were combined in one mammoth program, they would not even then approximate the music listed for your enjoyment in the Victor Record Catalog. You yourself select the music you wish to hear by the artists you wish to hear.

New Victor Records on sale by all dealers in Victor products on the 1st of each month. Victrolas $25 to $1500.

"HIS MASTER'S VOICE"

Victrola

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Important: Look for these trade-marks. Under the lid. On the label.

Victor Talking Machine Company, Camden, New Jersey

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The finest complexion treatment is the simplest

Here it is:

Most women have, and take great pride in having, normal skin—differing, perhaps, in texture and in ability to resist various conditions of life and weather, but normally healthy.

For such skin, the highest authorities agree that the finest complexion treatment available is the simplest—*soap-and-water cleansing.*

This old-fashioned, but authoritative, fact may save you trouble, and pain, and even the loss of the good complexion you now have.

To millions of women "soap-and-water cleanliness" means "Ivory-Soap-and-water cleanliness."

As any reputable physician will tell you, soap, whatever claims may be made for it, can do for your skin only one good thing—cleanse it safely.

That is the duty, the privilege and the destiny of Ivory Soap—to cleanse safely. Through forty-four years it has made no other claim.

Ivory Soap *must cleanse,* because it lathers abundantly and rinses off completely and promptly.

It must cleanse *safely,* because it is made of the very finest of pure ingredients, blended to produce a pure, mild, white and delightfully fragrant soap—which floats.

When you buy Ivory, you are asked to pay only for *pure soap,* which contains no "mysteries" and offers no "magic" except the soothing magic of cleanliness.

PROCTER & GAMBLE

IVORY SOAP

99 44/100% PURE IT FLOATS

Julia, maid of maids, is as concerned as if the blouse were her own, instead of Sally Jollyco's. Its delicate crêpe is faded and torn. Sally washed it *herself,* with soap of her own choosing.

"Oh, and I *warned* her, Mrs. Jollyco. But she wouldn't listen."

"I know, Julia," says Mrs. Jollyco. "Miss Sally is one of those who learn only by experience. Perhaps next time she will use Ivory. Then she won't have to rub, and there will be no fading or tearing."

Side out on a triple play! The professor notes this thought: "Clean bodies make keen minds." Well, if Bobby keeps on resisting soap, we don't know how he is going to be a famous shortstop — even with the help of his canine friend, Ulysses.

"Why, Sally Jollyco!" cries Miss Tippit, the family nurse, "What's that Mrs. Prowl doing in here?"

"Now, Tippity, you go right away!" says Sally. "Mrs. Prowl says this new soap will keep me beautiful."

"Oh dear, oh dear! And after I brought you up so careful on Ivory Soap, too!"

Poor Sally! She has a terrible time, doesn't she? but Miss Tippit is right—soap keeps one *pretty* only by keeping one *clean.* Ivory does that, and gently, *too!*

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'HE HAD FOUND A CHARMING RESTAURANT NEAR WASHINGTON SQUARE WHERE THE WITS AND CELEBRITIES OF MANHATTAN CAME TO SIT AT ROUND TABLES"

Beginning a Smashing Big Novel of Married Life and Its Baffling Psychology

LEW TYLER'S WIVES

A Man's Love for Two Women Makes a Tale of Constant Action, of Bright Lights and Deep Shadows, Against the Backgrounds of California and Gay New York

BY WALLACE IRWIN

Complete in Four Instalments—Part One

"MEECH"

ILLUSTRATIONS BY GEORGE GIGUÈRE

THE baby's name was Lewis Kensington Tyler, Jr.; but in compliance with the popular style of 1911 they called him "Buster," and yet managed to keep his identity separate from a half dozen other Busters dwelling in the same block. The sarcasm of that nickname was always obvious in the Tyler child, but its humor and its reproach were never more apparent to his mother than one warm September afternoon when she carried him across the back yard and set him in his asparagus-box under Old Sturdy, the climbing geranium. He sat among his pillows and grinned toothlessly up at her. His puckery little face, brown-eyed and nervous, had some of the apelike look which we see in undernourished children. His ears were large and his head quite bald, save for a sparse plume of yellow at its very apex. Jessie Tyler was ever self-deceiving; yet that afternoon there came to her an instant of true criticism. Buster! How pathetically his undeveloped body contrasted with Old Sturdy's coarse, red blossoms, hanging over him in a gaudy bower! Buster! The name implied vulgar health, vigorous limbs, a genius for boisterous practical jokes in companionship with a noisy brown dog.

On the impulse of a fear and a pity young Mrs. Tyler took up her child again and held him, as if for background, against Old Sturdy's scarlet bloom and treelike limbs.

"You funny little thing," she asked, "why don't you grow? Why don't you get big like a regular native son?"

By way of reply Buster raised the teaspoon he had been gnawing and rubbed its moisty bowl across his mother's chin. She liked this demonstration; it seemed another proof of his increasing muscular strength. But again she held him at arm's length and studied the boy to whom she had given her husband's name. She wondered where he got his brown eyes, faint brown eyes with something the shallow color of tea; certainly not from herself or from Lew. Possibly from her father, the kindly, ineffectual Mr. Winkler. She wondered if Buster would ever grow up to his ears. She was dwelling on this thought when he opened his pink circle of gums and laughed aloud. She adored him for that.

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"You've just *got* to get big," she decided, and petted him against her shoulder for an instant before restoring him to the box with its irrelevant label, "Choice Sacramento Canned Asparagus."

Then Jessie Tyler crossed the yard to approach another item of her busy day. At the top of the back stoop a folding step-ladder perched on its four stubborn legs, and beside it lay tacks and hammer with which she purposed to mend a strip which had worked loose from the pantry window sash and had a way of coming to life, making demon applause when the trade-winds rose. A small figure in a bungalow apron, she gathered up her tools and slowly ascended. She was slim and girlish in those San Francisco days. The redness of her hair saved her, perhaps, from acknowledging the handicap which life had put upon her; she had a nose that uptilted a little, disdaining defeat.

It was difficult to think of Jessie Tyler as one who had given birth to two children—the first had lived less than an hour—or as one whose thoughts were above the popular air she was then humming, a trifle off the key.

"I WAS THERE SOMETHING YOU WANTED?' SHE ASKED"

THERE'S a honeymoon spirit about the middle-class California dwelling, little and frail and trimmed like a bonnet—sometimes an ugly bonnet, let's admit, but always a flowery one. In 1910 the Tylers had moved into a row where the houses were quite alike, yet a trifle different; symbol, perhaps of brides. The self-deluding moon had long passed for them in 1911, for they had been married four years; but since Lew had taken Jessie to live in that white-fronted row she had enjoyed, for the first time, the pleasure which a modern cricket might feel in chirping independently by its own gas-log.

It was the "new" Richmond District in those days—many of the neighborhoods were as fresh as the paint on their porches. Once there had been a few tenuous streets out there, stretching over the sand-dunes; then the fire of 1906 had called for another San Francisco to extend itself into undreamed-of suburbs. Over the restless dunes, marching toward the sea, real-estate genius had built sidewalks, paved streets, thrown up blocks of facile, ornamental houses. On many streets these "Choice Modern Residences" stood in company front, as identical to outward seeming as so many frosted cakes in a confectioner's window.

Number 1162—for so it was identified from its duplicates on either hand—had a back yard that never failed to charm Jessie Tyler. Apartments, she argued, were all very well for lazy people. Herself, she had a Californian's love for digging in the ground, for trailing flowery vines over rusty fences. Housework? She didn't mind that. And how without a back yard, thought she, could there be a place to spread a rug on the ground and let the baby play in the sun on days when the fiery eye of life went sloping toward Japan, dispelling fog with an afternoon blessing on the city where it almost never snows and is seldom warm?

1162. All things considered, Jessie was surprizingly contented with the number she had drawn in the marriage lottery. Given her own way, she might have preferred the Oakland neighborhood and the generation with which she had grown up. She might have chosen a house with heavy walls and a lawn running around both sides and the front. She was built on the communistic principle that nobody's business is his own. Houses on the Tylers' street had been stuck together overnight; paper-thin partitions carried family secrets from house to house. Thus members of the Saltz family, who dwelt in 1164, were well known to Jessie, through the ear rather than the eye.

At seven in the morning she could hear Poppa Saltz turn in bed and moan, "Who let that cat out last night to scream all over?" and the guilty protest of Lottie Saltz, aged nine, "I didn't, Poppa. Honest; Otto was last in the kitchen"; and the thin quaver of Grandma Saltz, coming from below, "My sugar-spoon gone again. Somebody took it." When Lew and Jessie sat up late to romp and sing nonsense, as they often did at this period in their lives, an invisible fist would pound on the wall until pictures shook on their nails. This, they realized, was the fist of Saltz; and to the Saltzes they were indebted for a month's groceries. Otherwise Saltzes did not exist for the happy, careless Tylers.

That handsome September afternoon the Tylers' back yard was merry with light hammer-blows, minor echoes of San Francisco's age of reconstruction. Jessie was pedestaled on the small platform of her folding step-ladder, and she looked pathetically young for the mother of the child who lay playing with his toes in a box under the great red-flowered geranium. The wind had blown her bungalow apron into heroic folds about her straight, small figure as she reached up for the strip torn loose from her pantry window.

Her mouth was full of tacks, her expression was concentrated; she wielded the hammer with a girlish disregard of consequences. A lock of her fine red hair blew down and made free with the impertinence of her nose. It tickled, and by reflex action her eyes squeezed shut at the crucial moment. Consequently the hammer swung wildly against the sash, wrested itself from her hold, and fell with a disagreeable clatter to the cellar stairs below. The instant was chaotic; she lost her balance, struggled with thin air, and saved herself with a blind clutch at the window. A good half-yard of weather-strip came ripping down.

After that she settled herself on the ladder and proceeded to spit out tacks with the air of a defeated general surrendering munitions of war.

"What d'you know about that?" she asked indifferent heaven; then gathering her bungalow apron about her shins, surveyed the Presidio hills with a melancholy she seldom showed to her young world.

The weather-strip had annoyed her for a week. She was tired of asking Lew to mend it. That last thought suggested treason and brought a little shame to her ferocious loyalty. After all, she remembered in time to avoid another defection, Lew's large way of looking at things, his disdain of trifles, had always made him precious to her. She would have hated a man always prowling about the house, fussing and fixing. To love is to serve. Marriage had brought her that wisdom, which she secreted almost guiltily.

From the vantage of her perch she could see gray gulls wheeling over the piny Presidio, which always reminded her of a little of death, for evergreens are sad trees. Beyond a new monster of Mission architecture, half blocking her view to the west, a ribbon of gray-blue water was barely visible. More intimately she saw the back yards. The fences were neat, brown and square like so many topless cigar-boxes glued together, but the geometric accuracy of their edges was always broken by the leaves and blossoms of vines, miraculously rooted in the new-made soil below. In the Tylers' yard Old Sturdy, the climbing geranium, stood out prominently, a glaring fact. The former residents of 1162 had planted it there, and Jessie had endowed it with a personality, as we sometimes do with familiar, growing things.

She glanced at Buster under that bright bower; he had fallen asleep in his packing-box. Another disturbing thought came to her then—she wondered if the baby would grow to be a runtish, ill-favored little man like Meech Garrick. Poor Meech, with all his success—and success was a vague word to Jessie Tyler in those suburban times —what wouldn't he have given for an extra inch or two on his spindling legs or for her Lew's fine eyebrows and florid comeliness? No. Buster should grow to be his father's son—purified, perhaps of a few Tyler faults—but a man with magnetism, presence, personal beauty; such a man as people turn to gaze after, as they turned to gaze after her Lew.

JESSIE perched on the ladder, dreaming, the warmth of fog-dispelling September in her bones. The baby was always on her mind; Lew was always on her mind. Equally they meant life to her, and both needed care. She found herself laughing at the idea of big, self-confident Lew needing to be looked after like the baby in the asparagus-box. Lew, the master—during their four years together she had never taken the upper hand in anything.

"Say!"

Over the back fence the challenge came, a spurt of vinegar. The girl on the ladder, too conspicuous to pretend unconcern, peered into the next yard and beheld a bony, immense old woman in a wicker chair, a patchwork quilt across her knees. This undoubtedly was Grandma Saltz, mother of the Richmond grocer to whom the Tylers owed money. Deep-sunk, burning eyes were focused on Jessie, and the young wife could not choose but heed.

"Was there something you wanted?" she asked, turning as much as she dared on her dangerous perch.

"You're awful smart at odd jobs," creaked the worn voice, remarkably small for so large an instrument. "You never seem to stop. Land sakes! When I was a gal I was like that. But just you wait till you're my age."

Jessie was murmuring some polite denial of Grandma Saltz's age, but the voice went creaking on:

"Mark my word. You get nothing for doing too much. It's the loafers that grab everything in this world. As I always say about getting married, there's just two kinds—one kind and the other kind."

"Quite true," murmured Jessie, but anger was flaming in her cheeks, responsive to the spiteful little devil who lived in the roots of her red hair. Then that chivalry which good women feel for the old of their sex dulled the sting of her tongue, and she said at random:

"Nice weather, isn't it?"

"It won't last long," promised Grandma Saltz, her baneful gaze unwavering. A potted fuchsia which she had been nursing in her lap fell head down on the walk. She gave it no more heed than a young baby gives its relinquished rattle.

"Where's your man all the time?"

"My——"

"Carpenter work and odd jobs. Ain't you got plenty to do without nailing and hammering? When I was a gal——"

Jessie Tyler came down from her ladder, again thwarting the impulse of her pungent tongue. Beyond the fence she could hear the clatter of Grandma Saltz, who had no power to stop, being once wound up.

"I tell you times has changed. When I was a gal——"

"When *you* were a gal!" muttered her victim, discreetly under her breath. "I'll bet you never were. I'll bet you came out of an egg. Crow!"

She rushed into the kitchen just in time to hear the door-bell peal.

"I hope it isn't that Emporium man again," she prayed, and went to the front door to behold her father, waiting patiently for admittance.

HE WAS a little man with a fierce gray mustache, above which showed eyes that were half affectionate, half apologetic. A monotone of faded eyes, faded necktie, faded clothes. There was about him, too, a faded clerkliness, and the flaring hairs on his lip indicated aspirations as indefinite as their ragged ends.

"Well, Pop!" she cried, taking him into her arms as she led him in and closed the door.

"Just thought I'd step over for a bite of supper, being Saturday. That is, if it ain't putting you folks out any."

This had been Mr. Winkler's formula every Saturday afternoon since Jessie and Lew were married. Some mysterious arrangement with Mr. Weinhandler, who stood for Destiny in Mr. Winkler's drama, had resulted in this weekly half-holiday. His appearance on the Tyler doorstep every Saturday afternoon was merely an item in Mr. Winkler's clockwork habit of life. Methodical, submissive, platitudinous, he had always played domestic fowl to Jessie's wild goose. She had first fallen in love with Lew because he was so unlike her father.

"We haven't a thing on," she reassured him. "Alta, Wade's promised to come in—just a Dutch supper with some stew and beer."

"My, my," said Mr. Winkler in that bland, considerate voice which he had learned through twenty years of practise as bookkeeper, "I haven't seen Alta for ages! Guess she don't flock much with common folks now she's took up art."

Alta's taking up of art consisted in drawing "frames" for illustrations in Sunday papers, but to Mr. Winkler art was art. Jessie was quick to defense of the girl whose waist she had entwined during those years when chumships are possible.

"Oh, Alta's not that kind, Pop," she defended. "She's just trying to get a start."

"Why ain't she married and raising little tots of her own?" he inquired in a puny rage. Then his glance roved through the hall into the parlor. "Guess Lew won't be home very early, will he?"

"What do you know about it, little old alarm?" asked his daughter, making a show of fixing his necktie. "People have to buy autos, don't they?"

"I suppose so," he agreed rather grudgingly. "How's he doing?"

"Just splendidly."

"That's good. I sort of thought maybe he had a little time to spare——"

Something in his mild, indefinite eyes forced the question to her lips. "Pop, have you seen Lew?"

"Why, no—" his eyes and his feet shifted at the same time. "Just let me put my hat away——"

He moved toward the closet, but his daughter caught him by the arm so bruskly as to swing him around.

"Where did you see him, Pop?"

"Well, there was a lot of young sports going into that big club on Post Street——"

"The Bohemian Club?"

"Ya-aa. I guess that's about it."

"When was that?"

"I guess it was about half past one. You see I got my dinner at one and was going to the vaudeville."

"There!" Jessie stood attentive an instant to a thin wail coming from the back yard. "Buster's yelling his head off. Go out and trot him a little, won't you, Pop? And for Heaven's sake don't bang his head on the box."

"How is the little tot?" asked Mr. Winkler, to whom every child under eight was a "tot" just as every public dinner was a "function."

"Oh, he's all right," she answered, a trifle impatiently. "Jolly him along a little; that's all he needs."

Mr. Winkler took his mincing way down the kitchen steps, making mild sounds to soothe Buster's mechanical wail.

"Tut—tut, hushaby! There's gran'pa's Buster Brown. Peek-a-boo, baby!"

Peeling onions behind the tattered screen of the pantry window, Jessie was relieved by the child's sudden silence. The doctor had warned her against letting him cry too long at a time. The choking spell of yesterday had terrified her, and the doctor had gone away leaving behind him the impression of a man saying glib things to hide his puzzlement. A rigmarole of anatomy. "Something the child will outgrow. . . ."

She looked out into the back yard and laughed. She laughed easily in those days. There under the geranium, stiffly sitting on a corner of the packing-box, Mr. Winkler held his grandchild at arm's length, making fierce grimaces behind his great mustache while Buster grinned gummily and waved both arms like a temperamental conductor.

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In the capacity of baby nurse Mr. Winkler did very well. All her life he had failed to understand the stirring ambitions that had made Jessie a restless child. She had wanted to go on the stage or to be Joan of Arc or the pink-legged lady who jumped out of a balloon at the fair. Himself, he had known his year of earthly glory, sufficient for him. Somewhere in the vague past the whim of county patronage had ramified Mr. Winkler into a brief appointment as guard in Folsom prison. It always made Jessie smile to think of Pop, uniformed and equipped with a rifle, mincing his way around the frowning walls. It was rumored that Pop shot at the superintendent one dark night, mistaking him for an escaped convict. Fortunately Mr. Winkler missed his mark. "Pop always does," smiled Jessie, recalling the myth.

FOR nearly a score of years, reliable, methodical, self-satisfied, he had walked every morning, Sundays excepted, from the door of his Oakland flat to the door of Weinhandler's department store. He had a way of referring to his Folsom days as politics. His reputation grew among the younger fry. It was generally understood that he had seen better days, been on the Governor's staff, known the machine from the inside. A few referred to him as Colonel, and he did nothing to correct the error. After all, that was small enough reward for a short lifetime of service at Weinhandler's.

Jessie Winkler's marriage to Lew Tyler had surprized Mr. Winkler, who was temperamentally unprepared for life's sharp turns. Had her mother been alive Jessie might have been eased into an alliance with any one of the boys with whom she romped at high school. But her father's neat aimlessness, his habit of quoting scientific facts which he gleaned from the Sunday *Examiner*, his inherent timidity reacted upon her, strangely enough, as a stimulant. Her reach always exceeded her grasp; his never did. He wanted her to marry a Mr. McQuintock, lately widowed and a floor-walker, whom Mr. Winkler indorsed as "a gentleman of good address."

The McQuintock episode drove Jessie to the Berkeley Summer school. Qualified for a course in pedagogy there, she had visions of fitting herself to be a school-teacher of the superior sort—imagine slangy, effervescent little Jessie Winkler teaching school! From the scrawny, red-headed tomboy of eighteen she had developed, quick as a California Spring, into another being, equipped with a new set of thoughts and desires. How cunningly that wild huntress, Life, baits the trap with romance that she may hold us for her own grave purposes!

Lew Tyler returned to Berkeley at the time of year when stubble-fields lie over the low hills like a covering of old Spanish velour, rusty gold, tarnished brown, inviting indolence. He was lingering on the campus for special tutoring in two courses, mathematics and French, which had prevented his graddation in the Spring of 1905. Nobody but his mother had expected Lew to finish with his class; undergraduates of his day still cherished the Victorian belief that men of high scholarship seldom amount to anything in the world.

Tyler, ex-'05, was as popular as a man can be who takes no active part in athletics. His big singing voice, thrilling like a bronze bell, made him the idol of many a patriotic evening, when he would stand like a god on a round table, carved with illustrious initials, and boom out witty hymns of hate directed at the hordes of Palo Alto. He could whang a banjo, improvise eccentric dances; and his trick of writing charming lyrics on a half-hour's notice inspired the class prophet to predict that Lew would make a million dollars in musical comedy—an undergraduate ideal of earthly grandeur.

Lew and Jessie drifted together as lightly and as inevitably as yellow butterflies. She couldn't believe him real at first, because she still held a little of Mr. Winkler's faith in their inferiority. The Tylers were of the class which Mr. Winkler would have called "carriage trade." As a matter of plain fact they were modestly well-to-do—shabbily well-to-do, I might better say.

In 1905 Mrs. Tyler lived in an apartment on Clay Street and rented her one piece of property, a knobby mausoleum to family pride, at a good corner of Van Ness Avenue.

To Jessie Winkler the florid young hero, always picturesque, always emotional, walked on a desirable higher plane. She looked up to him from the first, stunned and deeply in love. She couldn't believe that this shining soul had chosen to companion her—as he did quite regularly—in her walks to and from evening lectures. It was as tho some mighty figure of history like Lincoln—no, not Lincoln; she had a secret distaste for Lincoln because of his beard—it was as tho Lorenzo de Medici, all in silvern armor, had come down from his star to woo her under the Latin moon of California as it sifted dangerously through the live-oak twigs.

Alta Wade, who had entered the special course, in emulation of Jessie, had aided and abetted the romance. But other maidens of the Summer school, many of them jealous because they had passed the age of maidens, warned her that Lew Tyler was "terrible."

Terrible! For her it meant another thing. Terrible like an army with banners.

Don't think that their courtship was worded in the style of high romance. Lew Tyler was a college boy, successful because of his truth to type. Jessie Winkler had been familiarized as "Ginger" in the Oakland High School, a name which applied as much to the color of her thoughts as to the color of her hair. Here then is a snatch of Romeo and Juliet, flowing naturally from heart to lips, in an early year of our twentieth century:

White moonlight. They pause under a live-oak whose shadow lies clean-cut as a strip of black oilcloth across the walk which meanders toward Jessie's boarding-house. Lew is leaning against a tree and strumming a banjo while he sings in that flexible voice which he can turn at will from growling bass to wooing barytone.

Down at Sanguinetti's,
Sawdust on the floor.
Over at Luchetti's,
Jug beside the door.
But around at Poppa Koppa's—Poppa—say!
I can angle for spaghetti till my hair turns gray!

"Is that one of yours?" she asks out of the shadow.

"Uh—huh." Lew is lighting a cigaret, and the flame adds radiance to his features, which she regards as ineffably patrician. Then he adds modestly, "Old stuff, of course."

"You ought to do something with it. Put it on the stage or something."

"I guess so." His cigaret twinkles like a star.

"Well, why don't you, lazybones?"

"Oh, I don't know. In the first place, I don't think my mother would like me to be writing for the stage."

SUDDENLY she remembers the gulf between them—she who had once regarded a "speaking part" at the Alcazar Theater as the goal of human ambition!

"And say, Red Head." He lowers his beautiful voice. She has often cautioned him not to call her Red Head.

"Red Head," he persists, "there's one thing funny about me."

"Only one thing?" She giggles. Perhaps it's nervousness.

"Well, if you're going to rag me again——"

"I'm sorry, Lew," she apologizes, and is ready to bite her tongue for its incurable pertness. "Tell me. What about you?"

He pauses, praying for calm, no doubt; then his voice comes sweet and low again: "Funny about me. I seem

"TRIUMPHANT LEW THREW OFF HIS COAT, RAN HIS FINGERS THROUGH HIS WILD HAIR, AND STOOD PANTING. 'LISTEN, GIRLS! JESSIE'S GOT A CONUNDRUM. LIKE THIS—DO BOATS GO ALL NIGHT?'"

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to be one of those men who need a good woman to sort of inspire him. A woman I can love and trust——"

"There's your mother," suggests Jessie, her imp of a tongue again gaining control.

"You don't even *try* to understand me," he mutters brokenly. They resume their stroll toward the boarding-house. Out in the glare of the moon his mood softens; his eyes descend on her like wings of flame.

"Red Head," he whispers, "why do you always wear that funny little patch at the corner of your mouth?"

"Who's joshing now?" she asks, but is weak with the intimacy of his look.

"Cross my heart! It's charming. Raving beauties in the court of Louis—you know the one—they always wore love-patches——"

"I'm glad you like it," says she. "It's a mole."

He laughs his splendid laugh and leans very close, just to make sure. Their lips are dangerously near in the moonlight, pale as day. Footfalls can be heard coming down the walk. She steps briskly away from him, her heart thumping. Why couldn't he have broached the subject of the mole a moment before, under the shadow of the live-oak?

That night was decisive for Jessie, who, under a Summer's enchantment, became as sure of his love as she was of her own. She allowed herself to forget, for a time at least, that their affair was drifting along without any definite understanding between them. Already she felt a responsibility for Lew; more than once he hinted darkly at his need of a pure and beautiful woman to save him from himself—undergraduate heroics, no doubt, but he repeated the formula a hundred times that Summer. Beyond that he failed to explain himself. Toward the end of August her practical mind came to the rescue, armed with a cutting tongue; they quarreled in open daylight on the sidewalk in front of her boarding-house.

She packed that night and returned to her father's flat in Oakland. Being a plucky little person, born to walk on the top of life and not be mired by its sorrows, she managed to cast Lew Tyler from her mind. He was an experience never to be repeated. And so it would have been but for a chance encounter in 1906, shortly after a great conflagration came to change the character of America's most original city.

She was rounding the corner of Oakland's City Hall one day when she came face to face with Lew. He looked older and very solemn in his suit of black. Something ashamed, doglike, appealing in his handsome eyes, caused her, against her will, to stop and speak to him. Everything had changed with the Tylers after the fire, he told her unreservedly, showing a boyish gratitude for her kindness. The fire had swept away his mother's property; Mrs. Tyler had died in a hospital almost before the embers were cool; the default of a German insurance company and a foreclosure on loans had completed the ruin.

"Well, I've got this suit of clothes," he grinned, indicating his mournful attire.

She let him walk home with her, but failed to ask him in. He called again, however, and very often. Naturally he became acquainted with Mr. Winkler, who smoked Lew's good cigars with the air of a mendicant, looking both pleased and scared at his patronage. It is such a look that the aged mouse turns up into the face of the benevolently inclined young lion.

Jessie and Lew were married shortly after the New-year of 1907.

LEW TYLER'S young wife looked up from her tearful task of peeling onions. On the gas-stove behind her she had set the baby's milk to warming in the method most approved by infanticulture. To be explicit, she had placed the nursing-bottle, sufficiently filled, in a two-quart cup of water, a simple expedient to induce the benevolent temperature of the cow. The cup began to boil over with a spiteful hiss, wherefore she rescued the bottle and, turning it nipple down, shook an experimental spray of milk on her bared wrist.

"Ouch!" She'd got it too hot again.

Voices in the back yard tempted her to look through the kitchen window, where she saw Mr. Winkler, a picture of mortal pride, holding little Buster against the edge of the fence for Grandma Saltz's inspection. The baby's head, top-knotted with reddish chicken-down, was lowered, indifferent to praise, as he applied himself to the task of pulling down Grandma Saltz's hop-vines.

"What's his name?" asked the vinegar tone across the fence.

"Well—" Mr. Winkler giggled sheepishly. "His name is Lewis Kensington Tyler, Jr. But *we* call him Buster Brown."

"Buster Brown." Grandma Saltz chewed the phrase between her broken teeth. "I guess there's about twenty million babies by that name."

"He looks like me," said Mr. Winkler, his face wrinkled with weak amiability.

"Red-headed like his ma," decreed the creaky voice. "How old is he?"

"Six months—let's see—he'll be seven months about next Friday."

"Land sakes!" It came like the cry of some wounded water-fowl. "Ain't he small! When my Otto was that age he'd 'a' made two of 'im. *Two* of 'im!"

JESSIE could stand very little of this.

"Pop!" she called severely. "Bring him in. His milk's ready."

Mr. Winkler came mincing in with the baby, who trailed hop-vines in either hand.

"What's the name of that woman next door?" he asked, for Mr. Winkler was nothing if not democratic.

"Darned if I know, Pop," replied Jessie, telling a half-truth. "We don't know many people in this neighborhood."

"Well, she sort of thinks the little tot is small for his age."

"Does she?" asked Jessie, still smiling. "She seems to be a heavy thinker on all sorts of subjects. Suppose you take the baby into the parlor and give him his bottle?"

"Can't I set in the kitchen and be sociable?" he pleaded. "Ain't any too often I see you nowadays."

"Sure, Pop. Just take that chair by the door. It's pretty hot in here."

The baby lay in his grandfather's arms, the nipple buried between his gums, his eyes swimming with that intoxicated look which comes into the face of infancy in moments of greed. Jessie was cutting vegetables for a stew.

"Do you know," droned her father out of the silence, "that the great scientists have discovered something that's going to do away entirely with this business of feeding babies out of a bottle?"

"No, I didn't hear about it," chimed Jessie, who ever since she could remember had been called upon to respond to her father's scientific lectures.

"It was in the Sunday papers last week—or was it week before last?" Mr. Winkler squinted over this point, but finally resumed: "Seems that some German professor has found something poisonous in milk. Protein or something. They've got a tablet now that eliminates everything from their systems and makes 'em grow twice as fast. Wonderful what science can do! As I was saying to Mr. Weinhandler last night—he took me home in his car —It's certainly wonderful what progress the world is making lately. They've eliminated disease, practically, and next you know they'll be eliminating war. Yes, sir. People are getting scared to fight——'"

"Be careful how you hold that bottle, Pop, or you'll eliminate the baby."

"Babies?" He glanced absently at the object in his lap. "Got to have 'em to perpetuate the race. But science is eliminating old age. Sunday before last I read an article about that new French serum—what d'you call it?—it's going to revolutionize the life-force. Wonderful."

The lecturer had been speaking to a silent classroom; therefore he shifted to another of his hobbies, namely real estate. "Wonderful how this section's growing. Wonderful. Did you see the new Meecham P. Garrick addition they're starting up by the Presidio? Meech Garrick—there's a man of parts! Hustler. Wonderful how these little men cultivate their brains. I was reading in the supplement— Say, Jessie——"

"Huh?" responded his daughter absent-mindedly, coming out of her dreams.

"Why don't Lew hook up with Mr. Garrick some way? He's got his finger in the pie everywhere—real estate, advertising, shipping. He'd give Lew a job in a minute. That's his system—take on young men and give 'em a start. He's a good friend of the family——"

"Oh, Pop!" she broke in with the impatience we feel when our own thoughts have been badly interpreted. "Lew's got just the job he wants now."

"Perhaps," agreed her father somewhat menacingly, and trotted Buster until the nipple fell from his mouth.

Jessie dropped the components of a stew in the saucepan, and Mr. Winkler decided on a fresh topic.

"When do we have supper?"

"About the usual time. Seven o'clock, if everything's done."

"Putting on a lot of style, ain't you?" decided Mr. Winkler. "I don't suppose, tho, that Lew gets home any too early nowadays."

"Oh, he's usually pretty prompt," said Jessie, humming a tune as if to sweeten her thoughts.

"You oughtn't to be too strict with him."

"I never am." Jessie peered into the saucepan. She had forgotten the potatoes.

"After all, you got to remember that Lew ain't brought up to plain living. I admire it in him. The first time I saw him I said to myself: 'That young man's got spirit.' Blood will tell. He comes of a fine class. Fine class of people. But you got to give those young bloods a little sporting life or they'll just dry up. I know. When I was Lew's age I'd 'a' given anything to have some big bugs in my family and some swell clubs to go to. It gives tone to a person. And it makes all the difference between him and——"

Jessie's smile had become set as she dropped her saucepan and rushed away. A slam of the front door and shuffling steps in the hall told her that Lew had come home.

WHEN she came into the little foyer she found that he had opened the closet and was putting away his hat with the most elaborate care. This disturbed her, because Lew seldom put anything away.

"There you are, little old Red Head!" he chuckled, turning suddenly to snatch her off her feet and raise her to a level with his chin. His roughness seemed to smother out her resentment; but she tried not to laugh as she scolded him.

"Let me down, you big bully. Whoo! You smell like a saloon."

"Wines, liquors, *and* cigars," he announced, his look alive with a sort of wild humor. "Why don't you ask me where I've been?"

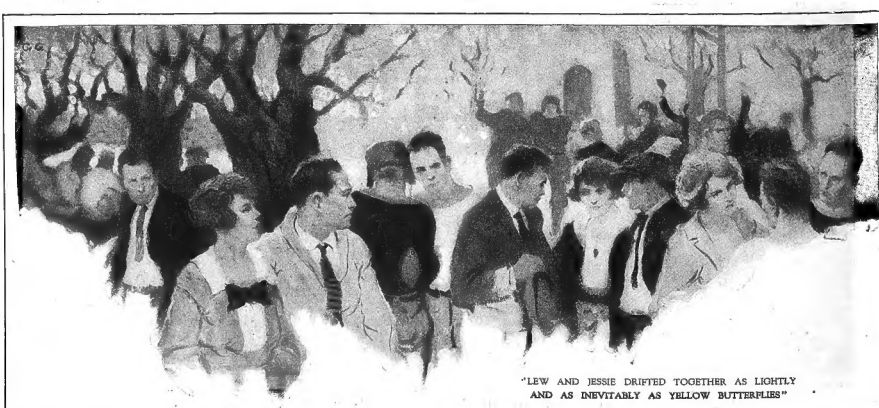
"Oh, tell your troubles to a cop," she suggested, passing her arm through his. "I'm glad I wasn't there, that's all."

In Jessie's sight Lew was never more attractive than when he had been drinking a little. She never admitted this; indeed there was something in that attractiveness that disturbed her with half-formed, undirected jealousies.

"Got company?" he asked, staring suspiciously.

"Only Pop. He's taking care of the baby."

Lew's bubbling look grew flat for an instant as he



"LEW AND JESSIE DRIFTED TOGETHER AS LIGHTLY AND AS INEVITABLY AS YELLOW BUTTERFLIES"

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glanced into the kitchen where Mr. Winkler sat holding Buster at one angle, the bottle at another.

"Whew! This *has* been a day!" Lew stretched his big body until the space between his trousers and his waistcoat seemed like a hungry fish.

"Are you really selling a lot of cars?" she asked anxiously; he had been an automobile salesman for a month.

"They sell themselves," he announced. "Nothing to do but wrap 'em up and pass 'em across the counter. Say, Jess—" he lowered his voice dramatically lest Mr. Winkler should hear —"guess you don't know what I know."

"You old fraud," she coaxed, holding him by the lapels and gazing up into the quick, vital face. "What are you keeping from me, anyhow?"

"Give me a kiss," he suggested, and when she had complied he stood back, a picture of benevolent mystery.

"Now, stingy!" she insisted.

"What d'you think's happened to Lewis K Tyler, age twenty-four, white, married, no visible birthmarks——"

"Lew! They haven't given you a raise already!"

"Now, ain't that like a woman!" he protested. "Sordid seeker after wealth and power. My triumph is spiritual."

He had a slight trouble with the letter "s" in his last remark. That distrust which sometimes plagued her, a snake in her Eden, came crawling into her mind.

"Lew, what have you done?"

"Just take a look at your husband," he invited, pulling down his waistcoat and standing statuesque. "This morning when I left you I was a private citizen. I return. Look at me."

"Lew, you've got to tell me," she demanded, her patience gone. "What *has* happened to you?"

He stared solemnly, measuring the effect, then out with his secret:

"I've been asked to join the Bohemian Club."

She received the news in a gray silence. From the kitchen she could hear the hiss of her stew as it boiled over. Mr. Winkler was singing to the baby, appropriately enough, "The cow jumped over the moon."

"That's nice," said she at last, faintly.

"Nice! It's the chance of a lifetime. They heard me sing—you know, that big night at Koppa's. Been after me ever since. Going to railroad me in so that I can have a big part in the grove play next Summer——"

"Won't it cost a lot of money?"

"Oh, my!" He brought up his hands to caress his handsome brow. "Can't I do anything without that talk about money?" Then his tone grew gentler, and he urged, "Don't worry about the price, old Red Head. I'm going in on a special class—cost me almost nothing."

"That's more than we've got," she cried, shrilling a little. "We're a month behind with everything. The Emporium man's been here twice about the furniture. I'm afraid to go to Saltz's any more——"

"Why don't you trim down on the doctors' bills?" he asked, not spitefully, but with the sagacious air of one who has struck a great idea.

"For the baby?"

"Aw, now, don't bite a fellow, old sweet," he grinned, reaching out for her. "Doctors have to live. Part of the game's to throw a scare into you."

"Buster had such a choking spell yesterday that I thought he was dying, right in my arms. You haven't seen him that way."

"Holding his breath, probably," suggested Lew. "Let's have a look——"

He brushed past her and strode into the kitchen, where he fetched a clout on Mr. Winkler's narrow shoulder with a challenge, "What's matter, Pop? Jessie's been telling me that your grandson's swallowed a ladybug."

"He's as well as I-am, or weller," pronounced Mr. Winkler, wriggling a little as he always did in his son-in-law's superior presence. The child sat up, gazing at his father.

"Come here, Lewis K. Tyler, Jr.!" commanded Lew, snatching up his son and holding him at arm's length.

"'BABIES!' MR. WINKLER SAID, 'GOT TO HAVE 'EM TO PERPETUATE THE RACE'"

"What's all this stuff about choking to death? I don't want to hear any more of that. Understand? I've got a position for you—you've got to play half-back for U. C. Understand your dad? Gee, I wish I felt as well as you do, right now!"

Buster pitched forward rapturously, both hands reaching for his father's hair. His mouth opened into a circle of rosy gums.

"I was reading in the Sunday papers," droned Mr. Winkler, "how you can make any child grow a foot a year by means of some sort of surgical operation. It seems there's a great scientist in Vienna——"

LEW was in one of his restless moods. In that quarter of an hour it seemed to Jessie that he had gone up- and down-stairs a dozen times. Now and then his fine voice would well forth in scraps of popular song; he shed his coat and collar, draping them over the balustrade; he paced through the dining-room, nibbling crackers and scattering crums.

When Jessie had gone to the back yard to take down Buster's daily wash he followed her out and hovered suggestively, jingling the keys in his pocket. Then he strolled over to Old Sturdy and, plucking a large cluster of fiery blossoms, tucked them clumsily in her hair.

"Now you're all dressed for the party!" he announced.

"Sweet fool!" said Jessie, smiling over her shoulder as she stood, her arms upraised to the line.

"We'd better start dressing, hadn't we?" he began mildly after a pause.

"What for?" Her tone had become a little harsh.

"If we're going to make it in time for dinner—there's a Sausalito boat around six——"

"I didn't know we were going anywhere," she said.

"Lordy, Red! I thought I told you." He snapped his fingers. "Buzzy Mandelbush's giving a party at Sausalito —his new place out there. It's practically for us."

"Why didn't the Mandelbushes let me know?" she asked.

"It's *practically* for us," Lew insisted, and qualified his point, as he often did in moments of persuasion. "They're going to make a big fuss over Meech Garrick. You see, he's just put a lot of money into Buzzy's business."

"I've already asked Alta to supper."

"What, again?" His jaw dropped.

"The poor thing's having an awful time. If you only knew——"

"All I know is that she bores me stiff." Then with a sudden shifting of the winds: "Aw, say, Pink Tassel! I don't want to be mean to Alta—why not bring her along?"

"To Sausalito?"

"Uh—huh." His face was sanguine with persuasiveness. "Come on, Red. Do you a lot of good to get this shanty off your mind. Car's all ready—gas, water, everything. Slip on your hat—never mind dolling up. After all, the party's mostly for Meech and he might think we're staying away to dodge him."

"Every time I go away something seems to happen," she said.

"To Buster, you mean?"

"Well, yes. Dr. Porter says he's a pound underweight."

"Great Scotch! You can't make him any fatter by staying away from all the fun."

He followed her into the kitchen with this last argument, and she was curiously touched by a memory of two bright years of romance when they had rejoiced together, careless of days and nights, companioned by young Bohemians who had come out of San Francisco's burning with a song and a bottle of *hipo* Chianti.

"Just you run along to Sausalito, crazy," she suggested, giving his arm a soft pat. "No use sticking round the house just because I have to. Run now, and have a good time."

Lew stretched nonchalantly, but his eyes shifted from hers: "Well, if you don't think you can make it, maybe I *had* better trot over for a while."

He clattered eagerly away through the Tyler house of cards; the paper-thin walls told her of his every movement on the floor above. She could hear the creak of springs as he sat on the bed; the thump of his shoes as he removed them reverberated like succeeding shots. The ceiling shook below his bare heels, crossing to the bathroom. Water roared in the tub. A klop-klop of leather proclaimed that Lew was stropping his razor. He hummed an air from "The Yankee Consul," and she could hear the splash of his body in the tub and the clangor of soap striking porcelain.

In the kitchen Mr. Winkler was reading one corner of the *Evening Bulletin* while the baby was busily tearing another corner into small portions and ramming them into his mouth. The danger of it stirred Jessie but sluggishly, for her mind was disturbed by the look in Lew's face as he departed so readily to prepare for Sausalito's gaieties.

"For Heaven's sake, Pop," she protested at last, "take that paper out of Buster's mouth. It'll kill him."

"Naughty, naughty," said Mr. Winkler absently, running a crooked finger between Buster's toothless gums. Meanwhile his eyes were roving toward the stairs. "Where's Lew going?"

"To Sausalito," she answered, and dropped a spoon.

"Goin' with him?"

"No."

"Hm!"

Mr. Winkler chewed an imaginary cud, and his Adam's apple worked emotionally as he resumed his reading. "Ain't it funny what a difference a few hours make?" Lew was singing in the bathroom. Jessie could hear his feet on the linoleum as he jumped out of the tub; *more*

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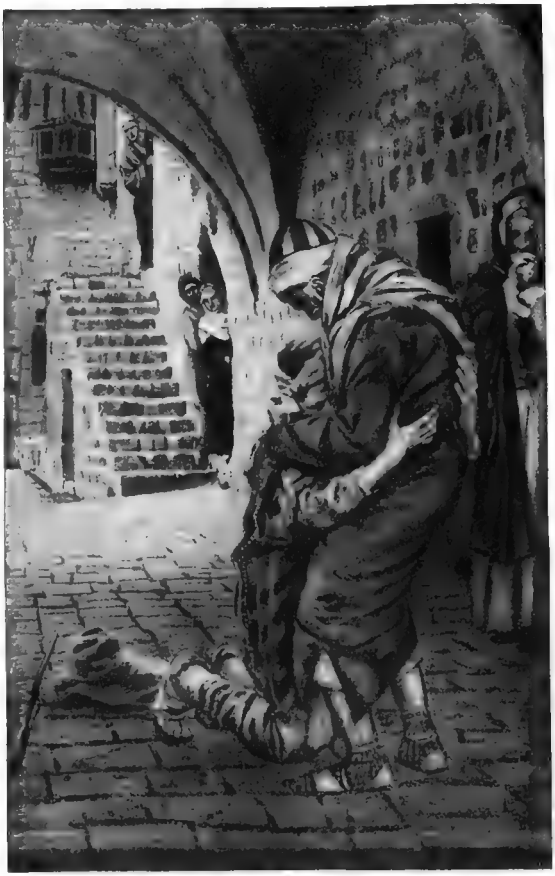

"'FATHER, I HAVE SINNED AGAINST HEAVEN, AND IN THY SIGHT, AND AM NO MORE WORTHY TO BE CALLED THY SON'"

Reproduction of Tissot Paintings by courtesy of the Brooklyn Museum

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The Story of Christ

Part Three—Little Children

By Giovanni Papini

Translated by Dorothy Canfield Fisher

Illustrations from Paintings by J. J. Tissot

To Appear in Five Parts

JESUS, whom no one called Father, was drawn to children as to sinners. Lover of the absolute, He loved only extremes. Complete innocence and complete downfall were for Him pledges of salvation. Innocence because it does not need to be cleansed; abject degradation because it feels more keenly the need to be cleansed. The people in danger are those midway: men half depraved and half intact; men who are foul within and wish to seem upright and just; those who have lost with their childhood their native purity and do not yet recognize the filthiness of their inner depravity.

Jesus loved children with tenderness and sinners with compassion; the pure and those who stood in dire need of purification. His hand willingly caressed the floating hair of the newly weaned child and did not repel the perfumed tresses of the prostitute. He drew near to sinners because they had not the strength to come to Him, but He called children to Him because children know by instinct who loves them, and run willingly to him. Mothers brought their children to Him and had Him touch them. The disciples, with their habitual roughness, cried out on them; and Jesus once more was obliged to reprove them: "Suffer little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not: for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven. Verily, I say unto you, Whosoever shall not receive the Kingdom of God as a little child, he shall not enter therein."

The disciples, bearded men, proud of their authority, as mature men and as lieutenants of their future Lord, could not understand why their Master consented to waste time with children who could not yet speak plainly and could not understand the meaning of grown people's words. But Jesus set in their midst one of these children and said: "Verily, I say unto you, Except ye be converted and become as little children ye shall not enter into the Kingdom

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of Heaven. Whosoever therefore shall humble himself as this little child, the same is greatest in the Kingdom of Heaven. And whoso shall receive one such little child in My name receiveth Me. But whoso shall offend one of these little ones which believe in Me, it were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck and that he were drowned in the depths of the sea."

In the Old Law the child was to respect the grown man, to revere and imitate the old man. The little child was to take the grown person as his model. Perfection was supposed to lie in years of maturity, or, better yet, in old age. The child was respected only as containing the hope for future manhood. Jesus reverses these ideas: grown people were to take their example from their little children, elders were to try to become like infants, fathers were to imitate their sons. In the world controlled by force, where the only valued art was the art of acquiring riches and overcoming others, children were at the most only human larva. In the New World announced by Christ, which will be governed by fearless purity and innocent love, children are the arch-types of happy citizens. The child, who seems an imperfect man, is thus more perfect than the grown man. The man who imagines that he has come into the fulness of his time and of his soul, is to turn back, despoil himself of his complacent complexities, and return to his first youth. From having been imitated he becomes an imitator, from his position as first he becomes last.

Jesus reaffirms His own likeness to a child, and declares with no hesitation that He is identical with the children who seek Him out: "Whoso shall receive one such little child in My name receiveth Me."

JESUS loves children not only as unconscious models for those who wish to attain the perfection of the Kingdom, but as the actual mediums of truth. Their ignorance is more illumined than the doctrines of learned men; their ingenuousness is more powerful than the intellect which shows itself in reasoning words.

"I thank Thee, Father, Lord of heaven and earth, that Thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes." Their own wisdom stands in the way of the wise, because they think they understand everything. Their own intelligence is an impediment for the intelligent, because they are not capable of understanding any other light than that of the intellect. Only the simple can understand simplicity; the innocent, innocence; the loving, love. The revelation of Jesus is open only to virginal souls in all humility, purification, and love. But man, as he grows older, becomes more complicated, more corrupt, prouder, and learns the horrible pleasure of hatred. Every day he goes further from Paradise, becomes less capable of finding it. He takes pleasure in his steady downfall and glories in the useless learning which hides from him the only needful truth.

To find the new Paradise, the Kingdom of innocence and love, it is needful to become like children, who have already what others must strive and struggle to regain.

Jesus seeks out the company of sinners, of men and women, but He feels Himself with His brothers only when He lays His hands on the heads of the children whom the Galilean mothers bring to Him as an offering.

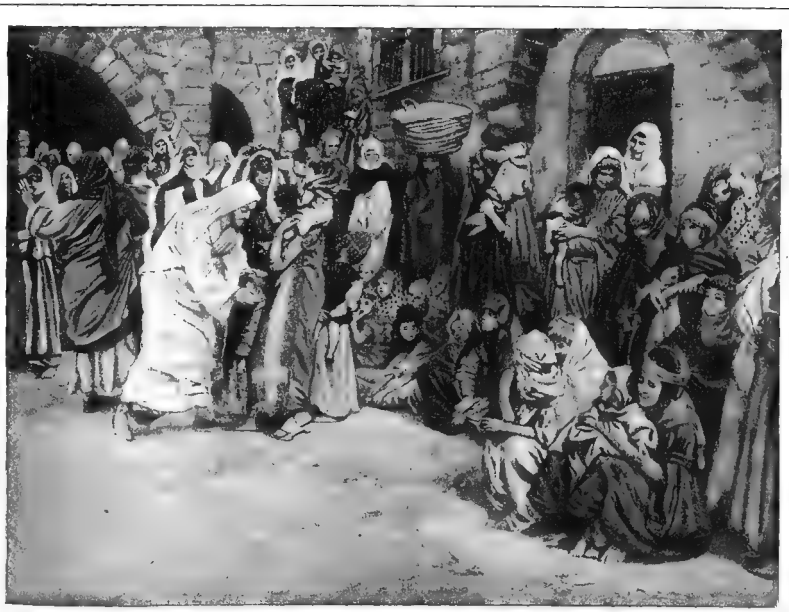
WOMEN also loved Jesus. He who had the form and flesh of a man, who left His mother and never had a wife, was surrounded all His life and after His death with the warmth of feminine tenderness. The chaste Wanderer was loved by women as no man was loved, or ever will be loved again. They stopped when they saw Him pass, they followed Him when they saw Him speaking to His friends, they drew near to the house where He had gone in, they brought their children to Him, they blessed Him loudly, they touched His garment to be cured of their ills, they were happy when they could serve Him. Many followed Him to death: Salome, mother of the sons of Thunder; Mary, mother of James the less; Martha and Mary of Bethany.

They would have liked to be His sisters, His servants, His slaves; to help Him, to set bread before Him, to pour Him wine, to wash His garments, to anoint His tired feet and His flowing hair. Some of them were fortunate enough to be allowed to follow Him, and knew the still greater good fortune of helping Him with their money. "And the Twelve were with Him, and certain women which had been healed of evil spirits and infirmities, Mary, called Magdalene, out of whom went seven devils, and Joanna, the wife of Chuza, Herod's steward, and Susanna, and many others which ministered unto Him of their substance." Women in whom piety is a native gift of the heart before it is acquired through desire for perfection, were, as they have always been, more generous than men.

When He appears in the house of Lazarus, two women, the two sisters of the man brought back from death, seem distracted with joy. Martha rushes toward Him to see what He needs, if He wishes to wash, if He wishes to eat at once, and, bringing Him into the house, she leads Him to the couch that He may lie down, puts over Him a blanket lest He be cold, and runs with a pitcher to get fresh, cool water. Then, on her return, she sets to work to prepare for the Pilgrim a fine meal, much more abundant than the ordinary dinner of the family. With all haste she lights a great fire, goes to get fresh fish, new-laid eggs, figs, and olives; she borrows from one neighbor a piece of new-killed lamb, from another a costly perfume, from another, richer than she, a flowered dish. She pulls out from the linen-chest the newest table-cloth, and brings up from the wine-cellar the oldest wine. And while the wood snaps and sparkles in the fire and the water in the kettle begins to simmer, poor Martha, bustling, flushed, hurrying, sets the table, runs between the kneading-trough and the fire, and glances at the waiting Master, at the street to see if her brother is coming home, and at her sister, who is doing nothing at all.

For when Jesus passed the sill of their house Mary fell into a sort of motionless ecstasy from which nothing could arouse her. She sees only Jesus, hears nothing but Jesus's voice. There is nothing else in the world for her at that moment. She is at the service of Jesus, but in another way from Martha. She has given Him her soul. And the work of her hands would be inopportune and superfluous. She is a contemplative soul, an adorer. She will take action only to cover the dead body of her God with perfumes. She would move quickly enough if He should ask of her all her life-blood. But the rest, all this business of Martha, is only material activity which is no concern of hers.

WOMEN loved Him, and He requited this love with compassion. No woman who turned to Him was sent away disconsolate. The sorrow of the widow of Nain made Him sorrow, so that He brought to life her dead son; the prayers of the Canaanite woman, altho she was a foreigner to Him, wrought on Him to cure her daughter; the unknown woman who had a spirit of infirmity for eighteen years, and was bowed together and could in no wise lift herself, was cured altho it was on the Sabbath day and the rulers of the synagog cried sacrilege. In the first part of His wanderings He cured Peter's wife's mother of fever and the Magdalene of evil spirits. He brought to life the daughter of Jairus.



"JESUS CALLED THEM UNTO HIM, AND SAID, 'SUFFER LITTLE CHILDREN TO COME UNTO ME, AND FORBID THEM NOT: FOR OF SUCH IS THE KINGDOM OF GOD'"

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Christ and Two Women

ON ANOTHER occasion at Jerusalem, Jesus found Himself before a woman—the adulteress. A hooting crowd pushed her forward. The woman, hiding her face with her hands and with her hair, stood before Him, without speaking. Jesus had taught that wife and husband should be perfectly one, and He detested adultery. But He detested still more the cowardice of talebearers, the hounding by the merciless, the impudence of sinners presuming to set themselves up as judges of sin.

Jesus could not absolve the woman who had brutally disobeyed the law of God, but He did not wish to condemn her, because her accusers had no right to be seeking her death. And He stooped down and with His finger wrote upon the ground. It is the first and last time that we see Jesus lower Himself to this trivial operation. No one has ever known what He wrote at that moment, standing there before the woman trembling in her shame, like a deer set upon by a pack of snarling hounds. He chose sand on which to write that the wind might carry away the words, which would perhaps frighten men if they could read them. But the shameless persecutors insisted that the woman should be stoned. Then Jesus lifted Himself up, looked deep into their eyes, and said, one by one: "He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone at her."

We are all of us guilty of the faults of our brothers. From the first to the last we are all daily accomplices, altho too often unpunished. The adulteress would not have betrayed her husband if men had not tempted her, if her husband had made himself better loved; the thief would not rob if the rich man's heart were not so hard; the assassin would not kill if he had not been harshly treated; there would be no prostitutes if men knew how to mortify their wantonness. Only the innocent would have the right to be judges, but on earth there are no innocent, and even if there were their mercy would be stronger than justice itself.

Such thoughts had never occurred to those angry accusers, but Christ's words troubled them. Every one of them thought of his own betrayals, his own secret, and perhaps recent sins of the flesh Every soul there was like a sewer, when the cover is raised, exhaling a fetid gust of nauseous vapor. The old men were the first to go. Then, little by little, all the others, avoiding each other's eyes, scattered and dispersed. The open place was empty. Jesus had again stooped down to write upon the ground. The woman had heard the shuffling of the departing feet, and heard no longer any voice crying for her death; but she did not dare to raise her eyes because she knew that One alone had remained, the Innocent—the only One who had the right to throw against her the deadly stones. Jesus for the second time lifted Himself up and saw no one.

"Woman, where are those, thine accusers? Hath no man condemned thee?"

"No man, Lord."

"Neither do I condemn thee; go and sin no more."

And for the first time the adulteress dared to look in the face of her Liberator. She did not understand His words. He considered hers a sin; a sin since He commanded her to sin no more, and yet He had so acted that the others did not condemn her, and now He also did not wish to condemn her. What Man was this, so different from all the others, who hated sin but forgave the sinner? She would have wished to turn to Him with a question, to murmur a word of thanks, to reward Him at least with a smile, because her soul was weak and her lips beautiful. But Jesus had begun to write on the ground of the court, His head lowered, and she saw only the silky waves of His hair shining in the sun, and His finger moving slowly over the sunlit earth.

But no woman loved Him so much as the woman who anointed Him with nard and bathed Him with her tears in the house of Simon the Pharisee. Every one of us has seen that picture in imagination—the weeping woman with her hair falling over the feet of the Wanderer; but the true meaning of the episode is understood by very few, so greatly has it been disfigured by the common and literary interpretation. The decadents of the last century, careful workmen in lascivious preciosity, who swarm to the scent of corruption like flies to filth and crows to carrion, have sought out in the Gospel women redolent of sin. And they have made such women their own, adorning them with the velvet of adjectives, the silk of verbs, the jewelry and precious stones of metaphors—the unknown repentant woman, named Mary Magdalene; the unknown adulteress of Jerusalem; Salome the dancer, the sinister Herodias.

THE episode of this anointing has been profoundly misrepresented by such writers. It is simpler and infinitely more profound. The praise of Jesus for the woman who brought Him nard is not praise of carnal sin, or of that common love which is commonly understood by men.

This sinning woman who silently entered the house of Simon with her box of alabaster was no longer a sinner. She had seen Jesus, had known Him before that day. And she was no longer a woman for hire; she had heard Jesus speak, and was no longer a public woman. She had heard the voice of Jesus, had listened to His words; His voice had troubled her, His words had shaken her. When she came to the house of Simon she was not the woman she had been, the woman whom the men of the countryside had pointed out sneeringly, the woman whom the Pharisee knew and despised. Her soul was changed; all her life was changed. Now her flesh was chaste, her hand was pure; her lips no longer knew the bitter taste of rouge; her eyes had learned to weep. From now on, according to the promise of the King, she was ready to enter into the Kingdom.

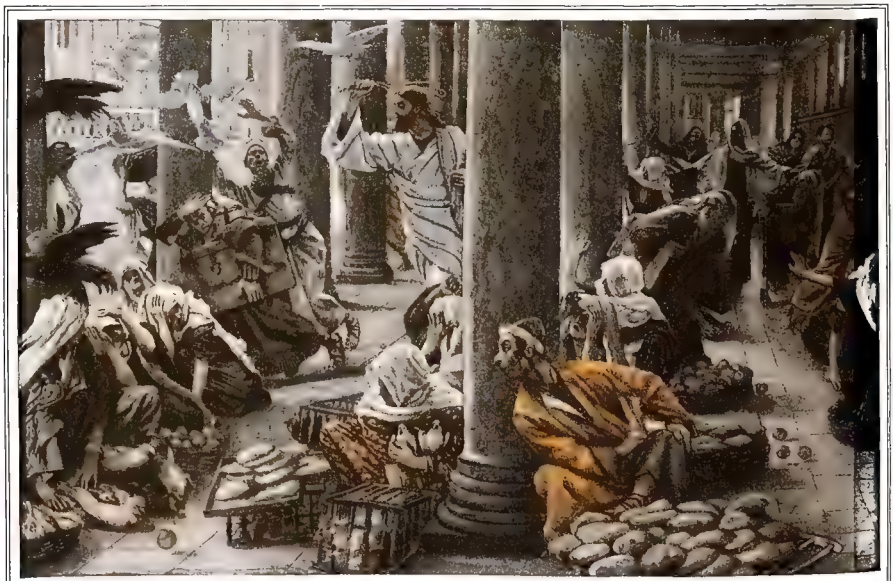
Without taking all this for granted, it is not possible to understand the story which follows. The sinning woman wished to reward her Savior with a token of her gratitude. She took one of the most costly things left to her, a sealed box full of nard, perhaps the gift of a chance lover, thinking to anoint her King's hand with this costly oil. Hers is an act of public gratitude. The sinning woman wished publicly to thank Him who had cleansed her soul, who had brought her heart to life, who had lifted her up out of shame, who had given her a hope more glorious than all joys.

She went into the house with her box of alabaster clasped to her breast, timid and shrinking as a little girl on her first day of school, as a prisoner released in his first moment outside the prison. She went in silently with her little box of perfume, raising her eyes for only a moment to see at a glance where Jesus was reclining. She went up to the couch, her knees trembling under her, her hands shaking, her delicate eyelids quivering, because she felt they were all looking at her; all those men's eyes were fixed on her and on what she was about to do.

SHE broke the seal of the little alabaster flask and poured half the oil on the head of Jesus. The large drops shone on His hair like scattered gems. With loving hands she spread the transparent ointment on the curls and did not stay her hand till every hair was softened, silky, and shining. The whole room was filled with the fragrance; every eye was fixed on her with astonishment.

The woman, still silent, took up the opened box and knelt by the feet of the Peace-bringer. She poured the remaining oil into her hand and gently, gently rubbed the right foot and the left with the loving care of a young mother who bathes her first child for the first time. Then she could control herself no longer; she could restrain no longer the great burst of tenderness which filled her heart, made her throat ache, and brought tears to her eyes. She would have liked to speak, to say that this was her thanks, her simple, pure, heartfelt thanks for the great help she had received, for the new light which had unsealed her eyes. But in such a moment, with all those men there, how could she find the right words, words worthy of the wonderful grace, worthy of Him? And, besides, her lips trembled so that she could not pronounce two words together; her speech would have been only a stammering broken by sobs. Then not being able to speak with her lips, she spoke with her eyes; her tears fell down one by one, swift and hot on the feet of Jesus, like so many silent thank-offerings.

Weeping freed her heart of its oppression; the tears relaxed the tension. She saw and felt nothing now but an inexpressible delight which she had never before known; it ran through all her blood, made her tremble, pierced her with its poignant joy, shook all her being in that supreme



"JESUS WENT INTO THE TEMPLE OF GOD, AND CAST OUT ALL THEM THAT SOLD AND BOUGHT IN THE TEMPLE, AND OVERTHREW THE TABLES OF THE MONEY-CHANGERS, AND THE SEATS OF THEM THAT SOLD DOVES"

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ecstasy in which joy is a pain and sorrow a joy, in which pain and joy become one mighty emotion.

She wept over her past life, the miserable life of her virgil. She thought of her poor flesh sullied by men. She had been forced to have a smile for them all, to show a smiling face to those whom she despised, to those whom she hated.

Never, on a kindly Summer night when the eastern sky is all a flushing splendor, had she been welcomed by a husband who had chosen her, virgin among virgins, that she should be one with him till death. She was outside the community and the laws; she was cut off from her people. She was separated from them all. Women envied her and detested her; men desired her and defamed her.

But at the same time the tears of the weeping woman were tears of joy and exultation. She was weeping not only for her shame, now forever canceled, but for the poignant sweetness of the life before her.

She was weeping for her virginity restored, for her soul rescued from evil, her purity miraculously recovered, her condemnation forever revoked. Her tears were tears of joy for her second birth, of exultation for truth discovered, of light-heartedness for her sudden conversion, for the saving of her soul, for the miraculous hope which had released her from the degradation of the material and raised her to the illumination of the spirit. The drops of nard and her tears were so many thank-offerings for this incredible mercy.

AND yet it was not alone for her own sorrow and her own joy that she wept. The tears which bathed the feet of Jesus were also shed for Him.

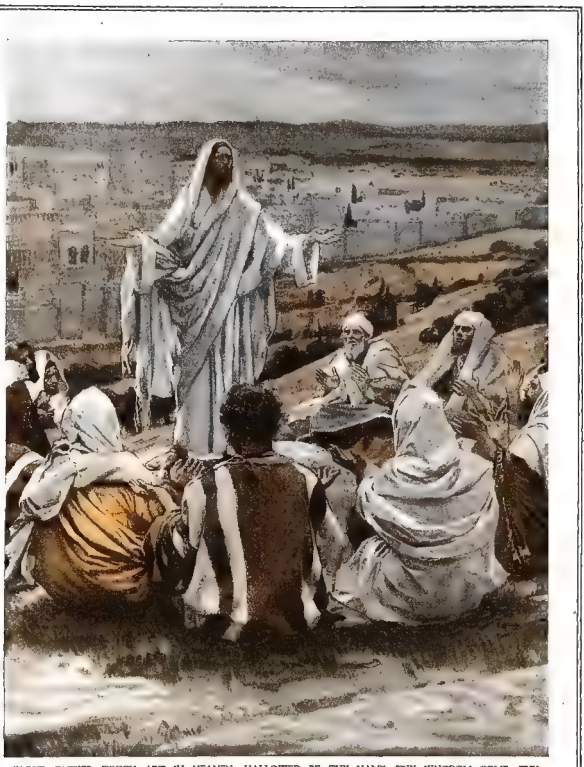
The unknown woman had anointed her King like a king of olden times. She had anointed His head as the high priests had anointed the kings of Judea; she had anointed His feet as the lords and guests anointed themselves on festal days. But at the same time the weeping woman had prepared Him for death and burial.

Jesus, about to enter Jerusalem, knew that those were the last days of His life in the flesh. He said to His disciples: "For in that she hath poured this ointment on My body, she did it for My burial." Still living, He was embalmed by a woman's pity.

Christ was to receive before His death a third baptism, the baptism of infamy, the baptism of the supreme insult; Pretorian soldiers were to spit upon his face. But He had now received the baptism of glory and the baptism of death. He was anointed like a king about to triumph in His celestial kingdom. He was perfumed like a corpse about to be laid in the tomb. This anointing unites the twin mysteries of His Messiahship and of the Crucifixion.

The poor sinning woman, mysteriously chosen for this prophetic rite, had perhaps a confused presentiment of the appalling meaning of this premonitory embalming. Love's second sight, stronger in women than in men, the foresight of exalted and deep emotion, may have made her feel that this body, perfumed and caressed by her, was in a few days to be an icy, blood-stained corpse. Other women, perhaps she herself, were to go to the tomb to cover Him for the last time with aromatics, but they would not find Him. He who was now feasting with His friends was at that time to be at the doors of another hell. Feeling this presentiment, the weeping woman let her tears fall on Jesus's feet, to the astonishment of all the others, who did not know and did not understand.

Now the feet of the Savior, the feet of the condemned One, are all bathed with tears, the salt of the tears mingling with the perfume of the nard. The poor sinning woman does not know how to dry those feet wet by her tears. She has not white cloth with her, and her garment does not seem to her worthy to touch her Lord's flesh. Then she thinks of her hair, her long hair which has been so much admired for its fine silkiness. She loosens the braids, slips out the hairpins, unclasps the fastenings. The blue-black mass of her tresses falls over her face, hiding her flushed face and her compassion. And taking up the masses of these flowing curls in her hands, she slowly dries the feet which have brought her King into that house.



"'OUR FATHER WHICH ART IN HEAVEN, HALLOWED BE THY NAME. THY KINGDOM COME. THY WILL BE DONE IN EARTH, AS IT IS IN HEAVEN'"

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Now her tears are ended. All her tears are shed and dried. Her part is done, but only Jesus has understood her silence.

Among the men who were present at this dinner there was no one except Jesus who understood the loving service of the nameless woman. But all, struck with wonder, were silent. They did not understand, but they respected obscurely the solemnity of the enigmatic ceremony. All except two, who wished to interpret the woman's action as an offense to the Guest. These two were the Pharisee and Judas Iscariot. The first said nothing, but his expression spoke more clearly than words. The traitor, presuming on his familiarity with the Master, ventured to speak.

SIMON thought to himself: "This man, if he were a prophet, would have known who and what manner of woman this is that toucheth Him, for she is a sinner." The old hypocrite had for the paid woman the scorn of those who have had much to do with them, or of those who have never known them at all. He belonged, like his brothers, to the endless cemetery of whited sepulchers, which within are full of foulness. It is enough for such men to avoid physical contact with what they think is impure, even if their souls are sinks of iniquity. Their morals are a system of ablutions and washings; they would leave a wounded man to die, abandoned on the road, for fear of staining themselves with blood; they would let a poor man suffer hunger to avoid touching money on the Sabbath day: like all men, they commit thefts, adulteries, and murders, but they wash their hands so many times a day that they imagine them as clean as those of babes.

He had read the Law, and there were still ringing in his ears the execrations and anathemas of old Israel against prostitutes. If at least they were not expensive! But they are capable, those shameless women, of eating up a patrimony! The old proprietor could not be reconciled to one of those dangerous women coming into his house and touching his Guest. The Pharisee could not understand how a man acclaimed by the people as a prophet should not have understood what sort of woman had come to bestow on Him this discreditable honor; but Jesus had read in the heart of the sinning woman and in the heart of Simon, and answered with the parable of the two debtors. "There was a certain creditor which had two debtors. The one owed five hundred pence and the other fifty. And when they had nothing to pay, he frankly forgave them both. Tell me therefore, which of them will love him most?"

SIMON answered and said, "I suppose that he to whom he forgave most." And He said unto him, "Thou hast rightly judged."

And He turned to the woman, and said unto Simon, "Seest thou this woman? I entered into thine house, thou gavest Me no water for My feet: but she hath washed My feet with tears, and wiped them with the hairs of her head.

"Thou gavest Me no kiss: but this woman since the time I came in hath not ceased to kiss My feet.

"My head with oil thou didst not anoint: but this woman hath anointed My feet with ointment.

"Wherefore I say unto thee, Her sins, which are many, are forgiven; for she loved much: but to whom little is forgiven, the same loveth little."

And He said unto her, "Thy sins are forgiven."

And they that sat at meat with Him began to say within themselves, "Who is this that forgiveth sins also?"

And He said to the woman, "Thy faith hath saved thee; go in peace."

The parable and the comment of Jesus showed how great even to-day is the lack of understanding of this episode. Every one, or nearly every one, remembers only those words: "Her sins are forgiven, for she loved much." An attentive reading of the text shows that this ordinary and vulgar interpretation is the opposite of the truth. It is thought that Jesus forgave her sins because she had loved many men, or because she had shown, with her perfume and her kisses, her love for Him. The parable of the two debtors makes it clear that the meaning of Jesus's words, badly quoted and even more completely misunderstood, is entirely the contrary.

The woman had sinned greatly, and because of her repentance she was wholly pardoned, and because her pardon was great she greatly loved Him who had saved her, who had forgiven her; the nard and her tears and her kisses were the expression of her gratitude of that grateful love. If the sinning woman before going into the house that evening had not already become transformed by virtue of her pardon, she would not have obtained from Jesus forgiveness for her past life spent in evil, with all the perfumes of India and Egypt, nor with all the kisses of her lips, nor with all the tears of her eyes. Her forgiveness was not the reward for those acts of homage, but those acts were her thank-offerings for her forgiveness already received, and they were great because her forgiveness was great, as her forgiveness had been great because great had been her sin.

Jesus would not have repelled the sinning woman even if she had still been a sinner, but He would not have perhaps accepted those tokens of love if He had not been

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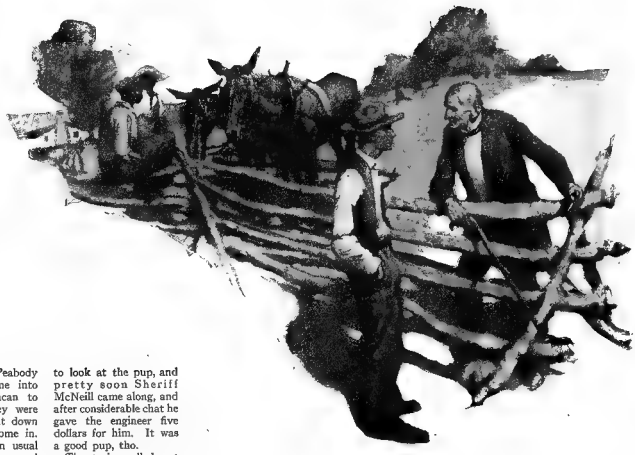
"SHIF'LESS"

by

JAMES BOYD

ILLUSTRATIONS BY J. C. SHEPHERD

THE "workingest" farmer ever was the uncompromising Yankee in this delightful story of the South; yet he found there was such a thing as working too hard



"'SAVED ME THREE DOLLARS! LAND OF MERCY! I BEEN WAITING FOR THAT RATCHET SINCE TEN O'CLOCK THIS MORNING! I'VE LOST A WHOLE DAY!'"

NOW I came to know Abijah Peabody and Fred was this. I'd gone into Beauregard with Uncle Duncan to get some cotton ginned. They were teams ahead of us, so we went down to watch the shoofly train come in. Dogs were more plentiful than usual round the station that day and niggers about average, tho one of them played an accordion, which is something most niggers can't catch on to. They was a hound eating train-oil off the ties, and Uncle Duncan offered to bet me five cents to a quarter that the shoofly'd run him down. But I knew he was a regular station hound, so I didn't. And, sure enough, when he heard the rails jig he hopped off the track and went into the grocery-store.

When the train came in a little old man bounded off it, looking every way, quick, like a turkey. He had a stiff suit and a stiff collar and a stiff hat. His face was round, but his nose was pointed.

He saw me, and came up, stepping fast. "Young man," he said—and I knew he was Northern—"I'll give ye ten cents to fetch my grip out."

"Call him son," Uncle Duncan said, "and he'll do it for nothing."

But I was kind of insulted, so I just said, "Why, Mister, they's plenty niggers round here."

So he went up to the nearest one, a yellow "nigro" named Will, that works in the pool-room. And what do you think? He called him "young man."

He hustled back to the car with Will and they came out with two big bags. He was talking and fussing over his shoulder at Will. Behind them was a tall, gangling young fellow about my age. He had his hands in his pockets and slouched along, kind of edgewise. At first I thought he didn't belong to the old man, and I reckon that's what he aimed to make folks think. But the old fellow noticed he was falling behind and called back, "Come on, Fred! We're going to the hotel." The old man headed for the hotel, carrying one bag and helping Will with the other. The one he called Fred came easing along after him. As he passed me he grinned kind of sheepish and jerked his head toward Will.

"Another nigger ruined," he said, and went on down the street.

The train waited there a little while because the engineer had to see Sheriff McNeill about a setter pup, and the sheriff was late on account of the shoofly being on time. I went over to look at the pup, and pretty soon Sheriff McNeill came along, and after considerable chat he gave the engineer five dollars for him. It was a good pup, tho.

The train pulled out then, and Uncle Duncan and I went back to the gin.

Well, sir, we found that old fellow had come all the way from Maine to take hold of the old Vaughan place. His wife had been one of the heirs, and when she died she left her husband her share. He'd met her when she was a girl in Charleston and he was on a coasting-schooner. So before she died she got him to buy out the other heirs and promise to come down to run the place. They'd sent their boy to State College; that was the young fellow Fred.

I saw Fred again the very next day when I came in town. He was sitting on a bench in front of the pool-room, betting with a fellow on the age of every mule that was tied up to the railings. They were playing for twenty-five cents a year; that is, for every year the mule's age was old. Fred was sitting with his hat pulled down over his eyes and his legs spread out. He could sit to look more like a fellow lying down than any man ever I saw. They were smoking and counting their money because they'd bet on all the mules there. Just then a farmer drove up with another.

"Sixteen," said Fred.

"Twelve," said the other fellow.

"Hi, Brother!" Fred said; "how old that mule?"

"I don't know," the farmer said; "I bought him last year for twelve."

"Look at his teeth," Fred said to the other fellow.

The other fellow looked at his teeth. "'Bout thirteen," he said.

Fred said, "Here you are," and he handed him seventy-five cents.

"Well, I must be going," the fellow said, and went off down the street.

"'WHO'S THAT?' HE PIPED OUT. GET OUT OF THIS HOUSE, I TELL YOU, OR I'LL HAVE THE LAW ON YER. BY GOSH, I WILL!'"

FRED saw me then, and must have remembered the evening before because he said, "Hi, Brother, how you?"

"Fine," I said, and I sat down alongside him.

"Who was that fellow?" he said.

"I don't know. Stranger," I told him. "I wouldn't trust these yer strangers," I said.

"I don't," he said, "but it's a mighty warm evening to go messing with a mule's teeth for seventy-five cents.

"My old man," he went on, "is exerting himself powerfully today. He's fixing to move out to that place tomorrow. He sent me after some groceries."

"Did you get them all right?" I asked him.

"Why, no," he said, looking kind of surprized.

"I'm waiting for them now," and he settled down on the bench.

But just then I heard a tap—tapping coming down the pavement, and there come old man Peabody, same gait

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I turned round to tell Fred. But he was gone. When I saw Fred next time I asked him if he'd gotten the groceries.

"You know," he said, "they hadn't taken as long to wrap 'em up as I'd expected. Dad, tho, appeared to think there had been some kind of lack of industry on my part. He gets those ideas about everybody. He naturally loves to fly around. And I naturally don't."

"Why, no," I says. "Course not."

"Up in New England, tho," Fred said, "where dad comes from, that's the way folks acts. When I was a boy dad'd up and he'd caught me sitting round."

"At home," I says, "Uncle Duncan gets uneasy unless I am sitting round. He expects I'm up to some devilment."

"Yes, I know," he says; "that's the way my mother was; she was Southern, and I reckon I taken after her."

"You don't favor your paw," I said.

"You know," he says, "dad and I don't make out very good together. I wish we could. He's more less lonely now. But he wastes all his time running round. Only he thinks I waste all mine sitting still. I'll be glad to go back to school next week. I'm studying agriculture, and they's a good job waiting for me in the Spring when I get through."

I DIDN'T see him again before he left, but we can make out the Vaughan place from ours, and we used to watch what Abijah Peabody was doing there. First thing he hired a couple of niggers and put everything out of the house and washed that house all over the inside. Folks said he even washed the walls, and one of the niggers told it round town that he washed the ceilings. Uncle Duncan reckoned the old man had got the idea that Squire Vaughan had died of some catching complaint. We all knew the squire had naturally drunk hisself to death, so Uncle Duncan went over in a friendly way to tell the old man he had no call to take all that trouble. I was along.

Sure enough, Abijah was scrubbing the wall in the parlor.

Uncle Duncan said, "Good evening," and Abijah just said "Good afternoon," and went right on. Uncle Duncan is mighty slow to get insulted, so he didn't pay any attention. He just said:

"I saw you washing the house, and I thought maybe you had the idea there was some catching complaint hereabouts, but you needn't be uneasy; they isn't any such thing."

Abijah turned hisself round in that quick way, and he said:

"Friend"—I never heard "friend" said so unfriendly—"Friend," he said, "when I want any help here I'll ask for it. I'm going to have a clean house if it's the only one in North Carolina."

"The folks round here," Uncle Duncan said, "are mighty neighborly. They will be pleased to know that you are not too proud to ask assistance when you require it," and he walked away. The old man stared after him like he couldn't make him out. I expect he'd never seen any folks like Uncle Duncan before.

The next thing Abijah did was to paint. He painted everything in sight, and when it looked like there was nothing else to do he got him a barrel of whitewash and started to whitewash the trees in the apple orchard. Folks used to stop along the road to watch him doing it. But none of them went in because they had the idea that he was a right mean old fellow. The two niggers quit him 'count of everybody laughing at them for having to whitewash trees. The white folks told them that Abijah was going to make them whitewash his mules when they got done with the trees. They looked solemn at those niggers and said they'd heard tell it was sure death to whitewash a mule's tail.

Abijah didn't whitewash his mules, but he brushed them every day. He said at the post-office it was good for them. He was a curious man.

Yes, sir, he was curious. He used to hold forth at the post-office all the time. He said he'd come down to farm because he knew what Southerners was like, and figured that if they could make a living here a Yankee that knew how to work could make a fortune.

"Why," he said, "I've only been here a month and look at my house."

"I have," Uncle Duncan said, "often. What about your house?"

Abijah's face got red and his eyes popped out.

"Why," he says, "it's painted."

"And in two years the sun will peel the paint off. What will you do then?"

"I don't believe that," the old man said, "but if it does I'll paint her again, by gosh!"

Uncle Duncan shook his head. "A waste of time."

I thought Abijah would bust right out of his hide.

"It preserves the wood," he hollered; "anybody knows that!"

"The old Vaughan place has stood without paint for a hundred years. It is just as stout as the day it was built. Heart-pine needs no paint; it is full of rosin. You are wasting your time."

"Wasting my time! Great Land A'mighty, I guess I've done more in the last two months than you have in a year."

"What have you done? Considerable work—mostly useless. But you have made no friends."

Abijah just said, "Huh." He stood there puffing hisself and turning his little beak here and yon, and began to talk about Maine, cutting his words off short like a fodder-chopper.

"Where I come from," he says, "every house is painted white, with a white barn built right onto it, handy."

Some one asked him if that didn't make the flies bad in Summer.

"No, sires," he says, "we don't have any flies in Maine, nor loafers either."

"Nor Summer, I reckon," the same fellow says.

But Abijah kept on: "We wouldn't keep a hired man ten minutes that hung back on us the way you let these colored fellers do. What they need is a feller from down East to handle them."

I almost laughed. He went right on to talk about the South then, about how we all were shiftless and fooled away our time and let the niggers do all the work and didn't make them do it right.

UNCLE Duncan listened for a while. Then he smiled and said to Abijah, "Why do you spend your time trying to change the natural order? It does not appear to make you happy."

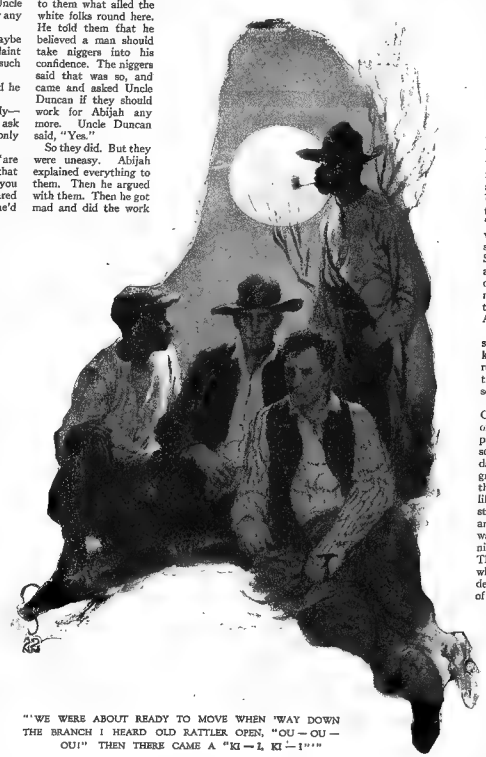
"Happy!" Abijah said, "I wasn't raised to be happy. I was raised to work!" He walked up and down, looking mighty angry. "That's what worries me about my boy Fred. That boy's mother made me send him down here to school to State College, and what I always said would happen has happened. The boy's got shiftless. He talks slow and drawling. He loafs round when he's home. He never gets excited about anything except dancing and drinking and going hunting. My folks was brought up hard and they worked hard. There's never been a shiftless man or woman in the Peabody family yet, and now there's going to be one—all on account of my foolishness. You'd think he was a Southerner, bred and born."

"I trust, sir, you are mistaken," Uncle Duncan said, "for if he has become a Southerner it will make him very uncomfortable in your presence."

"I guess I'll make him more uncomfortable than he does me," Abijah said, with a little dry laugh like a fox-bark. And he walked out with the idea he had got the best of Uncle Duncan.

He got some other niggers to take the place of the two who left, and explained to them what ailed the white folks round here. He told them that he believed a man should take niggers into his confidence. The niggers said that was so, and came and asked Uncle Duncan if they should work for Abijah any more. Uncle Duncan said, "Yes."

So they did. But they were uneasy. Abijah explained everything to them. Then he argued with them. Then he got mad and did the work himself while they stood and watched him. After so long a time those two niggers found he couldn't handle them and they became mighty resentful toward him.



"'WE WERE ABOUT READY TO MOVE WHEN 'WAY DOWN THE BRANCH I HEARD OLD RATTLER OPEN, "OU — OU — OU!" THEN THERE CAME A "KI — I, KI — I"'"

Abijah couldn't make out what was the trouble; he'd spend a hour proving to the niggers how he was right and they was wrong. And at the end they'd just skulk off, looking sideways. The more he proved to those niggers the less he got out of them.

I was going to town one morning, and I saw Abijah and the niggers clearing some new ground. They had the mules and a stump-puller. Abijah was waving his arms at the niggers, and they were kind of shifting round. When he saw me he came down to the fence arunning. I started to say good morning, but he cut right in. "Say, young man," he says, "going to town?"

I said I was.

"Coming back soon?"

I said I aimed to.

"Well, here's the ratchet to my stump-puller," he says; "it's broke. I told those durn colored men there was four thousand pounds came on the pin if they let go, but they won't listen to a thing I say. Take it in and get me another."

So I took it. As I went off he said, "Obliged," but it came out harder than any stump in his new ground.

When I got to town I found a new ratchet cost three dollars and a half, but the man in the garage said he'd weld me the old one for fifty cents if I'd wait. So I did, and he sure made a job.

I GOT back along about evening. Abijah came stepping down to the fence. I started to tell him how I'd saved him three dollars, but he shouted, "Saved me three dollars! Land of Mercy! I been waiting for that ratchet since ten o'clock this morning! I've lost a whole day—and what about the niggers and the mules?—my time's worth five dollars a day if it's worth a nickel."

"Why, Mister," I says, "they isn't nobody's time worth five dollars a day. I aimed to save you money."

"You're like the rest of them," he says; "don't know the value of time. You've got no sense. Listen here; I can always get more money, but I can't get back this day."

I knew I had him then, so I just laughed. "Why, Mister Peabody," I says, "I got a five-dollar bill home and I declare I don't know where to get another. But days," I says, "why, man, I got all the days they is."

He just looked at me a minute like I was some kind of curious animal. Then he grabbed up the end and went up to the barn.

When I told Uncle Duncan he got right mad because the old man cussed me after I'd obliged him. He didn't say anything, but the next evening he was in town he ran into Abijah at the post-office. The old fellow was blowing off about what ailed the South. Uncle Duncan listened to the end, then he said, "Peabody, do you know what ails you? I have seen several Yankees in the South and I know; you are all the same. You come down here and treat the niggers like white folks and the white folks like niggers. And both despise you."

The old man didn't answer this time. He was kind of taken back. I reckon he'd got the idea that Uncle Duncan was soft because he was polite.

One night, not long before Christmas, I was out back of the house fixing up my possum-dog. He'd cut himself in a stock-fence the day before and I was greasing him. After I got through he rolled in the dirt like a dog does and then he started toward the branch and looked back. The moon was up, and it was a pretty night to catch a possum. The sycamores showed as white as corpses. No wonder the niggers is scared of them. Across the branch you could see the old Squire Vaughan place all painted up, standing out as bright as day. It was an old, old house, and used to kind of fit into the country like the other old houses round, but now it didn't appear to belong there any more than Abijah Peabody hisself. I stood there studying about him. He sure was a great man to work and to fix up everything. He despised shiftlessness. And yet if we all was to become like him, I expect we'd all be worse off.

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TAKE STOCK OF YOURSELF

Do This While You're "Between Two Ages," Says the Ninth Talk on "How to Make the Best of Life"

BY ARNOLD BENNETT

"NUMBERS OF MEN DO NOT ENJOY REGULAR HAPPINESS UNTIL THEY ARE PAST FIFTY"

"GENERALLY speaking, happiness is the consequence of health, not of righteous living and a clear conscience."

"Except in the middle of the night, it is not easy to be honest with yourself."

"Boredom is generally a fatal disease, and has killed more middle-aged people than phlebitis, bronchitis, or arthritis."

"Most women love a profession violently for a while, and then passion turns to hatred."

"The man of middle-age has a tremendous advantage over the young in any crisis. He has experience."

THIS will not fix even approximately any year in a man's life as marking the inception of middle age. To do so might annoy at the start a number of readers whose sympathies I would like to keep as long as possible. I will merely assert that middle age does in fact begin some time. Nobody is going to deny that. Now, middle age implies various important changes in the human machine and in the work which it can perform. Therefore the onset of middle age is a matter which deserves our serious attention if we wish to make the best of life; for it is not enough to make the best of one-half of life; we should make the best of both halves.

"But," you cry impatiently, "why go to meet trouble? Why anticipate age? Let us keep young. At all costs let us keep young as long as we can."

Quite. I am in favor of keeping young; but I am not in favor of being ridiculous, as so many desperate adherents of the eternal-youth school certainly are. Nor am I sure that I understand the apparently wide-spread objection to age. Age has little to do with happiness. And if it does influence happiness one may safely say that the two happiest periods of human existence are childhood and middle age.

Young people are not specially happy. They have too many worries immediately in front of them; they have too much to do and too much to learn; they feel too deeply; they are too harsh, intolerant, and cruel in their judgments.

Numbers of men do not enjoy regular happiness until they are past fifty; and if you asked them whether they would care to return to youthfulness they would reply with an emphatic No. They know where they are. Youth seldom does. And to know just where you are is one of the foundations of happiness.

Every age has its disadvantages and its compensations, which balance each other. When people exclaim to their juniors, "Oh! I wish I was young again!" they are deceitful and dishonest. They simply mean that they would like to combine all the advantages of youth with all the advantages of age, which is absurd.

Moreover, even if youth had such immense advantages as some persons imagine, you can not retain it by dint of urging yourself to retain it. You can pretend to retain it, and this means doing with difficulty all sorts of things which the real young do with ease; it means straining the machine and shortening the career of the machine; and it means being ridiculous in the sight of the wise.

For example, after a certain age the muscles of the eye usually cease to be what they were. The owner of the muscles is made aware of this unpleasant fact. He protests:

"No! I am not aging. I maintain that I am as young as ever I was, and I will prove it by compelling my eye-muscles to function properly. Me wear glasses? I won't!"

Futile obstinacy. He knows, and everybody around him knows, that he is not as young as he was. He knows, and everybody knows, that he is merely ruining his vision. Then, having perhaps tumbled over an unseen wheelbarrow, he does visit the oculist. And at first he is ashamed of his glasses, as voyagers are ashamed of being seasick—as tho imperfect eyesight and seasickness were crimes and avoidable! At last he gets used to the glasses, which by the way enable him to see what a fool he has been.

As with eyesight, so with other functions, physical and moral. No amount of will-power and pretense will obviate the inescapable effects of time. Time always wins, but it wins least against those who treat it respectfully and sincerely, and most against those who scorn it. Not that I am advocating an abject or too early surrender to time. Some individuals fall too easily. They allow their habits to become fixed; they become hypochondriacal and generally fussy; they seize upon the distant prospect of age as an excuse for partially abandoning the great struggle. And they are just as silly as those who will be young tho they die of it. In this mighty affair of the merging of one age into another, as in all other earthly and heavenly affairs, common sense and moderation should preside over the proceedings.

It follows that a man who (as the French say) is "between two ages" owes to himself a serious duty: namely, to take stock of himself, to find out as well as he can what his resources and prospects are worth. This stock-taking must be twofold, physical and mental. (I use the word "mental" for want of a better, and I use it in the broadest sense.) Now, as I have earlier in these essays tried to show, the basis of the total individual life is physical. The physical and the mental react on each other. But the physical has more effect on the mental than the mental on the physical. The mental powers last longer.

THERE are many historical instances of men who have retained their mental powers and enthusiasm after sixty, seventy, and even eighty years of age. Indeed the brain is such a marvelous instrument that it is capable of recovering from no matter what fatigue after a comparatively short period of repose, whereas the physical powers definitely and incurably wane, and the force of the mental powers can not under any circumstances preserve them. The active life of an athlete is brief. A first-rate athlete of over forty is the rarest exception. It is true that the waning of the physical powers does not seriously impair the mental if health is maintained; but at any age bad health will affect, if not the mental powers, at any rate the will to use them. It will also of course affect the mood of the mind.

Generally speaking, happiness is the consequence of health, not of righteous living and a clear conscience. The philosopher has said: "Be good and you will be happy."

It would be more exact to say: "Be healthy and you will be happy."

Bad health is far more destructive of contentment than a bad conscience. Many persons attribute to sagacity and integrity and unselfishness a state of happiness which may be due solely to a good digestion. On the other hand many persons examine their consciences for the explanation of unhappiness when they would be better employed in examining their vile bodies. And to cap all, many persons are in bad health who have not the slightest idea that they are in bad health.

HENCE the first act of the great stock-taking drama should deal with the physical side. Nobody but the subject himself can decide when the stock-taking should be held. But in case of doubt sooner is better than later. Nor should the man of advancing age (by the calendar) necessarily postpone his stock-taking because he honestly feels no symptom of physical deterioration. Those who regularly play games know from other signs than weariness that fatigue is not actually felt until it has been in progress for some time. The expert at lawn-tennis who keeps on missing strokes says to himself:

"My body isn't yet aware of the fact, but my body is tired."

A stock-taking can do no harm, and it may do a deal of good. It may even do quite unexpected good. A man may be under the impression that he is aging and discover at the stock-taking that the observed deterioration was due to a temporary and slight cause which can be removed.

A doctor is essential to the stock-taking, and a doctor who is capable of an exhaustive and complete examination. Not one's regular doctor, however excellent he may be! One's regular doctor will probably possess "local knowledge" which an outsider can not pretend to; but a fresh view, unprejudiced by experience, is most desirable. Naturally both the regular attendant and the outsider may be consulted with advantage. (Nevertheless it is better not to consult them at a joint conference!)

After the physical stock-taking the subject will have some knowledge of his whereabouts in this mundane predicament that we call life. He will know what to fear and what to rely on. He will know what his limitations are, what he can safely do, and what he can only do dangerously. He will know his real physical age, as distinguished from the mere tale of his years. He may be reassured, or he may be alarmed. But even if he is alarmed, it is less disagreeable to be alarmed and to take unpleasant precautions than to fall suddenly into a pit of whose existence he had no suspicion. Just as the wise man will visit his dentist at intervals without waiting for the toothache, so the wise man in apparently good health will visit a doctor when he reaches the time of life at which he notices changes in his fellow men.

Vast numbers of us suffer from the delusion that whereas others age, we are eternally youthful. It never is so.

"More than half of my years have gone—perhaps two-thirds of them have gone. My brain is as good as ever it

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"I AM IN FAVOR OF KEEPING YOUNG; BUT I AM NOT IN FAVOR OF BEING RIDICULOUS, AS SO MANY DESPERATE AD-HERENTS OF THE ETERNAL-YOUTH SCHOOL CERTAINLY ARE"

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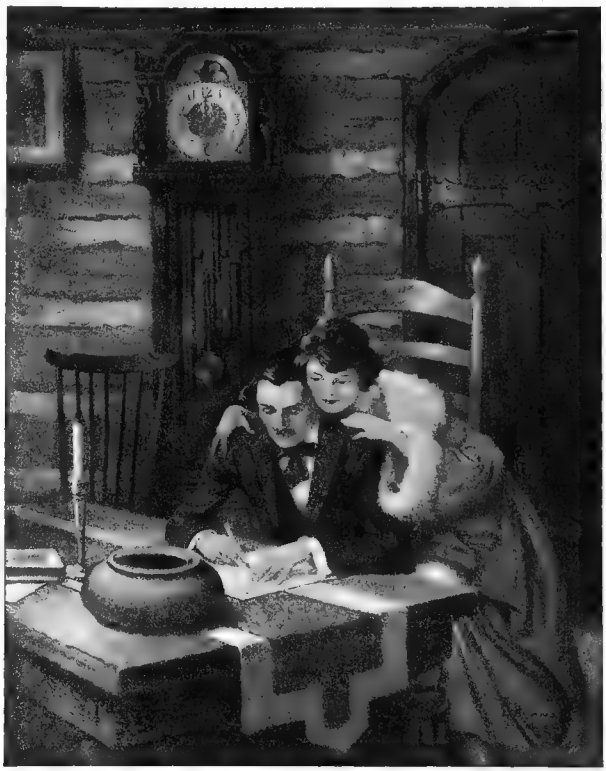
Butterfly

by

KATHLEEN NORRIS

ILLUSTRATIONS BY
L. EVANS PARCELL

Concluding Instalment



'SHE SAILS ON APRIL TWENTIETH — A TUESDAY. WE ARE AT MARCH SIXTH — GOOD. WHEN SHALL WE BE MARRIED? TO-MORROW!'"

THEN for a long, dreadful moment there was absolute silence in the studio. Butterfly had turned, and shrunk up against Konrad; Hilary had moved swiftly, and had laid a restraining hand upon Craig's arm. The shaded lamp over the chair where Konrad had been reading burned softly and clearly; a tongue of flame caught at the end of a half-charred log, and burned up with a sudden sucking noise. But the men and women who stood facing each other did not speak. Hilary could hear Craig's violent breathing and her own terrified heart.

Presently Konrad moved, and, gently shaking Dora free, he went to Craig, and laid his long fingers upon Craig's shoulder.

"No, my friend, no, my friend, I have done you no wrong," he said mildly. Craig, looking into his serene but bewildered face, showed a change in his own face. Even against his will he felt himself somewhat reassured.

"Butterfly and I were just going back, Craig," Hilary said, in as casual a manner as she could muster. But Craig roughly pushed her aside, and addressed Butterfly, beyond her.

"Did Hilary come here with you?" he asked her flatly.

"Why, of course, Craig!" Butterfly faltered, her eyes for one moment wavering toward Hilary's.

"We came here after the bazaar," Hilary began again. But Craig, whose usually handsome, dignified aspect was transfigured now by anger and suspicion, interrupted her dispassionately, without a glance toward her.

"You lie, Hilary," he said quietly, with a sort of ugly triumph. "I saw a woman hiding against the wall of the house as I drove up. It was you. Don't try and shield your sister!"

"Ah, but Craig, Craig!" Hilary cried, abandoning her ground, "Butterfly meant nothing. She's only a child—"

"She's child enough to come to a man's studio at midnight," Craig said briefly. "She's child enough to be my wife, in the eyes of the whole world——"

"I came to the man I love—there! You might as well know it!" Butterfly cried, hysterically. "You and Hilary can follow me all you please, but you can't stop me! I'm sorry; I've cried myself sick about it—but that's the truth!"

She had turned again toward Konrad, and was clinging to his arm. He looked tall and dark and kindly bending over her.

"Yes, and I love you, too, my little friend Butterfly," he said, smiling, and in the soothing tone he might have used to an excited child. "But—but there is something else here that I do not understand!" And he put her gently aside, and went with three great steps to Hilary, taking her hands, and looking straight into her eyes with a troubled expression on his face and with a quickened breath. "My child," he said, in a shaking voice, "will you tell me the truth of this? May I speak now, before Butterfly, and before you all? Is it not true, what Mrs. Vanderwort has told me, that you love, and that—when he is free—you are to be the wife of—of the man you love?"

His glance at Craig, as he finished, was unmistakable. Hilary, stupefied with astonishment, could only follow his gaze, and return her bewildered look to his face.

"Of *Craig!*" she exclaimed. "Of Butterfly's *husband!* Konrad, who could have been mad enough to tell you that?"

"Mrs. Vanderwort," Konrad repeated simply.

"Vi Vanderwort!" Hilary's angry tone was shaken with a hint of nervous laughter. "I never heard such nonsense!"

"Then," Konrad asked her eagerly, "it is not true?"

"No," Hilary answered, in a silence, her blue eyes fixed honestly upon his. "No, it is not true."

"You knew I believed it?" he asked. "Why else should I write you as I did? You had been in my arms; you knew that I loved you! You did not answer me; you left my heart to break. And at the bazaar you said only 'I am unhappy!' Do you know what I did when you said 'I am unhappy!'? I could not go with my friends to the opera, I could not eat, I walked alone in the night! And when I came in, to drink tea here, and to say to myself, 'She is unhappy—she is unhappy!' then Butterfly came in."

"Be my friend," Hilary said, her brave laugh trembling into tears as she held out both her hands to him, "and then I shall not be unhappy again!"

"No," Konrad said, drawing near to her and looking deep into her eyes. "No, my dear girl, I shall not be your friend! There can be no friendship between you and me. I love you!"

Craig heard Hilary's voice break on what was not all a laugh nor quite a sob. Then Kronski's arms went round her.

Craig turned, and took his wife down-stairs. Dora would not let him touch her; she was sobbing violently in the dark. She crossed the sidewalk with a few flying steps and flung herself into the waiting taxicab.

"Dora—" Craig began.

"Don't touch me! Don't speak to me!" she said violently. "To-morrow I will leave your house. I never want to speak to you again!"

"Very well," Craig answered coldly. He walked to meet the driver, who was emerging from the stairway where he had taken shelter; their footsteps rang hollowly in the dark, silent street, on the frozen sidewalk.

IT WAS but some ten minutes in all before Hilary came down, Konrad with her. She got in beside Dora; Konrad, bareheaded in the windy dark, gravely bowed as they drove away. Nobody spoke.

The drive home was not long; it was taken in utter silence. When they reached the house Banks was waiting; Emma curious and officious in the background.

Dora went straight up-stairs, without a word. Hilary saw Craig turn into his library; she followed her sister, and after some hesitation, when she was herself undressed, went into Dora's room to say good night.

Butterfly was in bed, everything was dark; Emma was gone. Hilary did not offer to kiss her; she knew Butterfly.

"Good night, dear."

"Good night."

That was all. Hilary went into the hall again. Through Mrs. Spaulding's half-opened door a light was showing; the girl pushed it gently open, and went in. Craig's mother was sitting wide-awake in bed; in a deep purple wadded jacket, with her grizzled hair in curl-papers.

She knew, of course, that something was wrong. Hilary sat on the foot of her bed, and told her everything. Mrs. Spaulding listened with a grim and grimmer face.

"This is the end for Craig and Butterfly, Hilary!" she said at last with a deep sigh.

"Butterfly didn't realize what she was doing!" Hilary protested anxiously. "She's in bed now, and Craig's in the library. I was wondering—wondering if I could talk to him. I understand Butterfly!"

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"Better let me talk to him," his mother said, reaching for wrapper and slippers. "I understand *him!* Well, my dear, things turn out unexpectedly sometimes, and you mustn't let this spoil your happiness! I believe you are a fortunate woman; he is a nice, simple, unspoiled fellow. This thing with Craig and Dora may blow over—I hope it will, and then we shall have time to rejoice with you!"

She padded down-stairs, and Hilary, worried and weary, went to her own room. But the worry vanished, and the weariness mysteriously fled, the moment she was alone. She got into bed at last, and sat wakeful, electrified, hugging her knees—thinking, thinking, thinking.

Meanwhile Craig's mother went into the library, to find him sunk into a chair, brooding. He got up, and gave her a chair, his face dark with gloom.

"Craig, my dear, I am very sorry for this," Mrs. Spaulding said, reaching for a big silk bag on the table, and beginning to knit comfortably, as if the hour and the occasion were quite usual.

"Thank you, Mother; I really can't discuss it," Craig said bitterly and repressively, "but I don't blame Kronski in the least!"

"No, neither do I. And I don't blame Butterfly much," Mrs. Spaulding said, purling busily.

Craig smoked on, in resolute silence for perhaps a moment. Then he burst out suddenly, and against his will:

"Oh, no—perfectly natural! To rush to a man's rooms in the middle of the night, to ask him if he loves her!"

"That is really part of her simplicity, of her honesty," Mrs. Spaulding offered, seriously. "There's no artifice to Dora. It must be all or nothing. It was a child's act. Do you remember the McComber case, Craig?"

"Certainly!" Craig said stiffly, unpleasantly diverted.

"What a fright that was!" his mother mused. "I shall never forget it. Your father was ill; you were the center of his whole life. Our boy threatened with all that vile newspaper exposure!"

"'THERE'S BEEN AN ACCIDENT AT MR. SPAULDING'S—PLEASE, DOCTOR, PLEASE, QUICKLY!'"

"I don't see what the fact that I got in with a bunch of rotters in college, and was mixed into that affair, has to do with this!" Craig suggested coldly. "Barnes took me on a party——"

"You should never have associated with Barnes, of course."

"No, of course not. I grant that! And I grant that I was a fool to drink—they all did, and I did. We've been over this a thousand times. I defended the girl because she was a girl—I'd never seen her before. And I knocked Sloper down."

"Breaking his arm—so that your father had to settle with him, and then deal with that perfectly unscrupulous woman. For weeks—dear me, what worrying we did!"

"I don't see," Craig interrupted deliberately, "what that affair has to do with anything that happened to-night. I did what the others did, I got hit, and I paid. It was ten—twelve years ago—I was a kid—twenty-two!"

"Dora is not yet twenty-two," his mother interpolated neatly. "She did what the others did, too, poor child. These silly affairs are going on all the time in her crowd. Only she hadn't the experience to manage it. It's regrettable; it's disgusting, I think. I always have thought so. I'd as soon try to draw away a woman's children as her husband, myself. But I think you'll make a great mistake to pay too much attention to this, my dear. Especially as it's going to hurt Hilary bitterly—Kronski's in love with her. Dora'll sulk for a few days, and then come to her senses—her vanity is really all that was touched. Keep the surface smooth, Craig, and wait. When we know what Hilary plans to do there'll be plenty of time to decide!"

She replaced her knitting, rose to her feet, and patted his bowed shoulder. Craig did not move as she went slowly from the room. But when she reached the bottom of the big staircase he was suddenly behind her; he kissed her gratefully.

"Good night, Mother, and thank you!"

"Good night, dear. Don't sit up too late. Get your sleep."

HILARY awakened in a bath of sunlight, to find the clock at the incredible hour of ten. She had lain awake for a long time in the night, before getting to sleep, her thoughts wavering to Butterfly and to Craig, sometimes, but always homing, with that new deep sense of amazement and joy, to Konrad. But sleep, coming at last, was the sweetest she had ever known.

Alice was moving softly about the room, and came to the bedside carrying a florist's box tied with shiny, narrow purple ribbons. Hilary smiled, sat up, and slipped her arms into a jacket.

"Is Mrs. Craig up yet, Alice?" she asked.

"Emma said she had a headache," Alice answered, her eyes upon the damp, fragrant violets as they were lifted from their silky layers of tissue-paper. Russian violets, and six words in French on Konrad's card. Hilary felt that the sun was suddenly brighter. At half past twelve o'clock she was to meet him for luncheon. She could barely touch her breakfast-tray; excitement quivered in her veins.

Craig and his mother were lingering over a late breakfast when she went down-stairs. He had fallen asleep at about five, he told her shamefacedly, and known nothing more until after nine.

Not knowing of their talk last night, it was amazing and marvelously relieving to her to have him get up and come to meet her with his usual shrewd, gray-eyed smile. He took her hands, and said in a brotherly, affectionate fashion:

"I didn't have a chance last night to tell you how heartily I wish you everything good in the world, my dearest girl!"

"Thank you, Craig," Hilary answered, taking his kiss with a sudden rush of happy color. Her heart began to beat less fearfully; nothing agitating seemed scheduled for the immediate hour. "I stopped at Dora's room," she went on, saying the one thing she desired not to say. "But she was gone!"

"Dentist!" Mrs. Spaulding said placidly, finishing her coffee. "Aren't you going to eat, child?"

"I had my tea. I'm lunching—at half past twelve—at the Plaza—" Hilary laughed, in a little confusion.

"You and Konrad say the word, and we'll give you a dinner," Craig suggested. Hilary promised in so delighted an astonishment that it should be arranged. Evidently there were to be no scenes. Craig was eating bacon and muffins, and Butterfly had gone to the dentist.

She had an errand, she said, excusing herself presently. It would be pleasant, thought Hilary, to walk to her midday meeting. The Winter air brought up her color, filled her lungs with energy, and lifted her heart on wings. She went briskly over the scraped sidewalks. The world was a wonderful world this morning!

BUT when she left the breakfast-table, Craig said to his mother: "You're right; it would kill her to know how bad it is, with Butterfly and me. Time enough later. She'd think she had to stand back of Butterfly—see her through."

"Does Butterfly understand that we are protecting Hilary?"

"She said very little. I suggested to her that we spare Hilary as much as we can; keep the surface smooth. It won't," said Craig bitterly, "it won't be extremely different from what our relationship has been for several months. Dora got angry for a minute, and said that her life was her own, and not Hilary's—she wanted to leave for California this afternoon. I talked her out of it. I think she sees that we've all got to sit tight until Hilary's married. Then she goes her way, and I mine. I'm not sorry, in a way. It hasn't been satisfactory, exactly, for a long time!"

"Kronski won't want to wait long," Mrs. Spaulding said, after a thoughtful silence. "Small blame to him. I wish, my boy, I wish that when you had gone down to Mount Holly three years ago——"

"I know!" Craig said hurriedly. "I know!"

"Too late for that now!" Mrs. Spaulding presently observed. "This is November—Thursday's Thanksgiving. I've no doubt they'll be married by April."

"Until April, then," Craig agreed briefly.

"Do you think Dora'll stand the strain?"

"I don't know, and she doesn't know what she wants. With Kronski and Hilary in Europe——"

"What I fear is her appealing to Hilary, and in some way upsetting everything. I shall be sick if Hilary's not to have her chance now!" the woman said, thoughtfully.

"We've all spoiled Dora," Craig commented presently.

"Poor little Butterfly!"

"I too," his mother added vigorously. "I bought her everything she fancied when we were all abroad. Your father spoiled her. And she was sweet with him, charming with him," his widow remembered suddenly, her stern gray eyes filling.

Craig remembered the happy days of investigating, tramping, lunching, and shopping in enchanted Paris! Eighteen-year-old Dora looking at frocks; exclaiming and marveling. He remembered the little feet in trim brown stockings and pumps, her brown suit, the sheer frills about her soft throat, the dahlia hat upon her bright hair!

All over now. When Butterfly went to Paris again it would be with some other man; the pretty face would be a little harder, the fair skin a little artificial, the laugh he had so loved would have the edge that Violet's laugh, and Cissy's laugh, and the laughs of so many other women had nowadays!

And they had said, leaving Paris, that they would come back again for a long stay! "With the children," Butterfly had demurely added, looking up at him, as he stood beside her at the rail with demure brown eyes under long dark lashes.

"You had no sleep, Craig?" his mother said, watching his dark face.

"Oh, yes I did. I got off at about six, I think. But—but it isn't *sleep* I need!"

He got up, kissed her, and went with the soreness and slowness of an old man to get his coat and hat. His mother followed him anxiously. Craig again kissed her. He would be late to-day, but he would drop in at the bazaar some time this evening. She was not to worry; everything was all right.

It was only to Hilary, however, that everything was all right, and that not for long. She had a few days, perhaps a week, of such delight as only comes once in a lifetime, and only to a nature as sweet and deep as hers.

To be with Konrad, in the joy of confessed love and utter confidence, was all her world just now. It was all wonderful to Hilary, his simplicities, his unexpected greatness, his ecstasy in every hour they had together. They worked over concert programs, they laughed and

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The Real, Big Story of the "Movies"

IT'S coming in Pictorial Review for March, the greatest film feature ever published—the reminiscences of Samuel Goldwyn, one of the foremost among producers, under the title, "BEHIND THE SCREEN."

In the opening article Mary Pickford's intimate personality will be brought out in a word picture of extraordinary vividness and penetration. Here, for the first time in print, is the real Mary.

Succeeding articles of "Behind the Screen" will deal with many screen stars, with those fabulous incomes of motion-picture folk, with the inside "business" of the film world. Of personal anecdote and gossip there will be an utterly fascinating array.

You'll regret it if you miss an instalment of Mr. Goldwyn's reminiscences, beginning in Pictorial Review for March.

hundred significantly smiling, friendly faces without seeing one.

There were concerts, when Hilary sat in a box, watching him with anxious closeness, and receptions and dinners, when she had to share him with the world. It amused them both to know that she bore this latter trial infinitely better than he did. Konrad was constantly worried when she was not within hearing; his eyes traveled through the most distinguished assemblages to find the superb young figure, the bronze braids, and the white shoulders. If she were at the piano he must somehow begin to work toward her; he would bend over her absorbed, deeply resenting the presence of any innocent third person.

And if he could carry her off afterward, for a talk over some little restaurant table, or for tea with old Von Mandescheid and himself, in the studio, his black eyes would fill again and again as he told her how he had watched her—she had not looked at him at all.

This association could not continue long without gaining the public attention. By Christmas time several of the astute weeklies that are so glib with names and facts, had hinted it strongly, and early in the new year, Konrad, his face radiant with laughter and pleasure, was openly receiving congratulations, and the lovely Miss Collier, with her quaint braids and her demure velvet frocks, was the darling of the hour.

But before this time, unknown to the world, several important events had transpired in the old Spaulding house in Madison Avenue. It was only a few days after Thanksgiving that Hilary had noted with a sick heart that the apparent harmony between Dora and Craig was a mere empty shell, and that some change of deep importance was brewing.

Her quick sensitiveness where Dora was concerned supplied the solution. The breach had not been healed; would never be healed between Butterfly and her husband.

Craig was quiet, responsive, interested in what concerned his mother and Hilary. But toward Dora he never looked, and to Dora he never spoke beyond the necessary civilities of the table or the drawing-room. He was away often, in Mount Holly, and as the family was in mourning it was easy for him to avoid society.

HILARY had been dreading, since that never-mentioned hideous night in the studio, the moment when Kronski and Dora must meet again. Konrad had made no allusion to the episode, indeed; women were so customarily infatuated with him, and he had been so amazed and stunned upon that occasion by the revelation of Violet's untruthfulness, and all it meant to him, that the probability of his fully grasping what Dora was implying in her excitement and incoherence, seemed to Hilary more and more remote. Butterfly had had but a scant five minutes' conversation with him before Hilary's arrival. She had stammered out some jealous, breathless sentences, she had demanded his loyalty; she would have had time for no more, perhaps barely for that. Konrad's honest consternation at finding the sister of the woman he loved there in his room, at that hour, would further tend to make what Dora actually said the least important thing about her visit.

Still, there was something to forget, to overlook on his side, and what a world of shame and confusion on Butterfly's! Hilary felt the keenest apprehension regarding it, and she knew that the fear of it burned in Dora's heart. For a few days she suspected that Butterfly was actually meditating flight; indeed she knew her sister well enough to know that that escape would be her natural thought. But after a few brooding, apathetic days Dora seemed settled into a certain dreary groove, and gave Hilary no further dark, vague hints of a change, and of not being able to "stand it."

She and Konrad met quite simply, in a department store, just before Thanksgiving. Hilary and Konrad had been idling through the bright aisles of holiday wares when they reached the glove-counter, where Dora was seated.

She stood up, greeted the man with no sign of feeling except a sudden color on her pale face, and showed Hilary the white gloves. The buttons, or the snaps? Buttons were in again. She bought the gloves. Then she turned to Konrad.

"I must congratulate you upon winning the most wonderful wife in all the world," she said, giving him her little hand bravely. "I know what she is! There is nobody like her!"

"I shall try to be good to her," Konrad answered simply. That was all.

Butterfly sank into her usual quiet in the motor driving home, and made no comment upon the episode to Hilary.

In these days Dora was an altered being. She lived in a dark, sad world of her own, weeping often, sometimes raging and furious, but usually cold and self-contained. She rose late, dressed in somber silence, saw her hair-dresser and her manicure, went to her dentist, lunched at home, with perhaps a languid conversation dying between her and Craig's mother, went out in the car at three, to wander listlessly through shops or look with darkened eyes at the bare parks, and came home to curl up over a book until dinner-time.

She wanted no companionship; she sought none. Now and then Hilary persuaded her to attend a woman's lunch or to slip in quietly to some matinée. Dora obeyed apathetically, her drooping little figure and toneless voice hurting Hilary every time her eyes fell upon her sister. Dora would smile gently at Cy Dwyer, take a hand at bridge, stare dully at some one who addressed her: "I'm sorry, Walt. I didn't hear you?" When Craig wanted to go home, and Hilary was in a whirl of good-byes, Dora would creep quietly into her corner of the limousine, to sit there, silent, her chin in her palm, her eyes fixed upon the passing landscape, for the entire trip home.

HER nights were restless, and even her splendid youth began to show the strain in faded color and hitherto unknown physical ills. Her appetite was gone; she had headaches; she never got any sleep, she said. Hilary felt her own heart breaking as she watched the sorrowful change that went on day after day, and saw too the pitiful effort Dora made to hide it from the eyes that had noted every trifling thing for good or ill that had ever touched her, her life long. She could not deceive Hilary, try tho she would, and something of their old relationship crept back between them when little Butterfly turned in her shame and suffering to the sister she had wronged and misjudged, for comfort.

There was one special day, in itself of no importance, but to Hilary almost unendurably sad and sweet. Craig was spending the whole week in Mount Holly; Konrad was in Chicago. The sisters breakfasted together, and spent the whole morning talking of insignificant things and sewing in Butterfly's sunny room.

"'BUTTERFLY, NEVER IN MY LIFE HAVE I LOVED YOU AS I DO THIS MINUTE!'"

All day long Butterfly was her sweetest, a new quiet sweetness that Hilary found poignantly endearing and touching. At luncheon she obediently tried to manage her chop and spinach. Butterfly had had a touch of anemia, long ago, as a child, and Hilary was reminded to-day of the little obedient hand and the trusting brown eyes of the ten-year-old child.

If Craig could but see this new Butterfly! cried Hilary's loyal heart. But Craig never saw it. He returned from Mount Holly quiet, self-possessed, unapproachable as before.

One night, just after the strangely quiet Christmas holidays, Hilary and Mrs. Spaulding were before the library fire, with Craig at the near-by table, under the lamp, busy over some blue-prints of the new Mount Holly packing-room. Evergreen wreaths at the windows, and over the high doors, scented the room pleasantly; a drowsy fire crackled and was still, and the clocks ticked in a deep silence. Butterfly had just murmured a good-night, and had gone up-stairs.

Suddenly there was a hideous interruption. It began with the most disquieting of all sounds in a quiet house; the pressure of running feet. Then came several voices, and then Alice's scream: "Oh, Mr. Spaulding—Mr. Spaulding!" and the thump of Banks's feet as the butler ran up-stairs.

"Get Mr. Spaulding!" came a hoarse voice that Hilary's paralyzed senses recognized as Butterfly's. By this time, after one second of terror in which any movement seemed impossible, they were all running up to Butterfly's room.

She was in her big Chinese wrapper; Alice was crying wildly and holding her; they could hear Banks rattling the hall telephone; they could hear his "There's been an accident at Mr. Spaulding's—if you please, Doctor, for God's sake quickly!"

"Craig!" Butterfly whispered, with thick lips. Where was her voice—what had changed her face to this ghastly mask of suffering?

They got her to her bed. She was trying to talk, but the voice was gone. Hilary, sick with terror, tore at counterpane and blankets.

"A mistake!" Butterfly whispered to Craig. "Believe me—believe me, Craig! I wouldn't—I wouldn't have done it! I wanted to sleep—those powders Bertheau gave me——!"

She was writhing on her pillows; great drops shining on her white forehead, her soft hair sticking to the wet skin.

"Ah—that's better!" she whispered, suddenly easier; the dripping hand that had been pressing Hilary's with an iron grip suddenly somewhat relaxing. "Thank you!" she panted to Craig, who had eased the little figure into pillows. "Too hot!" she breathed, struggling with the heavy robe.

Craig and Hilary stripped it from her, leaving her in the delicate little embroidered nightgown, with its pink and blue ribbons. She clung to Craig's hand, her agonized eyes burning in deep purple shadows in her ashen face.

"A mistake!" she whispered again, "I wanted only to sleep. You believe me, dear—Sis; you believe your Butterfly! You're both—both so good to me— I've been—I've been so bitterly sorry! Oh—I can't—hear it!"

"Don't try to talk—it hurts your throat!" Craig directed, holding her tightly, as if to still the paroxysms that shook her like long shudders. "You took the disinfectant; in the same sort of bottle! Just keep quiet, Butterfly——"

"It's that horrible inky taste," she breathed, looking up at him childishly. "Water——"

Mrs. Spaulding gave her water, but she drank only a little.

"Oh, such pain!" she whispered, relaxed in Craig's arms. And suddenly her white face wrinkled, and she began to cry piteously, and raised his big hand to press it to her distorted lips. Hilary, holding her free hand, and kneeling on the other side of the bed, burst into bitter tears, and laid her wet face against her sister's soft fingers.

Dr. Bertheau walked quietly and unannounced into the room; his nurse, a gray-headed woman, with him.

"POISON!" he said briefly, in an undertone. "We'll see what we can do. I can ask this girl for everything," he said, glancing at the tearful Emma, "and I think you had better wait elsewhere. If you please, Miss Collier! You understand that we shall have to use radical treatment——"

Dora, who was drowsy, merely opened startled eyes when Craig laid her down. Hilary gave the doctor one imploring glance.

"Now, Mrs. Spaulding, we'll have to see just how much of a start this thing has gotten," the doctor said kindly, taking Butterfly's hand. "Get me that bottle, Miss Butters," he added. One faintly frowning nod had the effect of taking Hilary, Craig, and his mother out into the hall.

How she lived through the next twenty minutes Hilary never knew. All thought was suspended. The familiar rooms, chairs, voices, seemed glaring and strange. "Butterfly—dying," she said over and over again, in her heart. "Butterfly—dying." The words had no meaning. She sat in the padded seat of the great curved front window, with the hall lights twinkling upon her shining slipper, and slowly twisted and studied that slipper as if it possessed some rare interest. Craig, motionless, voiceless, stood with folded arms in the shadow of the big curtains. Mrs. Spaulding sat in a great carved English chair, her hands firm upon its arms, her eyes shut.

Twenty minutes. Then Dr. Bertheau stepped quietly out, and, nodding gravely, beckoned them with his gold eye-glasses to a position further down the big hallway. "Oh, my God—my God!" Hilary said, half aloud. Sick with apprehension, Hilary and the others followed him.

"She is comfortable, much easier," said the doctor, putting his glasses carefully away. "The pain may return. In that case I would not recommend an opiate."

"Doctor," Hilary faltered, "will she suffer? Will it be long?"

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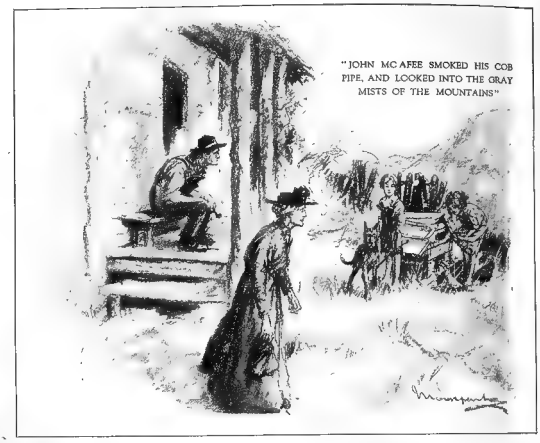
THE LIVING MEMORIAL TO ABRAHAM LINCOLN

How the Mountain University Bearing His Name Is Bringing Light and Hope to His Own People, the Real Americans of the Lonely Log Cabins

BY

IDA CLYDE CLARKE

ILLUSTRATIONS BY
CARTON MOOREPARK



"JOHN MCAFEE SMOKED HIS COB PIPE, AND LOOKED INTO THE GRAY MISTS OF THE MOUNTAINS"

IF THIS story of our little sisters in the Southern mountains appeals to you as it did to me, you will want to help — just as I do.

The Nancy Hanks Memorial Association, of which I have the honor to be national president, is organized to assist Lincoln Memorial University in its plans for providing education for mountain girls.

The dues are one dollar a year. If you want to join and if you want to help in a great many other ways, write me and I will tell you how.

Ida Clyde Clarke

"NO LITTLE GIRL OF THE MOUNTAINS SHOULD HAVE THE DOOR OF OPPORTUNITY SHUT IN HER FACE"

MAW, if ye don't hurry down thar ye'll be too late." It was the timid, trembling hope and the tragic eagerness in Mary's voice that gave Mrs. McAfee courage to make the most momentous decision of her life. Wonderful stories had been coming to the barren cabin in the Tennessee mountains, stories of a place down at Cumberland Gap where boys and girls could "larn to read readin' and write writin'," and it was even reported that work would be accepted instead of money in exchange for this wonderful privilege.

And now at last, after long deliberation and much argument, Maw had decided to take the long, rough journey over the mountains to see if it could be true—poor, rugged, tired, intrepid Maw, who had never been ten miles from that spot in her whole life! It would never have occurred to Mr. McAfee to go, nor would Mary or John or any of the children have thought of suggesting such a thing. Had not Maw always carried the burdens of that family? Besides, John McAfee didn't believe in "book-larnin'," while his wife had always "had a hankerin' fer it."

That afternoon Molly McAfee washed and ironed her old percale dress, and by the light of the little oil-lamp that evening with painstaking care she retrimmed her black straw hat. There was something tense and strange, almost mystic, about it all, and the children stood around in awed silence next morning when the mother was ready to start. John McAfee sat in the doorway in his blue overalls, smoked his cob pipe, and looked into the gray mists of the mountains, just as he had done in every crisis of their married life.

Main Street in the picturesque and historic village of Cumberland Gap dazed Molly McAfee, and no king's palace could have looked more grand to her than did the dignified buildings of Lincoln Memorial University when she went up the graystone steps to the dean's office next morning.

She stated her mission bluntly. Molly McAfee had no gift of words, for she had never learned to read. Her father, like John McAfee, didn't believe in "gals larnin'" to read. What she wanted was a job where she could work and at the same time send her five children to school. The five older ones had married and scattered. Molly McAfee was no longer young.

Dean Ford is a kindly man, and something in the face under the small black hat made it hard for him to tell her that what she sought was impossible. But the woman of the mountains is never easily discouraged. She asked if John, aged sixteen, and Mary, aged fourteen, could work for their expenses. Alas, to this also the dean had to answer no! On his desk was a long list of boys and girls who were pleading to work in exchange for an education; but there was no money available with which to pay them. At last he told her the stark truth. "What you really need, Mrs. McAfee, is about fifty dollars to start the children off with." Then something in the face under the small black hat made him stretch the truth a little when he added: "If you could raise that we might manage some way to carry them the rest of the way."

Fifty dollars! More money than Molly McAfee had ever seen at one time in her life! But there was Mary, back there in the cabin home. She couldn't go back and tell her she could not come to the great school. For three weeks Mary had been begging and coaxing her mother to make this trip, and again and again she said she knew "Maw would fix it." John might stand the disappointment, but somehow girls are different, and Mary's heart was so set on it. Suddenly a little light came into her faded eyes.

"Would you take our cow in place of that money?" she asked. And within a week Mary and John were enrolled as students at Lincoln Memorial.

In the great Appalachian region of the South three and a half million of these pure Americans, descendants of the original Jamestown settlers, are waiting to be Americanized. There are boys and girls of the new generation, like Mary and John, who are hungering and thirsting for education, and who are passionately longing to work and heroically willing to wait. There are mountain men of the older generation, like John McAfee, who don't believe in "book-larnin'," and who are generally indifferent and often antagonistic to schools of every kind. And there are mothers of the mountain, like Molly McAfee, who, belonging to the older generation, can yet understand and sympathize with the new.

'LITTLE CHILDREN SIT ON HARD, BACKLESS SCHOOL-BENCHES, THEIR LITTLE LEGS DANGLING, WITH THEIR FEET SIX INCHES OR MORE FROM THE FLOOR"

Shall We Americanize the Real Americans?

OUR philanthropists have interested themselves far more in the immigrants than in our native-born. They have turned to the melting-pot and forgotten the log cabin. Our great cities are filled with worthy philanthropic societies financed by well-meaning and generous people. These societies are operated by highly trained and well-paid social workers for the uplift of those who pour into our country from the back yards of Europe, while the forgotten millions of our own people wait neglected in the fastnesses of the Southern mountains.

If it was good to lift up a race from slavery, may it not be worth while to free these, our own people, from the bondage of ignorance?

And how worth while they are, these boys and girls of the mountains! This country has been called the birthplace of statesmen and soldiers. Every school-child knows that Abraham Lincoln was born in a log cabin in the Southern mountains. At twenty-one Andrew Johnson could neither read nor write, yet he became President of the United States. Sam Houston, Governor of Tennessee and Territorial Governor of Texas, one of the most brilliant and original personalities in the annals of American history, was of these mountains. David Farragut, who brought enduring fame to our navy, lived within a few miles of the McAfee cabin in the Cumberland Mountains. James K. Polk, who became President of the United States, and fighting Andrew Jackson were products of this mountain country. William G. McAdoo, the man who pushed the tunnels under the Hudson River and linked Manhattan Island with the New Jersey shores, and who was afterward Secretary of the Treasury, is a mountaineer. So was Cassius Clay, who, as United States Minister to Russia, refused to take off his hat to the Czar unless the Czar took off his hat to him. Yes, it seems that mountains make men.

And back there in the mountains to-day are men and women with the spirit of Lincoln and of Clay and of Jackson and of Farragut—men and women who have been pure, one-hundred-per-cent. Americans for four hundred years, and forgotten and neglected by their own people. Woodrow Wilson has said that "These are a great people stored away by Providence for a time of need." Surely that time of need has come. Just as surely as America is the hope of civilization, so surely are these real Americans in the Southern mountains the hope of America.

Whither Are the Currents Running?

AND what do we know about them? Practically nothing, when it comes to their inner lives, their mental capacity, their characters, their aims and ambitions, their value to America. We have read fascinating stories written by Charles Egbert Craddock, John Fox, Jr., and others. We have read dramatic newspaper accounts of feuds and moonshiners. But deep underneath the

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romance and the drama and the tragedy strong currents are running—running whither? It is for America to say.

Men have seen the commercial value of the rushing mountain streams, and millions have been made available with which to dig into the mountains for the coal. There is scarcely an acre of land in all that vast region but has been appraised for its commercial value. Has anybody ever taken stock of the three million men and women and appraised their value as citizens of America? Has anybody ever looked the situation squarely in the face? Has anybody ever diagnosed the case for the United States Government? Has anybody ever prescribed a remedy? To all of these questions we must answer no.

It is true there are many hopeful elements in the situation. First, credit must be given to the missionaries of various churches who, years ago, made small beginnings and established little schools and little churches in the wildernesses. Some of these have grown to impressive proportions, such as Berea College in Kentucky, the Lincoln Memorial University near Cumberland Gap, Tenn., and the Berry School in Georgia. But all combined are not able to scratch the surface of the great and tragic need, and no one of these institutions is anything like adequately financed.

When the Door of Opportunity Is Shut

BETTER roads, better school laws, higher school appropriations—in many of the States involved these things are to be credited. But despite the statistics and the State pride and romantic interest in this vast and neglected empire the tragedy of the situation as a whole can not be overstated.

I have visited the school at Cumberland Gap to which Mrs. McAfee went on that misty Autumn morning. I have gone up those long stone steps, and into the plainly furnished office of the dean. I have looked into his kindly face and listened to his sympathetic voice. I have seen women in black sunbonnets pleading for a chance for their children. I have seen boys and girls who are willing to walk miles every day and to work at any tasks for any length of time for the prevailing price of twenty cents an hour, if they can but get an education, learn while they earn.

"THE VISITOR WILL SEE PICTURESQUE COSTUMES, QUAINT CHARACTERS, CONDITIONS OF LIFE UNBELIEVABLY PRIMITIVE"

But, far more tragic than all these, I have seen one after another turned back, the door of opportunity, so long and so passionately sought, shut in their faces for want of a few dollars! Think of it, a young American boy or girl denied the privilege of education for lack of a month's board in advance at the rate of three dollars and a half a week—the price of a pair of silk stockings or a theater ticket. Yes, nearly two hundred were denied the privilege of earning an education when I was at Lincoln Memorial University last Fall.

For hours I sat in the dean's office reading letters—letters written by youthful hands in halting words, letters that were inexpressibly appealing, strangely pathetic, and yet in every one there gleamed a bright, shining hope.

One girl wrote: "I have a little sister four years old, and I would like to bring her with me if there is any place for her. My mother died four months ago, and there is no one at all to take care of the baby. I want to keep her with me if it is at all possible. And of course I must work." This was from a bright girl who had attended school there before. There was no place for the baby!

And this from a boy at Goose Rock, S. C.: "My chance to go to school is very hard unless I can work my way through. Please write to me at once and tell me when I can come. I will be there at once to start real work, and I am sure you can find a place for me." But there was no place!

From Benham, Ky., came this letter: "I have two children. I want to enter school. Can I stay there with my children? Can I get work to do to support myself and my children? I am forty-one years old, and can work at most any kind of work." There was work to do, but no money with which to pay for it!

Until this year it has been easier to find work for boys than for girls. So long as there is money to pay for it, there is plenty to do on the farm. Now, through the generous interest of Maria Thompson Daviess, who is herself a Kentuckian, the Nancy Hanks Memorial Industrial School for Girls has been established, and if sufficient funds can be secured this industrial training will provide the same sort of opportunity for the girls to earn that has been available to the boys.

Letter after letter I read, and after a while Dean Ford said: "It's easier to say 'No' by letter. It's hardest when they 'just come.' Yes, many 'just come.' They stream in by train, horseback, many on foot after long, hard journeys, many hatless, and nearly all in overalls and jumpers."

One day a slender youth from "down the valley" walked into the dean's office. "I'm sorry, my boy," said the dean, "but we can't take you in unless you can manage to pay your board." "I didn't come down here to board," was the answer. "I came to work and get an education."

One of the boys who had never owned a suit of clothes in his life until he was eighteen was asked what his ambition was. "Why," he said, confidentially, "I don't dare to tell these people around here what I want to do. They'd laugh at me. I want to be a writer. I want to tell stories about my people in the mountains. When I'm through here I want to go to the University of Virginia. I want to know its history and to study the lives of the great men it has produced. Then I want to go to Harvard. That's why I don't dare tell 'em here what I want to do. They'd laugh at me. They surely would."

I found a story—a real one—in every boy and girl I talked to on that campus. Seventy-one per cent. of the students are working their way through. Lincoln Memorial is a pure democracy. Hard work, no matter how menial it is, lends dignity and wins respect.

I asked the dean how much it takes to study there for a year. He said that for two hundred and fifty dollars a year a boy can "go through like a prince." Until last Fall no boys or girls who came with a month's board were turned away, tho things have been hard with the managers during these last few years.

A Living Memorial to Lincoln

THE school at Cumberland Gap should hold for all Americans a peculiarly sacred interest because it is said to be the only living memorial to Lincoln. Had the school only been conceived in the spirit of Lincoln and named in his honor we should have felt a reverential interest in it.

"NO KING'S PALACE COULD HAVE LOOKED MORE GRAND THAN DID THE UNIVERSITY"

But there is a far deeper reason for the American people to know and love and adequately maintain this institution, which is struggling against unbelievable difficulties to give "not charity, but a chance"

"THREE AND A HALF MILLIONS OF THESE PURE AMERICANS ARE WAITING TO BE AMERICANIZED"

to the boys and girls of the mountains. The school is a definite effort to carry out a definitely expressed wish of the great Lincoln, as evidenced by a well-authenticated story. General O. O. Howard, who commanded the Union troops at Cumberland Gap during the Civil War, was conferring with President Lincoln at the White House over the Tennessee campaign of 1863. The President put his finger on the map where Kentucky, Virginia, and Tennessee join, and told the General that the people around Cumberland Gap were loyal to the flag and could be trusted. He is reported to have said: "These are my own people. If I live through this terrible struggle I will go back and help them."

A few months later, when General Howard was moving his soldiers through this region, he found that all the President had told him was true. These simple mountain folk fed his soldiers, clothed them with their homespun, and even took off their shoes in Winter to give them to the soldiers who had none. The grateful General did not forget. Nor did he forget Lincoln's interest in the mountain people.

Cumberland Gap a Strategic Point

CUMBERLAND GAP is a strategic point in more ways than one. Throughout the Civil War it was considered the most important point in that whole section. Whoever held the Gap locked or unlocked at will the gate that opened the avenues to vast regions beyond. It was quickly seized by the Confederates in the beginning of the conflict. In 1862 it was captured by the Federals, only to be regained by the Confederates in the same year. In 1863 the Federals regained it, and it was held by them through the remainder of the war. An old veteran who served there during these last two years says: "It was impossible to take the Gap by charge. It was impossible to reach it by cannon-fire. It could be taken only by holding the outskirts and starving the people within."

It would seem that these are the tactics we have adopted—we are holding the outskirts and starving the people within. Tho in quite another sense we might also say that "He who holds the Gap locks or unlocks at will avenues to vast regions—a great spiritual realm peopled with great souls, so much more worth while than mountains of silver and gold."

But Cumberland Gap is a strategic point in a far more important sense than that pertaining to warfare. It is strategic because it is the only juncture where the mountain folk of eastern Tennessee, southeastern Kentucky, and southwestern Virginia can meet. Long before Daniel Boone's day it was the mountain gate through which passed both the Indians and the buffalo.

There in the early days were held the great political barbecues where Calhoun, Clay, and Jackson came that the people might see them and hear them expound the progressive policies of their time. There is a knoll, covered with blue grass and shaded by lofty trees, from which Henry Clay made one of his most famous speeches. It was said that five thousand people heard him that day, and this was the greatest throng that had ever been gathered in those mountains. A mountaineer lawyer, deeply versed in the romantic history of his own country, told me that on that day the great Clay stopped suddenly in his speech, looked off into the distance where the towering mountains were lost in the floating clouds, and said, "I can hear the tramp of coming millions to these mountains."

These millions of people whom Henry Clay seemed to see coming to live among these glorious mountains never materialized, but some one facetiously said that other kinds of millions—millions of dollars—did come. British capitalists, appreciating the inexpressible beauty of the spot and realizing the health-giving climatic conditions, invested great sums of money and established there The Four Seasons Hotel for luxury-loving and idle guests. The story of the failure of the project is a familiar one. In the last struggle of the enterprise the proprietors found that they were employing upward of seventy-five servants to provide comfort for an average of five guests!

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"'I'VE SEEN MEN FIGHT, BUT—TABLES AND CHAIRS AND GLASSES WERE SCATTERED AND BROKEN. UP AND DOWN THE VERANDA THEY ROLLED AND FOUGHT AND BIT. JUST LIKE MADMEN'"

THE ANGEL OF ACCOMPLISHMENT

The Highly Dramatic Account of a Strange Partnership and the Invisible Guardian Which Presided Over It—for a While

BY STACY AUMONIER

ILLUSTRATIONS BY LAWRENCE HERNDON

IN RECONSTRUCTING the somber story which gathered round the professional association of those two clever men, James Wray and Francis Vallery, it is necessary to know a little of their early life and upbringing. I am indebted very considerably to my friend Timothy Rallish for the light of his somewhat sardonic perceptions upon the character of Wray. They were at Marlborough together, and afterward at Oxford, altho at different colleges: Timothy at Oriel, and Wray—as one would naturally expect—at Balliol.

"I used to like him," said Timothy. "I suppose I was the only chap who did. They hated him at Marlborough; he was so confoundedly precious. Up at Oxford it was not so bad. There are always such a lot of precious people at Balliol—it doesn't stand out so. He was an idealist, without a conscience, if you know what I mean. He set up impossible standards, never attempted to live up to them, or to observe whether any one else attempted to. His contempt for his fellow creatures was almost abnormal.

"I think the whole attitude in some queer way came out of his music-madness. Music was the absorbing passion of his life, and even for the best of that he never appeared to have a very great opinion. I believe he thought Bach's compositions were not too bad, and for Beethoven he sometimes indulged in mild patronage. Schumann bored him, so did Wagner, and for Chopin's 'sentimental tripe' he had no use.

"I am talking now of Wray between the ages of seventeen and twenty-three—the age when one's critical faculties are relentless, when one knows every darned thing, don't you know. I can't tell you why I liked Wray. He did not—and never has—liked me. Perhaps there was something about the profundity of his discontent which appealed to me—his restlessness and detachment. I like people who are dissatisfied. But there was more than that about him. He was a spiritual wanton. I believe he would have sacrificed a cityful of babies to perfect one musical phrase.

"You see, there was no reason at all why he should have gone up to Oxford. He was only interested in music, which has never been properly taught there. I think he liked to compose tone-poems in the society of rich men's sons who were only interested in sports and ragtime. The contact satisfied some cynical kink in his own nature. It was certainly nothing to do with the medievalism of Oxford, which only bored him. O Heavens! the things which bored Jimmy Wray when he was twenty-three!"

"At that time," I asked, "do you know anything of his standard of accomplishment?"

"Very little," replied Timothy. "Of course I know nothing about music myself, but the people who did know something used to differ considerably about Wray. I got the general impression that he was talented in a nebulous kind of way; that he had ideas, but that they were too involved; that he could create atmosphere, but that he couldn't construct. He was a very pretty boy at that time, with a thin, esthetic face, dark, reflective eyes, and two pink spots in the center of each cheek. He got out of all sports on the ground that he had a weak heart. It is certainly true that his father—who made a small fortune out of accordion-pleated skirts—died at an early age from heart-disease. His mother was a gentle, negative kind of woman, who lived at Bournemouth, knitted things for people, and distributed prizes at Girls' Friendly Societies. He also had two sisters: one, I believe, dabbled in Christian Science, the other married a sanitary inspector. They played no great part in Wray's life; neither did any of them, or any relative or ancestor, as far as I can find out, supply any note to account for the peculiarly individual preciosity of James himself. Afterward when he became famous the whole family was almost shocked."

THIS conversation with Timothy impressed itself on my memory very vividly, for it occurred just after I had had an interview with Wray's mother. At that time the study and analysis of suppressions and complexes had not reached the degree of fashionable absurdity which it has at the present day, but neurosis has always been a popular complaint amongst those people unlucky enough to be able to afford to indulge in it.

As an ordinary, rather overworked local practitioner, I can only give my opinion that neurosis only exists amongst that small minority of people who do not have to fight for existence. It appears to me that this instinct of fighting for existence is born in every man and woman. When circumstances rob them of it they are apt to raise some artificial standard and fight for that, for fight they must. We have not yet reached the millennium.

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During my thirty-three years' experience in the medical profession I have never yet met the case of a man or woman who worked hard for his or her living being neurotic, unless their constitution was already undermined by neurotic parentage. You may say that an artificial standard is as good a thing to fight for as a real standard, and so it may be.

A man who fights for some spiritual cause is certainly as justified as a man who fights to earn bread and wine. It is all a question of equipoise. But a man who, in Timothy's terms, would "sacrifice a cityful of babies to perfect one musical phrase" is in my opinion a lunatic. But I am perfectly willing to admit that I may be wrong. For all I know the whole social fabric may be changing its face values. We can all only act according to our lights.

When Wray's mother came and spoke to me about him I knew nothing about the man. He was thirty-one then. I can see her now, that gentle old lady, with silver curls and pleading eyes, extremely confiding and rather outraged. Such things didn't happen at Bournemouth. But, dear sir, Jimmy had been to Bournemouth only once, and he refused to go again because—the trams didn't run on Sundays, and it took him two hours to walk out of the town! Was ever such a ridiculous excuse offered?

He was a dear boy, a lovable, clever—oh, brilliantly clever!—boy, but quite incomprehensible, and with such awful moods. Then with great solemn shaking of curls, bobbing about above the stiff corsets, worse than that—a terrible temper . . . cruel, vindictive, he might do anything in such moods.

She regarded me alertly. I think she thought I might prescribe some pills—they do that in Bournemouth—one to be taken night and morning will cure asthma, sluggish liver, or homicidal mania. I remarked obligingly that I would see the young man. But how was this to be done? He lived in Chelsea, a terrible, irreligious suburb of London, inhabited by artists and other quite irresponsible people. Besides he was so exclusive, so apt to be rude, even violent and abusive. He detested strangers. He was altogether so unlike his dear papa, who treated every one, even his *work-people*, as tho they were friends!

AND then came the terrible crux of the story. It appeared that on Jimmy Wray's solitary visit to Bournemouth he had murdered a cat. Not, mark you, an ordinary stray, vagabond cat, but his mother's cat, his mother's own darling Pee-Wee. The cat, it appeared, had annoyed him for several nights when he was sitting up late, trying to compose. He had warned his mother that something would have to be done. He had appeared haggard and distraught in the mornings.

But Mrs. Wray had not taken the matter very seriously. Such a trivial affair! Dear Pee-Wee! He was often like that. He made funny noises in the night. There were several cats in the neighboring houses, doubtless friends of Pee-Wee's. And then one night the appalling thing happened. Jimmy got up about one o'clock. He went out and picked up a piece of plank. He beat the cat to a pulp! He had never been to Bournemouth since. What can you suggest, Dr. Parsons?

I am quite sure that I should have suggested nothing, done nothing, had I not soon after come in touch with Timothy Rallish, who reported upon Wray in the manner I have stated. I was amused to hear Timothy say that he didn't know why he liked Wray. I knew the reason. It was because Timothy couldn't help liking every one. He was that kind of boy—rather short and stocky, with impudent blue eyes which sparkled at you through enormous gold-rimmed glasses. He found life absorbing.

He had scrambled through Oxford, accomplishing nothing of note beyond making himself popular. His people were poor, and on coming down from Oxford he had plunged into the vagaries of journalism. He was full of enthusiasms, and was always doing the donkey work for some quack. He had a genius for compiling and card-indexing. He edited and subedited various treatises and anthologies.

I remember that he once wrote a book with the impressive title "Concentrate" for an Australian pseudo-medical gentleman who lived in Westminster, and charged three guineas a visit for that treatment of concentration. Timothy wrote every word of the book, but when it was published the author was announced as Mr. Hambro MacManna, and this red-haired Australian, who arranged his rooms in such a theatrical way in Ashley Gardens, and made mysterious passes and grunts over the back of people's heads, claimed the credit for it, and also all the royalties. Timothy thought the whole episode extremely amusing.

"I never mind paying for experience," he said. "Poor old Mac! He was quite wrong in most of his theories, but somehow I liked him."

When I told Timothy about my interview with Mrs. Wray he was wildly enthusiastic at the idea of my visiting Jimmy Wray when I next went to London.

"It's no good going to him as a medical man, or letting him know that his mother sent you. You must just meet him socially. He is just possible on occasions. I could easily work it for you. I could introduce you. When you are up in town you could meet him casually at the Albatross Club or at the Café Royal. I should love to know what you think of him."

The whole matter passed out of my mind till five months later when I had occasion to visit London for a few days in connection with the idea of purchasing a half-practise from an old medical friend of mine in West Kensington. Timothy immediately looked me up and reminded me about Wray. His method was characteristic. He came into my bedroom at the little hotel at Paddington, and, striking a sentimental attitude, began humming a well-known popular song. When I asked him what his particular ailment was he laughed and said:

"Don't you know that tune?"

"I've heard it, I believe."

"That's 'The Sheen of Thy Golden Tresses,' the most popular song of the day, words by Francis Vallery, music by James Wray. How are the mighty fallen!"

I met Wray that same evening at the Albatross Club. Either Timothy's estimate of him was distorted, or he had altered considerably, or else we had struck him on a good night. He was quite charming to me. His dress was certainly a little affected, but he was still very good-looking, and he had a quiet sense of fun, and was prepared to listen and to be entertained.

I OBSERVED that he was appreciably more friendly to me than he was to Timothy. He had a curious high, rather squeaky voice as tho it had never cracked, and a laugh that corresponded. I could understand that this characteristic of him might easily get on one's nerves after a time. But on the whole I could find little to criticize about the man or his behavior. He even invited me to visit him in his rooms at Chelsea. And there two nights later I met the great Francis Vallery.

In looking back after all these years and trying to analyze the character of James Wray it is impossible to do so without associating it with that of Francis Vallery. Their lives and characters dovetailed and reacted upon one another in a bewildering degree. Physically they were a strange contrast. Vallery was a heavy, masterful-looking man, with a wide, loose mouth, sloping forehead, and cynical, watchful eyes. He was normally taciturn, unresponsive, and curiously brusk in his manners. By comparison Wray seemed slim, debonair, almost insubstantial. I do not think they really liked each other from the first.

On that evening when I saw them together in the Chelsea flat, I could tell by the expression of Vallery's face that Wray's high, reedy voice and laughter irritated him. I also came to the conclusion before the evening was over that Vallery had a beast of a temper.

Once an argumentative young student made a remark contradicting a statement of Vallery's, and I saw the latter's eyes blaze with anger and saliva ooze to the corners of his large mouth. He said nothing, however. When we were leaving, the man in the hall handed him his overcoat the wrong way round. Vallery snatched it angrily from his grasp and growled. I knew also that Wray was capable of murdering a cat in a fit of passion, so I said to myself that the happy association which produced "The Sheen of Thy Golden Tresses" was not very likely to last.

"'HIS MOTHER WAS A GENTLE, NEGATIVE KIND OF WOMAN, WHO KNITTED THINGS FOR PEOPLE'"

And here comes the strange aspect of the case. The association between Wray and Vallery lasted for twenty-seven years, and became a byword amongst English-speaking peoples. In justice to the memory of them both I would like to hasten to add that they never again did anything quite so bad as "The Sheen of Thy Golden Tresses." This song was a little difficult to account for. It was in a way their meeting-ground, the plank from which they sprang. It was quite understandable Vallery writing the words, but quite incomprehensible Wray composing the music.

It is not known and never will be known by what method or means Vallery influenced Wray to forsake suddenly his precious muse and write this appalling song. For a man who up to that time had considered Chopin "sentimental tripe" to turn suddenly round and write this ballad, which was devoid of any subtlety or distinction, is one of those things one can only state and leave to the imagination of the reader to account for.

Vallery had certainly written a good deal of sentimental prose tripe at that time, but nothing quite so bad as that. I think they were both a little ashamed of the song, and never mentioned it. It was nearly a year before anything else sprang from their united efforts, and then was produced the musical play "The Oasis."

"The Oasis" was a great success and ran at the Lyric for over a year. It was an astonishingly clever work, notable for its complete unity. The words appeared to inspire the music; the music was a vivid expression of the words. You could not think of one without the other. If Vallery's libretto appeared ingenious and suggestive of melody, Wray's music had a literary and whimsical flavor of its own which helped the context enormously. It appeared as tho from two extreme poles both men had gone half-way to meet the other.

"HE WAS WILDLY EXTRAVAGANT, AND TOOK PARTIES OF GIRLS TO THE CAFÉ ROYAL, AND TO AN ORNATE BUNGALOW HE HAD HIRED AT MAIDENHEAD"

VALLERY had had little education. He was the son of an unsuccessful book-maker from Nottingham. Up to that time he had been known as a writer of jingles and sporting articles, but in "The Oasis" he displayed considerable ingenuity of construction and a really mordant sense of fun.

Wray came half-way down from his pinnacle of involved and atmospheric experiment to write simple melodic airs. It was rather amusing to observe in this work and in others that followed how he cunningly employed some of the lesser known themes of the despised Schumann and Chopin, adapted them, elaborated them, and converted them into "songs of the day"!

Timothy and I and some of the others who knew them both were naturally intrigued to see how the personal side of the association would end. Timothy offered to bet me five pounds that they would quarrel and separate within six months. It certainly seemed remarkable that they did not. It may have been a fortunate factor that two men working together on these lines do not necessarily work in the same room.

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THE MAN AFRAID OF WOMEN

A Bride in an Extraordinary Predicament—an Enigma of a Husband—in a Brilliant and Fascinating Story

BY MAYELL BANISTER

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HIBBERD V. B. KLINE

"'WE TRAMPED ALL 'OVER PARIS TO FIND SOME RESTAURANT WHERE THE FOOD WAS ENGLISH, BUT NEVER FOUND IT'"

OSWALD TERHUNE and I, through the chance of being apprenticed to the same firm of engineers, were thrown together during those impressionable later teens when lifelong friendships between men are formed. I do not believe there was ever any other link between us; but the friendship endured. More of us than we imagine, I suspect, have our friends chosen for us by Fate; we can merely make the best or the worst of them!

The engineering apprentice in those days led an arduous life (possibly he does still), completing a day of hard physical work in the shops by several hours' mental study after his tea. And I was not always content to forego the life of the moment in the interests of a somewhat flickering ambition. I owe more to Terhune than I can well repay for the fixed lodestar of his ambition, and the limpet-like tenacity with which he insisted upon helping me along. I missed many an evening class in that exacting training, and lost nothing by it, thanks to Terhune!

I want you to get that aspect of Terhune in your mind as he developed to manhood: intensely ambitious, appallingly industrious, and a little dull! That was the appearance he presented to the world.

Whether living people lacked interest for him in comparison with figures and scaled drawings, or whether his determination to master the latter atrophied his more social interests, I am not quite sure; but at an age when most boys, however innocently, are keenly curious about the other half of creation, girls appeared to have the very faintest attraction for him. I believe I was the only person to whom he ever intimately revealed himself in his thoughts in those days, or for many years after.

He did not give an appearance so much of shyness as of callous boredom when circumstances thrust him among the other sex, tho as I look back I think that he must have been shy—inordinately. He maintained, however, that he took his gospel from Kipling: "He travels faster who travels alone."

And he kept his creed till he was thirty. By that time he had an office in Victoria Street and was astoundingly successful, in view of his limitations. There was nothing brilliant or sky-rockety about Terhune. He had a wide head with a slow, impassive expression, weighty, if you understand me, inspiring immense confidence, and steady gray eyes which held yours unblinkingly as if all his thoughts were concentrated upon what you were saying and never deviated to your tie. Have you noticed that you never trust men who appear to be criticizing your appearance while they are listening? You think them frivolous, unbalanced, lacking in concentration.

Terhune was the sort of man most men and all women trust instinctively; the women regarding him as the pick of the matrimonial market, not brilliant, subtle, or exciting, but reliable to the end of time. Queer I should have expressed it just like that, for I imagine that must have been the frame of mind in which his wife married him. I do not mean that she was not in love with him; but what young woman ever does fall in love with a reality? It is usually a vague impression transmuted into a god—or something, at any rate, more respectable than a man.

She must have seen Terhune as something between a godlike, animated life insurance, a regiment of body-guards, and a strap to hang upon in a crowded train. I imagine she adored him.

And only I knew that he was rather more fantastic than most men on earth.

I did not invite his confidences, but I must admit they amused me enough not to evade them, even if the duty of friendship had not inspired me with a certain forbearance. At thirty I believe Terhune had as little understanding of women as a man of his age decently could—without being inordinately virtuous. The subtle relationships involved in living in the same household with a woman either as her brother, or her friend, or her lover appeared to be beyond both his experience and his comprehension. He patently theorized about women!

Some time, I gathered, in the fulness of time and his banking-account, he would get married. Honest men owed a duty to the state while knaves were propagating; he had picked up that tag somewhere, and it appeared to have become a significant part of his intimate mental equipment. Inspired by this sense of duty, he would select some healthy girl, not less than seven nor more than ten years younger than himself, who should if possible correct the more salient defects in his own physique, and he would marry her.

"You'll explain it to her just like that," I suggested. "No humbug about love, or yearning, or dying for her. A lot of women are still quite silly, you know, in wanting at least a pretense of it."

Terhune looked at me doubtfully, but I did not smile. Terhune has just enough perception of humor to doubt his sense of it, and is inclined to feel prickly and uncomfortable at the most good-natured laughter.

"You think you know a lot about women," he replied heavily, "but you don't. They do not respect men who live only to satisfy their fancies." (That has always been Terhune's candid opinion of me, I may say, so the statement did not shock me into retort.) "You have tried to spoil them; but women are nearer to Mother Earth than men, and the deep, fundamental instincts are ineradicable. They still, deep in their hearts, wish to be treated as Sarah was treated by Abraham——"

Not knowing any more than Terhune how Sarah was treated by Abraham, and there being no means of finding out, my thoughts wandered upon this curious new manifestation of Terhune's interest in marriage. He held forth like a man who has read up a new subject in books and gains assurance for his views by airing them upon his friends.

I wondered how a modern woman would appreciate the resurrected Abraham he proffered—but of course he never would.

"You're just the kind of man," I assured him, "who falls violently head over heels in love with the helplessness of some alluring young schemer, and would sacrifice your last hope of immortality to humor her slightest wish. And I bet it'll happen within a year."

Which was not a bad shot, if Terhune was so far gone in contemplation of the subject. No eligible man could be proof in his condition.

"In another six months I could afford it," he retorted.

SIX months later, sure enough, when I was in Scotland, a telegram was forwarded to me from Terhune asking me to be his best man the following day. It sounded as if he were in a hurry, but Terhune was naturally secretive; quite likely he had been engaged to the girl for years!

I had one more day's business I couldn't leave, and wired my congratulations, telling him if he cared to postpone the wedding for a day I should be back in time.

On my return I found a telegram from Dover saying he was married and on the way to Paris—which did not suggest a deliriously happy bridegroom, careless if the rest of the world were engulfed so long as he got away with his bride. However, I thought I understood. Terhune had an extraordinary fidelity to our friendship, and meant it as an apology for the surprize of his marriage, and an assurance that it should not make any difference to us.

Even now, apparently, he did not know

"I DID NOT SEE WHY I SHOULD BE DRAWN INTO A SQUABBLE BETWEEN HUSBAND AND WIFE AS A LIGHTNING-CONDUCTOR TO EXHAUST THEIR ANGER AND EFFECT A RECONCILIATION"

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any better than to believe his marriage could leave a friendship unchanged. Perhaps, loving the girl madly, he had a furtive notion that it would be the end between us, and was determined to deny it. Or— I wondered if he had selected the healthy mate, not less than seven nor more than ten years younger than himself, and all the rest of it. Supposing that he had found a girl who accepted him more or less on those terms, with sufficient confidence in herself and his real ingenuousness to believe she could bring him to heel, there might be some startling shindies before their marriage found its equilibrium. Terhune *might* be reduced through love into becoming a ladies' man, but the process would never be rapid nor easy.

I was surprised, all the same, to receive another wire the following day from Paris. It was so amazing and incredible that I wondered if it was a practical joke, till I remembered that Terhune was incapable of one. Here it is:

"Can you come over here at once? Things going seriously wrong. Terhune. Hôtel de l'Univers."

Well, of course, I couldn't manage it for you, and I could have taken a week-end the following day quite easily, but I wired back:

"My dear chap. No. No. No."

Evidently Terhune's education at the hands of Mrs. Terhune had begun, and he realized that he was as helpless as an Early Christian in the arena; but even a young girl does not throw her hand in the day after the wedding and wire home to mother. I could not help laughing to myself over the fantastic figure he was cutting. Married or not married, I vowed never to lose sight of Terhune, and the perpetual joy he must always be to his friends!

The following day I received a letter from Paris in a feminine handwriting, neat and legible, the hand of a woman acquainted with business, you would say, rather than culture. Here it is, if you can imagine anything more mystifying:

"THEY DINED WITH ME. THEY WERE GRATEFUL, I ASSUME, BUT THEY HADN'T MUCH TIME FOR ME. TERHUNE WATCHED KATHLEEN LIKE A DOG"

DEAR MR. WILSON:

You must forgive a stranger for asking a very great favor. I understand from Oswald that you are his great friend. If you could come over here, if only for an hour, you might avert what seems to mean lifelong misery for us both. I would thank you on my knees.

KATHLEEN TERHUNE.

If she were anything like pretty, I would rather she thanked me on mine, I thought flippantly. What could be the trouble to which I could be any help? It was wildly mystifying; set a man's imagination staggering in directions where all conjectures were fruitless. How could I avert the unknown Mrs. Terhune's imminent misery? It would have been inhuman not to feel curious.

I tried to look at the affair rationally. Terhune was my friend. The only chance of keeping that friendship was surely not to become involved in his misunderstandings with his wife. I had already declined his appeal. How could I butt in just because his bride of a day, whom I had never seen, asked me to?

I regard myself as highly civilized, sophisticated if you like, without any more romance in my cosmos than is compatible with rational enjoyment. Could there be anything more medieval or knight-errant than a journey to a far—at any rate foreign—country to rescue a damsel I had never seen from her lawful and recently wedded husband?

And I knew I should go. Rational or not, I had discovered a wild curiosity about Kathleen. She was to be twenty to twenty-three, if Terhune had achieved his plans; and if she were to correct his salient physical defects she would have to be uncommonly beautiful—for no one would dare to call Terhune anything but "common plain."

A WOMAN only invites a man to interfere between herself and her husband if she does not see in him a possible lover—or considers him a likely successor; both of them somewhat sobering reflections! It was not inconceivable that any woman might prefer me to Terhune, particularly if she were married to him; but a girl in the first full flood of disillusion might be expected to grab desperately at anything.

Several times I decided in my wisdom not to go.

But ultimately I went.

The Hôtel de l'Univers is not one of the most modern hotels, and I climbed an intolerable number of stairs in the wake of a chamber-maid, so that after being thrust down a long dark passage into a brilliantly sunlit room, I was breathless as well as dazzled. And I continued panting effusively after I had begun to see. How did one open such an extraordinary interview? Start upon cheerful generalities, as if I had happened to call as I was passing; or chaff my way through its awkwardness, like a farcical wedding guest, "Now, my children, what, quarreling already? You're taking yourselves too seriously." Or ought I just to seize their hands and press them lingeringly with a sympathy beyond words?

Terhune stood, stiff and stolid, lowering in spite of the bridal grayness of his clothes. He shook hands and said, "Good afternoon, Wilson," in a loud, defiant rumble. The situation was clearly far beyond his social ingenuity. He nodded vaguely toward a golden figure and turned away.

Kathleen Terhune, at that time when I first saw her, was dressed in a simple primrose frock, cloudy and cool above the sunlit dazzle of yellow parquet. Her hair above was a deeper gold, and her transparent skin emphasized the statuesque calm of her still features. Her expression was extraordinarily calm and still, pinched a little at the corners of the mouth, I thought, as if with strained repression. Her large brown eyes alone were alive, eager, appealing; but after the first glance they slipped easily from mine.

I still think she was the most beautiful girl I have ever seen—and she knew it; and was not surprized at a man losing his *savoir-faire* at the sight of her.

I STOOD there, holding her little hand in mine, and it was a hot little hand, the only symptom of the fever in her thoughts. I suppose I looked like a fool who has fallen in love at a first glance, and has not the tact to conceal it.

There are, no doubt, men whose backbones do not become gutta-percha when a beautiful girl quivers on the verge of tears; it has never been my habit to envy them. Queer, tho, like Terhune, they generally marry the beautiful women. Up to a point, I wonder, do women prefer not to be understood?

We stood there hand in hand a few seconds longer than there was any need to do. Then, flushing vividly, the girl drew away her hand. And in spite of my thirteen years' friendship with Terhune, I knew that I was for Kathleen in whatever misunderstanding between them had arisen.

She glanced up at her husband; she was only a wisp of a thing, and he was massive as a granite monument. She spoke expressionlessly—without either appeal or coaxing or exasperation, as if she scarcely even hoped it would make any difference to him:

"It would be easier if you would leave me to talk to your friend alone."

My glance followed hers and fixed upon Terhune. No doubt a man would hate to be asked to leave his bride alone to confide all her disappointment in him to his friend; and to Terhune you must remember I was the reincarnation of Don Juan; but I scarcely saw how he could refuse.

He replied grimly—to me:

"You and my wife can have nothing to say which I ought not to hear."

They say women turn husbands against their old friends, but personally I think it is when a man uses the phrase "my wife" in that tone that he loses the friends of his youth. He asserts in effect, "There, old man, is a woman who can never exist for you in the world—except through me." Anybody would get bored with a man who had he wired for me, allowed her to write to me, if he resented my intervention?

"Terhune's a very good fellow," I murmured helpfully. What else was there to say? I ought to be resentful, not Terhune, at being tugged into a scene with a girl without being able to comfort her, as girls want comforting.

Kathleen recovered her composure, and went on quietly:

"From the minute we were married Oswald has not shown the faintest consideration for me, or my wishes, or even my comfort. It seems almost like a reasoned scheme for making me unhappy. Then why did he marry me? He could never have been in love."

She flung it out as a reproach at Terhune. She had plenty of spirit. But you could hear the misery in her throat that love could show anything but consideration for the loved one. I wondered vaguely why she had ever married Terhune, if he did not love her. He wasn't capable of misleading a woman for a moment on that point. No doubt, he was a matrimonial prize— She seemed to read my thoughts, and try to answer them:

"I have asked myself whether I was in love either. I thought I was; I wasn't. I believe I love him even now, if he does not break my heart."

HER self-control broke again then, betraying her fear and disillusion, fear of a marriage in which she had ceased even to believe she loved her husband. I began to realize that there must have been a tremendous tussle before this scene was staged. Terhune had not sent for me on his own account.

"I must tell you what I can," the girl went on, her eyes dropping on her twisting fingers upon the table as if she were carefully disentangling the things she could and ought to tell me.

"A girl feels strange enough after her wedding, however secure she may feel in her union— I have plenty of friends, you know, tho I have kept myself for years, I mean I haven't anybody nearer than friends. Dot, who worked in the same office, came to the wedding, and her brother gave me away. I tried to think at first Oswald was playing a practical joke, tho rather a cruel one. He is different from other men, but of course you know that. He seemed such a rock to trust in— Well, we were married at one of the city churches, just Dot and her brother there, and we said 'Good-by' to them on the door-step. Do you

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"'I COULDN'T REMEMBER THE BEGINNING OF THAT CLIMB'"

"'YOU ARE HE! I KNOW IT. I HAVE KNOWN IT FROM THE FIRST'"

"'I HADN'T SO MUCH THE SENSE OF DEATH AS OF LIFE'"

BEYOND THE CROSS

Death Comes, Life Returns, a Promise Is Fulfilled, Then Mystery and Silence

BY DANA BURNET

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HENRY R. SUTTER

I WAS standing on deck near the forward companionway watching my fellow passengers come aboard the ship. It was eleven o'clock at night—the *Rochambeau* was sailing at midnight—and the business of embarkation was going on under a flare of electric bulbs that gave theatric values to the process. The passengers emerged in little groups from the shadows of the pier, came up the gangplank with a light on their faces, and passed once more into shadow. They looked to be a pretty uninteresting lot. A number of frugal French drummers, four pale and determined young women in spectacles, some embarrassed-looking Germans who would claim to be Swiss, a smattering of school-teachers, and the rest tourists going to have a look at the battle-fields before French industry should get the shells plowed up and the trenches filled in.

Then I saw a man I thought I recognized. He came up the gangplank alone, with rather a bewildered air, as if he weren't quite sure whether he meant to go to Europe or not. I bowed, but apparently he hadn't seen me, for he passed by without turning his head and disappeared down the companionway.

I tried to think who he was. I couldn't place him. But the effort in itself was familiar. Finally I remembered that I had seen him at least twice before during the past few months—once at a theater, when his face had haunted me all through the play, and again on Fifth Avenue, in a crowd. He had passed with his bewildered air, tall and remote

I did not see him again till the *Rochambeau* was three days out Then I caught sight of him, sitting on one of the leather couches in a corner of the smoking-room.

"He's Phil Trainor," I said to myself, aware at the same time of something palpably absurd in the discovery. The next instant I realized that Philip Trainor was dead. He had been killed in France, during the last Summer of the Great War, while flying with his squadron north of Reims.

I had known Trainor ten years before when we were both reporters on the *Evening Herald*. He was a quiet, taciturn fellow, rather shy, and a confirmed bachelor. He had enlisted as a private when the United States went into the War, had transferred to the air service, and had won a commission. He held the rank of a lieutenant of aviation when he was killed.

The man in the smoking-room, then, was obviously a stranger. In fact, as I looked at him, his resemblance to Trainor seemed less marked, became merged in his own singular personality.

The next evening—as I remember it—I was sitting in my deck-chair when he—the stranger—appeared unexpectedly in front of me. It was almost dark; I had been dozing, and woke suddenly to find him there.

"Mr. B——?"

"Yes!"

"I saw your name in the passenger-list"— (He had in his hand one of the recently printed lists)—"and thought I'd speak to you. You used to be on the *Evening Herald*?"

"Oh, yes."

"I'm Jim White. I've been on the *Herald* since 1919." He hesitated. "Thought I'd introduce myself."

"Glad you did. Sit down." The deck-chair next to mine happened to be vacant. He seated himself with an air of relief that did not overcome entirely his embarrassment. He was at once reserved and eager. It was apparent that in speaking to me he had yielded to an impulse stronger than that of mere companionableness.

"How did you know I had been on the paper?" I asked.

"I've heard Mr. Sanderson speak of you." Sanderson was the city editor. He had been my friend in the old days.

"You're going to France?" I asked.

"Yes."

"To Paris?"

"Yes, I think so. At least—" He stopped; then said, "Is that where you're bound for?"

I SAID it was, and explained that I was going to help direct a play of mine that was to be produced in September at the Théâtre du Monde.

"I've read some of your plays," he informed me. "I remember particularly one called 'The Country of the Dead.'"

"It's that one I'm going to put on in Paris."

"You're interested in spiritism?" he said eagerly.

"I'm interested in anything that makes for drama. Aside from that I can't say that I'm particularly convinced——"

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"But you think it possible that there may be a survival of personality after death?" he put in. "You must believe it possible or you couldn't have written with such sincerity."

"Certainly there is in most of us an impulse to credit immortality of one sort or another," I answered. "I recognize that impulse in myself. And I'm quite willing to admit that without survival of personality immortality would be a hollow sham."

"Yes. I think it would."

He appeared to dream. I had a feeling that in speaking to him I was calling him back from a distance.

"You say you've been on the *Evening Herald*?" I said.

He gave me a quick glance. "Yes."

"That's rather extraordinary. You remind me of a man I used to know. He was on the *Herald* when I was."

"I know. Trainor." He spoke quietly, as tho dismissing a casual topic. "Every one in the shop thought I looked like Trainor. At first, that is."

"You joined the staff in 1919? After the War?"

"Yes."

"Were you in the service?"

"I—don't know."

HE SAID this slowly, musingly; then apparently realizing how astonishing his answer must have seemed, he turned and faced me.

"Look here. I can't stand this— I've got to talk to some one." He stared at me; he was positively desperate. "You'll think I'm off my head, but the fact is— Would you mind letting me talk to you?"

"That's why you sat down here, isn't it?"

He nodded. "Yes, it is. I picked you out because—well, for several reasons. You'd been on the *Herald*, you knew Trainor—and I had read your play. You struck me as a person I could talk to."

I invited him to fire away.

He didn't begin at once; he had fallen into one of his odd silences. Then he said, "Well, it's a queer thing and I'm a queer person." Another silence. "Did you ever hear of a man who was an utter stranger to himself?"

"A stranger——?"

"Can you imagine such a thing? Can you imagine a human being absolutely cut off from his past, from any past? A person without a background?"

I had made up my mind not to be disturbed by his confession, whatever it might be. "There have been a good many such cases since the War, haven't there?" I said. "Suspension of memory is one of the usual symptoms of shell-shock, I believe."

"That's it!" he said. "I'm sure that must be it. I was in the War. I must have been—" He paused and put his hand to his forehead, a vague gesture. "Sometimes I think I remember. I have a sense of excitement and of tremendous noise, but it's not real. It's all very dim. My actual memory doesn't go back that far."

"How far back does it go?"

"I'll tell you." He settled down in the deck-chair, arms folded on his breast, his cap pulled low over his eyes. "The first thing I remember—the point where I begin as an individual—is on the stairs going up to the *Herald* office. You know those stairs?"

I nodded. The staircase was of iron built in the form of a spiral, and wound up interminably, it had always seemed to me, to the city room. He went on,

"I can see myself now, climbing those stairs. I wasn't surprized to be there. I wasn't bewildered or frightened. It was all perfectly natural, even commonplace. But for the life of me I couldn't remember the *beginning* of that climb. I couldn't remember entering the building or starting up the stairs, yet I knew where I was and what I was going to do. I was going to ask for a job as a reporter on the New York *Evening Herald*."

"And what happened when you asked for your job?"

"I talked to Mr. Sanderson. You know nothing ever fazes him; but he looked at me hard. 'What's your name?' he asked, and it came over me then that I didn't know."

"You didn't know your own name?"

"No. But of course I had to say something. It was absurd, standing there and not answering him. I looked out of the window. Across Park Row was a sign—the Snow Paper Company. I said, 'My name's White—James White.' The James was a simple improvisation.

"'Mr. Sanderson asked me questions, and I answered them as it seemed best to me. I hadn't the feeling that I was lying; I was simply making some sort of a decent history for myself. Finally he asked me whether I had been in the War. I said, 'Yes. But I don't remember much about it. It's a blank to me.'"

"Apparently you knew there had been a war," I suggested.

"Yes, I did. Subconsciously I seemed to know a good many things. All my answers came out of a kind of mist in my mind. Mr. Sanderson didn't appear to think it strange that I should forget my experiences. His own son, I found out later, had been in the service and had suffered a partial loss of memory from shell-shock. He put it down to that, as you've done."

"Did he take you on?"

"Yes. He said, 'We need reporters. I guess I'll try you.' That night I slept in a park. It was in the Spring of the year and the weather was warm. I didn't mind. It was curious, but I was so obsessed with my problem that the question of physical comfort seemed unimportant to me. I ate very little—the first day I ate nothing at all. I must have looked starved, for Mr. Sanderson asked me whether I had any money. I said no, and he advanced me a week's pay.

"I saved my money. I knew that I would need money if I was ever going to solve my problem."

"What was your problem?" I asked. "How did it shape up in your mind?"

"Well, I felt as tho I had some mission to perform, some very delicate mission. I seem to be continually looking for some one—or some thing——"

"It takes the form of a search, then?"

"Yes, it does." He seized upon this eagerly. "I've never realized that before. Yes, it takes the form of a search."

HE PAUSED, and I waited. I wanted him to pick up the thread of his story without suggestion from me.

"I got along all right at the office. The work came easy to me."

"Was it familiar work?"

"No. I had to learn. But it came easy. The fellows in the shop were friendly, tho at first they seemed to be shy of me. One day I spoke to Sandy about it. He said, 'You look like a man who used to work here. Phil Trainor. He was killed in France. There's his name on the bronze tablet over the door.'

"'You say I look like this chap Trainor?' I said.

"'When you first walked into the office I thought you were his ghost. Now I don't think the resemblance is so strong. But that's what makes the boys blink at you.'

"'Well, I'm glad to know what it is,' I said. After that I took pains to make friends with the staff. One by one, as I got to know them, they told me just what Sanderson had told me. I asked questions about Trainor. From various sources I managed to get a pretty definite portrait of the man. There was a young fellow in the composing-room—one of the stereotypers—who had been a mechanic in his squadron in France. He had a photograph of Trainor's grave which he showed me. A bare heap of earth with a wooden cross at the head of it.

"Trainor seemed in no sense to have been an unusual person; just a likable, quiet, commonplace chap with plenty of nerve when it came to the end— But to me he became the most important figure in my life. I can't analyze the process by which I came to visualize him; it was too subtle for that. But I talked about him and thought about him so much that I actually felt, after a while, that I had something in common with him. Then I began to meet him."

"To meet him?"

"In my dreams. It was always the same thing. Always a fog, with a cross at the entrance to it. Trainor was there—in the fog—beyond the cross—and I was continually going to meet him. Sometimes I couldn't find him; that was disappointing, but not distressing. At other times I got quite close to him, and then he would try to tell me something. But I could never make out what it was."

"You still have this dream?"

"Yes, regularly. Every other week or so. You're thinking that it must prey on my mind. Of course it does to a certain extent. But not unduly. I'm quite sane, you know. In fact, the whole thing has a surprizing effect of naturalness, even of beauty. The only hardship is in having no one to talk to——"

"You've never told any one?"

"No. I couldn't. I've not done anything sensible. I've not reported myself to the police nor had my picture printed in the papers."

He laughed quietly; then added, "I have a feeling—it's with me constantly—that I shall find out who I am and what I'm headed for simply by following my own instincts."

"Are they definite enough for that?"

"Yes, at times. Now and then something comes over me— For instance, this trip to Europe. I had been saving my money for two years, and a week or two ago I had a desire to go to Europe, to France. So here I am."

"You don't know what you're going to do when you get there?"

"I'm going to Trainor's grave. After that I'm not sure." He lapsed into one of his brooding silences. When he spoke again it was abruptly. "That's all. You don't think I'm mad?"

"Decidedly not!"

"I know I'm not. But it's a relief just the same— Because, of course, it is extraordinary. Those sea-gulls don't need any background" he said, pointing into the darkness. (The sun had gone down. I could see nothing.) "It's enough for them that they're there, between the sky and the sea. They follow their instincts; that's enough background for them. But a man is different. He isn't content to enjoy the mystery of his existence. He must explore it and explain it. I suppose that's what I'm after, in a way. I have moments when I feel I'm close to some tremendous discovery. It's as if I were about to solve the riddle of the universe."

I was moved by a profound eagerness. "If ever you do, promise you'll come and tell me about it!"

He rose from his chair. I had an indistinct impression of him standing tall and wistful against some distant pattern of stars.

"I promise," he said.

ON THE trip from Havre to Paris James White and I shared the same compartment. He sat during the entire journey near the window, his cheek resting on his hand, staring out at the French countryside, with its straight roads marching between lines of poplar-trees, and its small villages, apparently grown out of the earth, nestling under the bosom of a mother-church. He seemed capable of an inexhaustible immobility. So complete was his self-absorption that I had quite forgotten his presence, as one often forgets a fixed object (to this day I am haunted by the notion that the corner where he sat was *empty* a good part of the time), when suddenly he turned to me.

"Those birds are magpies," he stated with conviction, indicating some black-and-white birds in a field.

"Yes," I said.

He did not speak again till we drew

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"BUT YOU," I SAID, PERPLEXED AT THE ABRUPTNESS OF HIS CONCLUSION, "HOW DOES IT EXPLAIN YOU? HOW DOES IT ANSWER YOUR PROBLEM?"

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Except in Rocky Mountain States and in Canada

Campbell's BEANS

SLOW-COOKED DIGESTIBLE

Google Original from

For dessert tonight—a bowl of Hawaiian sweetness

Sugar-sweet, juicy-ripe, tender golden slices of pineapple from Hawaii. Here's a dessert that's delicious and healthful and no work to prepare! Just order Libby's Hawaiian Pineapple from your grocer. It comes in a can like this

Packed in LIBBY'S Hawaiian kitchens

—after ripening to fullest sweetness beneath the tropic sun

ON the little island of Oahu, the island on which Honolulu lies, sun and soil combine to grow pineapples at their very finest.

Indeed, no other spot on earth seems so perfectly fitted by nature to develop this tempting and healthful fruit.

So Libby, true to their ideal of packaging each food right where it is found at its finest, has placed two kitchens there.

These Libby kitchens are in the fields so no pineapple need be picked until it is *fully* ripe, for only then is the meat golden in color, finest in texture and full of sugar-sweet juices.

Six minutes pass from the time the fruit comes into a Libby kitchen until it is packed—with all its ripe freshness and exquisite fragrance sealed in!

And when you open a can of Libby's Sliced Hawaiian Pineapple you'll find a flavor unsurpassable even in Hawaii! Pineapple you'll find a flavor unsurpassable even in Hawaii! And you'll notice that each slice is free from blemish, the edges clean cut, the core wholly removed. Only such perfect slices may go into the can that bears the Libby triangle label —the mark of highest quality.

As with pineapple from Hawaii, so with peaches, pears and other fruits from our own Pacific Coast; so with salmon from Alaska and olives from Spain; so with all the 125 products of the famous Libby line.

Whatever you buy at your grocer's if it bears the name Libby's you can be sure it is more than good; it is a food that the Libby ideal has brought to you from that spot in all the world where it is found at its finest.

Send for new booklet, "Libby's Luscious Fruits." It contains many interesting suggestions and recipes.

Libby, McNeill & Libby, 302 Welfare Bldg., Chicago

Libby, McNeill & Libby, of Canada, Ltd.
Chatham, Ontario, Canada

You'll like Libby's Pears. They are big and ripe and juicy
Libby's Pears
Libby's Cherries
There are countless ways to serve cherries as big and lovely as these of Libby's

Libby's

Foods with this name have the true flavor

SNAP-SHOTS OF RECENT BOOKS

WHY NOT LET THE YOUNGSTERS CHOOSE FOR THEMSELVES

WE SEE by the papers that a lot of librarians and teachers have had a ballot and selected the twenty-five best books for the school library. So far so good, but wouldn't it be a good idea sober time to let the boys and girls themselves vote upon the books they liked best to read? And by all means do it by some secret method of balloting so that said boys and girls might feel perfectly free to express their honest preferences instead of doing what they think the teachers want them to do.

Not that we object to a little guidance in the matter of reading for the younger mind—that is, if it is done in a broad-minded, open-hearted way—but as grown-up folks we object to having other people tell us what we should and should not read, and we have an idea that young folks feel about it in much the same way.

Which reminds us of The Father and Son Library, published by The University Society. Now here is a set of books picked out by he men for he boys and he fathers to read. There are twenty volumes in all, and as a follow-up to "The Child's Book of Knowledge" we do not know of anything better to put in the hands of the growing boy. It is sensible, practical, and interesting, and what more could any one want?

WHAT YOU WANT TO KNOW, IN A FEW WORDS

WOMEN OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION, by Winifred Stephens (Dutton). An interesting contribution to the literature of the French Revolution. The author pictures the women of those times, who, in their own way, had a feminist movement of their own. The fact that "women's part in the French Revolution and the years leading up to it have been neglected by historians up to this time, gives added interest to this book.

QUEEN ELIZABETH'S MAIDS OF HONOUR, by Violet A. Wilson (Dutton). Entertaining biographies of the ladies in waiting with whom Queen Elizabeth surrounded herself—with interesting illustrations.

THE STAG COOK-BOOK, by C. MacSheridan (Doran). A man's cook-book written by men for men. A mighty handy thing to have around the camp, or the yacht, or any place, as far as that goes, where men-folks have to do their own cooking. Pretty nearly everybody that is anybody is in it, from Lyman Abbott to Charlie Chaplin.

ALIEN SOULS, by Achmed Abdullah (McCann). Pictorial Review readers are familiar, of course, with the rather exotic stories by Achmed Abdullah. "Allen Souls" is a collection of some of the latest of his works. There are fifteen characteristic short stories in all.

MOBY DICK, by Herman Melville (Dodd, Mead), with illustrations by Mead Schaeffer. Too bad we didn't tell you about this beautiful edition of "Moby Dick" in time for Christmas, but it is just as good now. Mr. Schaeffer has done adequate illustration to this greatest of sea stories, and as a book for a boy's book-shelf we don't know of anything better.

THE REAL LINCOLN, by Jesse W. Weik (Houghton, Mifflin). You will want to keep this real life of Lincoln. The author collaborated with Herndon, Lincoln's law partner, in writing a standard life of Lincoln. In this book he brings out more of the human side of the great American.

CROME YELLOW, by Aldous Huxley (Doran). Here is a story that the publishers say is "strangely different," written by the author of "Limbo." It is a good story, anyway, unusual in its telling and well worth your while.

ROBIN, by Frances Hodgson Burnett (Stokes). Sequel to "The Head of the House of Coombe" and in much the same vein.

NOSTRUMS AND QUACKERY, by Dr. Arthur J. Cramp (American Medical Association). A collection of some interesting facts about patent medicines, cure-alls, and medical advertising schemes, reprinted from the *Journal of the American Medical Association*. A good book to have on the reference shelf.

FOOL'S HILL, by Leona Dalrymple (McBride). Our readers will probably remember the short stories of Paul Norlnrop and his dense grandmother. Paul has his trials keeping the rest of the family up to his standards. It is very amusing, and the author has succeeded in putting most of these short stories into an entertaining book.

ROUGH HEWN, by Dorothy Canfield Fisher (Harcourt, Brace). This, in a way, is a sequel to Dorothy Canfield Fisher's notable novel, "The Brimming Cup." We call it a sequel because we do not know what else to call it. It is really a story of the characters of "The Brimming Cup" before "The Brimming Cup" happened. Like everything Dorothy Canfield Fisher does, it is well done, sincere, and convincing.

LIFE AND LETTERS OF WALTER H. PAGE (Doubleday, Page). We have not read a book in a long while that is as interesting as this. Mr. Page was a great man, a great editor, and a great Ambassador, and the picture he gives of the trying times during the Great War is unsurpassed. The book has been wonderfully well edited by Burton J. Hendrick.

WHERE THE BLUE BEGINS, by Christopher Morley (Doubleday, Page). Chris Morley at his best. You will like this story of "Mr. Gissing." He is a gay old dog, even if he doesn't lead a dog's life exactly. The author's whimsical fancy was never shown to better advantage. It is a delightful book to read aloud.

MY NORTHERN EXPOSURE, by Walter E. Traprock (Putnam). It is not often that a man can make a hit with one book and then write a sequel along the same line and make another hit, and yet that is the case with "My Northern Exposure," which might be called a sequel to the deliciously funny burlesque "The Cruise of the Kawa." All you folks who have been "fed up" with the flood of South Sea books in recent years will appreciate these Kawa stories. They are more than funny—they are a scream.

THE MOUNTAIN SCHOOL-TEACHER, by Melville Davisson Post (Appleton). This story, which ran serially in Pictorial Review, now appears in book form, with beautiful illustrations in full color by E. F. Ward. Add it to your collection of Pictorial Review stories which appeared in book form.

THE COWBOY, by Philip Ashton Rollins (Scribner). A well-done record of the old West. A fascinating phase of American life which is almost only a memory. Add it to your collection of Americana.

BROKEN BARRIERS, by Meredith Nicholson (Scribner). A story of a nice, sensible young girl of good family and a college education who, without hesitancy or protest, accepts an invitation to attend a wild party in a lonely house with a man she has never met Mr Nicholson is trying to give us a true picture of the demoralized morals of the young folks of to-day, but he overstates his case.

TRAMPING ON LIFE, by Harry Kemp (Boni, Liveright). Here is another autobiographical narrative—one of the most interesting things of the kind we have read in a long while. It is well worth while.

THE WIND BLOWETH, by Doun Byrne (Century). There is rare beauty in this book, by the author of "Messer Marco Polo." The same rare beauty that there seems to be in everything that Donn Byrne writes—fancy, imagination, emotion, and a wonderful sense of atmosphere.

PEREGRINE'S PROGRESS, by Jeffery Farnol (Little, Brown). The author of "The Broad Highway" is back to his first love, the early nineteenth century. It is a romance full of action about gipsies, rogues, lovely ladies, and men of fashion. A real good story.

THE BRIGHT SHAWL, by Joseph Hergesheimer (Knopf). Mr. Hergesheimer returns to the field of colorful romance. This is the story of an American boy who enters into Cuba's fight for freedom with passionate devotion. It is Mr. Hergesheimer at his best again.

FURY, by Edmund Goulding (Dodd, Mead). a veritable *tour de force* by a nationally famous writer for the stage and screen, who makes his first bow as a novelist in a highly fortuitous manner.

BOOKS THAT PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT

TRAMPING ON LIFE, by Harry Kemp
LIFE AND LETTERS OF WALTER H. PAGE
WHERE THE BLUE BEGINS, by Christopher Morley
THE BRIGHT SHAWL, by Joseph Hergesheimer

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Vacuette
Non-Electric Vacuum Cleaner

As Efficient as an Electric. As Easy to Operate as a Carpet Sweeper

A vacuum cleaner that uses no electricity and costs not a penny for operation—that is the wonderful ***Vacuette*** which has freed more than 250,000 women from drudgery, and which you can have demonstrated free in your home.

The ***Vacuette*** is as easy to use as a carpet sweeper and it has no attachments for you to adjust—no wires, no cords, no plugs or other outside equipment to handle. Its work is all done with its own self-contained mechanism.

Just push the ***Vacuette*** over rugs and carpets and see them actually glow with cleanliness. Wherever the ***Vacuette*** has passed the dirt and dust are gone—drawn into the bag by the swiftly revolving brush and the powerful air suction. All this in so little time that your sweeping is done almost before you realize it.

The ***Vacuette*** makes leisure time possible by helping you to get your sweeping done more quickly than you can do it in the old fashioned ways—more easily than you could do it with a heavy, complicated machine—and at no cost. Nothing to pay for electricity.

Costs Less. Lasts Longest

No Electricity

Think what it will mean to have the Vacuette in your home. Relief from drudgery, work quickly done, much more time for social duties, shopping and entertainments and no more dread of the weekly cleaning day because you will always maintain a cleanly, sanitary home with practically no effort.

In fairness to yourself, you should ask for a demonstration. See the Vacuette actually at work on your own rugs and carpets, examine its compact form and its strong but light and simple construction—then watch it get rid of the dirt in a jiffy. Learn from the Vacuette itself what it will do to lighten your housework.

And note that the price of the Vacuette is only about half what anyone would willingly pay for a really good vacuum cleaner. It costs nothing for operation and up-keep.

Do This Today

Look in your 'phone book for ***Vacuette,*** the name under which local distributors are listed. If you don't find it, write to us and we'll arrange for the free demonstration. You incur no obligation, you make no promise when you ask us to show what the Vacuette will do.

Manufactured and Sold Exclusively by

THE SCOTT & FETZER COMPANY

Dept. 41 Cleveland, Ohio

Also Manufactured in Canada by VACUETTES, Limited, Miller Bldg., 48 York St., Toronto

★Endorsed by Good Housekeeping and Modern Priscilla

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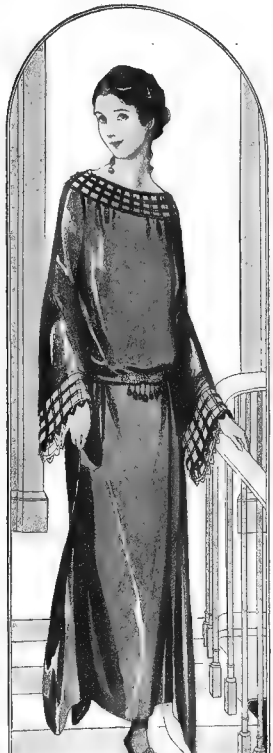


Make this gown yourself with Belding's Silks

The silk for this gown in size 36 will cost about $15.75 for Belding's Chiffon de Chine, $16.25 for Belding's Satin Circé Charmeuse, or $21.25 for Belding's Satin Crêpe. Use Pictorial Review Pattern No. 1423 requiring in size 36, 5¼ yards of Belding's 36-inch Chiffon de Chine, or 2 yards of Belding's 40-inch Satin Circé Charmeuse or Belding's 40-inch Satin Crêpe.

Belding's—Satisfactory For Sixty Years

EVER since 1863, American women have been buying and recommending Belding's Silks. Our sixty years of steadily increasing business proves convincingly the superior enduring qualities of Belding's Silks.

The Belding process conserves all the original strength of the pure silk and gives it back to you in the long wear and *enduring beauty* of your Gowns, Linings, and Lingerie.

Each year *personal experience* leads more and more women to insist upon seeing Belding's in the selvage before they buy their silks and the Belding tag in ready-to-wear garments.

Belding Bros. & Company, 902 Broadway, New York City

Belding's

Makers of Enduring Silks—Fabrics—Embroidery—Sewing Silks

BELDING BROS & CO

WDF

UNIFORM MARRIAGE AND DIVORCE LAW

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 2

relationship if any, physical and mental condition, age, race, nationality, residence, and occupation of the parties, the names of the parents, guardians, or curators of such as are under the age of legal majority, any prior marriage or marriages of the parties, or either of them, and the manner of the dissolution thereof; and if there be no legal objection thereto, such marriage license clerk shall issue a marriage license in the form hereinafter prescribed. Or, the parties intending marriage may, either separately or together, appear before any clerk of court, magistrate, or justice of the peace of the county wherein either of the contracting parties resides, or of the county where the marriage is to be performed, who shall require of them a statement under oath as above provided; and such statements, having been duly authenticated and sworn to, and the parties having been duly identified, shall be forwarded to the proper marriage license clerk, who, if satisfied after an examination thereof, that the same is in proper legal form, and that no legal objection to the contemplated marriage exists, shall issue a license therefor.

The Age Limits

SECTION 7. No license shall be issued to a male under the age of eighteen years, or a female under the age of sixteen years. No license shall be issued for the marriage of a male between the ages of eighteen and twenty-one years, or a female between the ages of sixteen and eighteen years without the consent of his or her parents, guardian, or curator, or of the parent having the actual care, custody, and control of such minor or minors, given before the marriage license clerk under oath, or certified under the hand of such parents, guardian, or curator as aforesaid, and properly verified by affidavit before a notary public or other official authorized by law to take affidavits, which certificate shall be filed of record in the office of said marriage license clerk and entered by him on the marriage license docket before issuing said license; provided, that, if the pregnancy of the female under the age of eighteen years or the birth of a child to her is shown, or upon the showing of other facts satisfactory to the judge, or if there be no guardian or curator of either or both of such minors, or if there be no competent person having the actual care, custody, and control of such minor or minors, then the judge of the county of the residence of the minor having probate jurisdiction may upon application of the parties, after hearing, upon proper cause shown, make an order allowing the marriage of such minor or minors.

SECTION 8. Immediately upon receipt of an application for a license, the marriage license clerk shall enter the same on the public record and shall post in his office a notice giving the names and residences of the parties applying therefor, and the date of the application. Any person believing that the statements of the application are false or insufficient, or that the applicants or either of them are incompetent to marry, may file with the court having probate jurisdiction in the county in which the license is applied for, a petition under oath, setting forth the grounds of objection to the marriage, and asking for a rule upon the parties making such application to show cause why the license should not be refused. Whereupon, said court, if satisfied that the grounds of objection are *prima facie* valid, shall issue a rule to show cause as aforesaid, returnable as the court may direct, but not more than ten days from and after the date of said rule, which rule shall be served forthwith upon the applicants for such license, and upon the clerk before whom such application shall have been made, and shall operate as a stay upon the issuance of the license until further ordered. If, upon hearing, the objections be sustained, the court shall make an order refusing the license, and all costs to rest in the discretion of the court; but if the objections be overruled, the party or parties filing the same shall be liable for all costs of the proceedings.

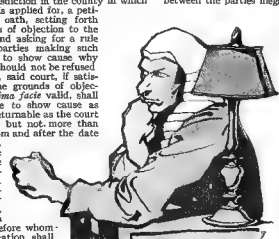
SECTION 9. Any person who shall, in any affidavit or statement required or provided for by Sections 5, 6, 7, or 8 of this act, wilfully and falsely swear, or who shall procure another or swear falsely in regard to any material fact relating to the competency or qualifications of either or both of the parties applying for a marriage license, or as to the ages of such parties, if minors, or who shall falsely pretend to be the parent, guardian, or curator, having authority to give consent to the marriage of such minors, shall be guilty of a misdemeanor, and upon conviction thereof, be punished by a fine of not less than $100.00 or more than $500.00, or by imprisonment in the county jail for not more than one year, or by both such fine and imprisonment.

SECTION 10. Any marriage license clerk who shall knowingly issue a marriage license contrary to, or in violation of, the provisions of this act shall be guilty of a misdemeanor, and upon conviction thereof, be punished by a fine of not less than $100.00 or more than $500.00, or by imprisonment in the county jail for not more than one year, or by both such fine and imprisonment.

SECTION 11. It shall be competent for each State to prescribe and furnish model forms for blank applications, statements, consent of parents, affidavits, licenses, and marriage certificates and such other forms as shall be necessary to comply with the provisions of this act, and it shall be the duty of the marriage license clerk to provide and keep in his office such forms and records as shall be necessary to carry out the provisions of this act. The marriage license clerk shall provide a suitable book to be called the marriage license docket, and shall keep the same in his office among his records and enter therein immediately upon application a complete record of the applications for and the issuing of all marriage licenses, and of all matters which he is required by this act to ascertain relative to the rights of any person to obtain a license. Said marriage license docket shall be open for public inspection or examination at all times during office hours.

Certain Precautions

SECTION 12. The license shall authorize the marriage ceremony to be performed in any county of the State, excepting that where both parties are non-residents of the State, the ceremony shall be performed only in the county in which the license is issued. The license shall be directed "to any person authorized by the law of this State to solemnize marriage," and shall authorize him to solemnize marriage between the parties therein named, at any time not more than one year from and after the date thereof. If the marriage is to be solemnized by the parties without the presence of an officiating person, as provided by Paragraph 2 of Section 2 of this act, the license shall be directed to the parties to the marriage. If either of the parties be not of the age of legal majority, then his or her age shall be stated, and the fact of the consent of his or her parents, guardian, or curator, shall likewise be stated; and if either of said parties shall have been theretofore married, then the number of times he or she shall have been previously married, and the manner in which the prior marriage or marriages was or were dissolved, shall be stated. The officiating person shall satisfy himself that the parties presenting themselves to be married by him are the parties named in the license; and if he knows of any legal impediment to such marriage, he shall refuse to perform the ceremony. The issue of a license shall not be deemed to remove or dispense with any legal disability, impediment, or prohibition rendering marriage between the parties illegal, and the license shall contain a statement to that effect.



SECTION 13. Said license shall be in form substantially as follows:

[Here follows the requisite legal form of license.]

SECTION 14. If the marriage is to be solemnized by the parties without an officiating person, as provided by Paragraph 2 of Section 2 of this act, the license shall be in form substantially as follows:

[Here follows the requisite legal form of license.]

SECTION 15. The license shall have appended to it three certificates, numbered to correspond with the license (one marked "original," one marked "duplicate," and one marked "triplicate"), which shall be in form substantially as follows:

[Here follows the requisite blank form of marriage certificate.]

But if, as provided by Section 14 of this act, the license has been issued to the parties themselves, then the certificate (in triplicate) shall be in form substantially as follows:

[Here follows the requisite legal form of certificate.]

And the triplicate certificate in each case shall contain the following words: "N. B. This triplicate certificate must be returned to the license clerk who issued the license within thirty days from the date of the marriage."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 34

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Every normal skin needs two creams

One to give it a thorough cleansing every night

Every day dust and fine particles of dirt settle on the face and bore deep into the pores of your skin.

Ordinary washing will not reach this dirt.

And yet unless your skin is kept thoroughly free of this deeper dirt, it loses that lovely clear transparent look. It becomes dull looking.

Today there are few women who do not give their skin every night the kind of cleansing that reaches this deepest dirt, that is actually stimulating and that keeps their skin soft and supple.

For this you need a cold cream made especially for the purpose. A cream made with an oil base—just enough oil to work into the pores and loosen every particle of dirt—and yet that particular light consistency that will not overload the pores or stretch them.

The cream that is made in just this way is Pond's *Cold* Cream.

Use it every night before retiring. Smooth it in with your finger tips. Don't rub hard—this cream is so soft and light that rubbing isn't necessary.

After you have let it stay a minute, wipe it off with a soft cloth. The grime on the cloth will convince you how thorough a cleansing this cream gives even after you have washed with soap and water. The soft refreshed feeling it leaves will tell you how supple and fresh its nightly use will keep your skin.

For a thorough cleansing, a cream made with just enough oil to work into the pores and loosen the dirt, without overloading the pores

To hold the powder, a cream that is softening and soothing, yet will be absorbed instantly

A totally different cream to hold the powder

For day and evening, as a base for powder, you need an entirely different kind of cream—one that the skin will absorb instantly.

Instead of oil (which *will* come out in a shine), an entirely different ingredient is used—one famous for its softening and soothing effect, yet absolutely free from grease. It results in a cream so delicate that it can be worn all day without danger of clogging the pores.

The cream that is known all over the world as having been made especially for this purpose is Pond's *Vanishing* Cream.

Always smooth it on *before* you powder. It instantly freshens your face. Actually makes your skin feel and look softer and smoother. And it holds the powder.

Powder put directly on the skin usually does not go on evenly and it cannot stay on long. Bits of it catch on little rough places and soon fleck off. Powder put on over the smooth velvety surface Pond's Vanishing Cream gives you, goes on evenly and clings for hours.

* * *

Use both these creams every day, each for its own purposes and you will keep your skin fresh and lovely. Both are so delicate in texture they cannot clog the pores. Neither contains anything that can promote the growth of hair. The Pond's Extract Company, New York.

GENEROUS TUBES—MAIL COUPON TODAY

The Pond's Extract Co.,
125 Hudson St., New York

Ten cents (10c) is enclosed for your special introductory tubes of the two creams every normal skin needs—enough of each cream for two weeks' ordinary toilet uses.

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

POND'S
Cold Cream for cleansing
Vanishing Cream to hold the powder

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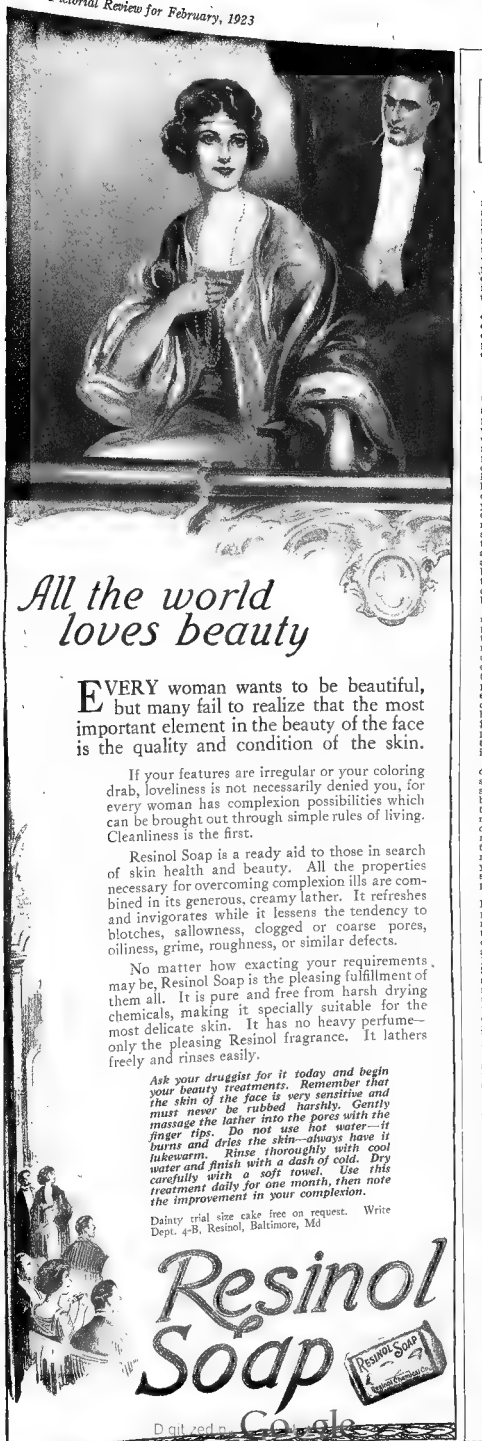

All the world loves beauty

EVERY woman wants to be beautiful, but many fail to realize that the most important element in the beauty of the face is the quality and condition of the skin.

If your features are irregular or your coloring drab, loveliness is not necessarily denied you, for every woman has complexion possibilities which can be brought out through simple rules of living. Cleanliness is the first.

Resinol Soap is a ready aid to those in search of skin health and beauty. All the properties necessary for overcoming complexion ills are combined in its generous, creamy lather. It refreshes and invigorates while it lessens the tendency to blotches, sallowness, clogged or coarse pores, oiliness, grime, roughness, or similar defects.

No matter how exacting your requirements may be, Resinol Soap is the pleasing fulfillment of them all. It is pure and free from harsh drying chemicals, making it specially suitable for the most delicate skin. It has no heavy perfume—only the pleasing Resinol fragrance. It lathers freely and rinses easily.

Ask your druggist for it today and begin your beauty treatments. Remember that the skin of the face is very sensitive and must never be rubbed harshly. Gently massage the lather into the pores with the finger tips. Do not use hot water—it burns and dries the skin—always have it lukewarm. Rinse thoroughly with cool water and finish with a dash of cold. Dry carefully with a soft towel. Use this treatment daily for one month, then note the improvement in your complexion.

Dainty trial size cake free on request. Write Dept. 4-B, Resinol, Baltimore, Md

Resinol Soap

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UNIFORM MARRIAGE AND DIVORCE LAW

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 32

SECTION 16. The marriage certificates marked "original" and "duplicate," duly signed, shall be given by the officiating person to the persons married by him; and the certificate marked "triplicate" shall be returned by such officiating person, or, in the case of a marriage ceremony performed without an officiating person, then by the parties to the marriage contract, or either of them, to the marriage license clerk who issued the license, within thirty days after the date of said marriage.

SECTION 17. The said marriage license clerk upon receiving such triplicate certificate shall immediately enter the same on the docket where the marriage license of said parties is recorded, and place such certificate on file.

Penalties

SECTION 18. If any officiating person shall solemnize a marriage unless the contracting parties shall first have obtained a proper license as hereinbefore provided; or without the presence of two competent witnesses; or, in the case of a minor or minors, unless the consent, as hereinbefore provided, of the parent, guardian, or curator of such minor or minors be stated in such license; or shall solemnize a marriage knowing of any legal impediment thereto; or shall solemnize a marriage more than one year from and after the date of the license; or shall falsely certify to the date of a marriage solemnized by him; or shall solemnize a marriage in a county other than the county prescribed in Section 12 of this act, he shall be guilty of a misdemeanor, and on conviction thereof, shall be punished by a fine of not less than $100.00 or more than $500.00, or by imprisonment in the county jail for not more than one year, or by both such fine and imprisonment.

SECTION 19. Where a marriage is solemnized without the presence of an officiating person, then, and in that case, if the parties to such marriage shall solemnize the same more than one year from and after the date of the license; or shall falsely certify to the date of such marriage; or shall solemnize the same in a county other than the county prescribed in Section 12 of this act, they or either of them shall be guilty of a misdemeanor, and on conviction thereof shall be punished by a fine of not less than $100.00 or more than $500.00, or by imprisonment in the county jail for not more than one year, or by both such fine and imprisonment.

SECTION 20. If any person, not being duly authorized by the laws of the State, shall wilfully or knowingly undertake to solemnize a marriage in this State, he shall be guilty of a misdemeanor, and on conviction thereof shall be punished by a fine of not less than $100.00 or more than $1,000.00 or by imprisonment in the county jail for not more than one year, or by both such fine and imprisonment.

SECTION 21. Every officiating person, or persons marrying without the presence of an officiating person as provided by Paragraph 2 of Section 2 of this act, who shall neglect or refuse to transmit the triplicate certificate of any marriage solemnized by him or them to the marriage license clerk issuing the license within thirty days after the date of such marriage, shall be fined the sum of one hundred dollars.

SECTION 22. Any marriage license clerk who shall refuse or neglect to enter upon the marriage license docket a complete record of each application and of each marriage license issued from his office, immediately after the same shall have been made or issued, as the case may be, or to enter the triplicate certificate of any marriage upon the marriage license docket, as required by Section 17 of this act, or shall fail to keep such marriage license docket open for inspection or examination by the public during office hours, or shall prohibit or prevent any person from making a copy or abstract of the entries in the marriage license docket, shall for each such illegal act, omission, or denial be fined the sum of fifty dollars.

SECTION 23. Any fine or forfeiture accruing under the provisions of this act may be recovered by an action of debt, in the same manner as other debts are recovered by law, with the costs of suit in any court of record in any county in the State in which the defendant or defendants may be found.

SECTION 24. A copy of the record of the marriage license, and marriage certificate, certified under the hand and seal of said marriage license clerk, shall be received in all courts of this State as *prima facie* evidence of such marriage between the parties therein named.

SECTION 25. All marriages hereafter contracted in violation of any of the requirements of Section 2 of this act shall be null and void (except as provided in Sections 26 and 27 of this act); provided, that the parties to any such void marriage may, at any time, validate such marriage by complying with the requirements of this act, and the issue thereof, if any, shall thereupon become legitimate, as provided by Section 29 of this act. All marriages prohibited by law on account of consanguinity or affinity, difference of color, or where either party thereto has a former wife or husband living, except as provided in Section 28, shall be absolutely void without any legal proceedings.

SECTION 26. No marriage hereafter contracted shall be void by reason of want of authority or jurisdiction in the officiating person solemnizing such marriage, if the marriage is in other respects lawful, and is consummated with the full belief on the part of the persons so married, or either of them, that they have been lawfully joined in marriage.

Not Void

SECTION 27. No marriage hereafter contracted shall be void either by reason of the license having been issued without the consent of the parents, guardian, or curator of a minor, or by a marriage license clerk not having jurisdiction to issue the same, or by reason of any omission, informality, or irregularity of form in the application for the license or in the license itself, or by reason of the incompetency of the witnesses to such marriage, or because the marriage may have been solemnized in a county other than the county prescribed in Section 12 of this act, or more than one year after the date of the license, if the marriage is in other respects lawful and is consummated with the full belief on the part of the persons so married, or either of them, that they have been lawfully joined in marriage.

SECTION 28. If a person during the lifetime of a husband or wife with whom the marriage is in force, enter into a subsequent marriage contract in accordance with the provisions of Section 2 of this act, and the parties thereto live together thereafter as husband and wife, and such subsequent marriage contract was entered into by one of the parties in good faith, in the full belief that the former husband or wife was dead, or that the former marriage had been annulled, or dissolved by a divorce, or without knowledge of such former marriage, they shall, after the impediment to their marriage has been removed by the death or divorce of the other party to such former marriage, if they continue to live together as husband and wife in good faith on the part of one of them, be held to have been legally married from and after the removal of such impediment, and the issue of such subsequent marriage shall be considered as the legitimate issue of both parents.

SECTION 29. In any and every case where the father and mother of an illegitimate child or children shall lawfully intermarry, such child or children shall thereby become legitimated, and enjoy all the rights and privileges of legitimacy as if they had been born during the wedlock of their parents; and this section shall be taken to apply to all cases prior to its date, as well as those subsequent thereto; provided, that no estate already vested shall be divested by this act.

SECTION 30. The marriage license clerk of each county shall, on or before the first day of February in each year, make return to the Board of Health of the State, upon suitable blank forms to be provided by the State, of a statement of all marriage licenses issued by him during the preceding

CONTINUED ON PAGE 36

Next Month!

BEGINNING next month, in Pictorial Review, the biggest, most-fascinating film feature ever printed: "Behind the Screen," Samuel Goldwyn's intimate, personal story of screen actors and actresses and the inner mysteries of the screen world.

Don't miss the close-up of Mary Pickford's remarkable personality in the first instalment of "Behind the Screen" in March Pictorial Review.

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Paderewski recording his interpretations for The Duo-Art at Aeolian Hall

CULTURAL AND EDUCATIONAL ADVANTAGES
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by I. J. PADEREWSKI

"I HAVE been asked often for suggestions or advice on musical matters; a course of studies for adults or children, or some method to help an aspiring pianist. My desire is to help others, and for this reason I welcome the present opportunity to advise publicly the general adoption of the instrument known as the Duo-Art Piano.

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"For students, whether in the home or in the conservatory, the Duo-Art is invaluable. While it can in no manner take the place of painstaking and exhaustive studies of manual technique, it teaches the technique of expression most effectively. Through this instrument and its rolls a student may acquire an intimate knowledge of the style of leading pianists, may hear the subtleties of great master works expounded by the most competent authorities.

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"The Duo-Art is therefore a truly great invention. Music does not live until audible. By causing it to live, by exhibiting it in its most beautiful aspects to countless thousands, the Duo-Art is not only a perfect performer, but a precious assistant, a helpful friend whose noble purpose and beneficial influence must be recognized and appreciated."

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UNIFORM MARRIAGE AND DIVORCE LAW

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 34

calendar year, including all the facts required to be ascertained by him upon the issuing of each license; and shall also make return of a statement of all marriage certificates which shall have been returned to him during such period; and upon neglect or refusal so to do, such marriage license clerk shall forfeit and pay the sum of one hundred dollars.

SECTION 31. A marriage contracted in one State in conformity with the provisions of this act shall be recognized as a legal marriage in every other State.

Five Causes

SECTION 32. Divorces may be decreed, upon the application of the injured party, for the following causes and no other:

(1) Adultery, except when the offense has been committed with the consent, connivance, or condonation of the party seeking the divorce, or when the party seeking the divorce has also been guilty of adultery under such circumstances as would have entitled the opposite party, if innocent, to a decree.

(2) Cruel and inhuman treatment.

(3) Abandonment or failure to provide for a period of one year or more.

(4) Incurable insanity at the time the copy is so left. If it shall appear that the defendant is not a resident of the State, the clerk shall give notice of the pendency of the petition, by publication for three successive weeks in some weekly newspaper of general circulation, published in such county, and also in a similar newspaper in the county and State in which was the last known residence of the defendant. The clerk of the court shall also forward, by mail, to defendant's last known address, a copy of a paper containing such notice, with the notice marked. In no case shall trial be had upon the issue within sixty days of the filing of the suit. If there is no bona-fide appearance of counsel for defendant entered in the appearance docket of said court for the purpose of making a good-faith defense, in the opinion of said court, it shall be the duty of the judge of said court to notify the prosecuting attorney of the judicial district where said court is situated to enter his name upon the appearance docket where said cause is docketed, and he shall resist and defend said petition on behalf of and in the name of the State.

(5) Conviction of an infamous crime.

SECTION 33. The clerk of the court in which a petition for divorce is filed shall issue a summons for the defendant to appear and answer said petition; which summons shall be personal service on said defendant, if a resident of the State, either by reading or leaving a copy thereof at his or her usual place of residence at the time the copy is so left. If it shall appear that the defendant is not a resident of the State, the clerk shall give notice of the pendency of the petition, by publication for three successive weeks in some weekly newspaper of general circulation, published in such county, and also in a similar newspaper in the county and State in which was the last known residence of the defendant. The clerk of the court shall also forward, by mail, to defendant's last known address, a copy of a paper containing such notice, with the notice marked. In no case shall trial be had upon the issue within sixty days of the filing of the suit. If there is no bona-fide

SECTION 34. Upon the granting of a divorce an interlocutory decree shall be entered in favor of the plaintiff, which shall become final only after the lapse of a year, and entry thereof upon the record of the court by the judge of the said court. Until such decree shall become final neither party may marry another.

SECTION 35. The court shall make such decree for alimony, whether asked for in the petition or on default, as the circumstances of the case shall render just and proper.

The Mother Favored

SECTION 36. The court, in decreeing a divorce, and in making provisions for the guardianship, custody, support, and education of the minor children of such marriage shall favor the claims of the mother, provided she be, in the judgment of the court, mentally and morally competent, but at all times this judgment shall be with regard to the best interests of the children. If the custody of the children shall be vested in either parent, the other parent may be permitted to visit the children and be visited by them, and may be required to contribute to the support of the children according to his or her ability. Failure to comply with the order of the court regarding alimony or the support of the children is hereby declared to be a criminal offense, and may be punished by a fine, not to exceed $500.00 or imprisonment for not to exceed one year, or both.

SECTION 37. A divorce decreed in one State by a court having jurisdiction thereof, shall have full effect in every other State.

SECTION 38. The enforcement of this act shall be in the courts of the several States, and in conformity to the laws thereof not in conflict with the provisions of this act.

"SHIF'LESS"

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15

The dog was snuffing around in the bushes, and I was half listening to him and half thinking about old man Peabody. Just then I heard a horse turn in our road, walking fast, and I thought it must be Abijah, but it was Fred.

"Hi," I said, "when did you get back from school?"

"I just got in on Number Two," he said; "want to go coon-hunting?"

"Yes, sir," I said, "and let me tell you, boy, right yer, I got the coon-huntingest dog in this country." And I pointed down to the branch where old Rattler was bumballing round.

"I know," he says, "everybody has. Call your dog."

"Wait till I get a ax."

"Don't need a ax," he says. "I got those two niggers of dad's and they each got a tree-dog, and I got two axes and matches; everything's in good fix. Come on."

I WHISTLED to Rattler and we went down the road to where the niggers was. The big one, Ance, had a blue-ticked bitch, and Jim, the little nigger, had a little red fyst. When we got down the big swamp the dogs left us, and we sat down on a hill. We sat for a hour or maybe two and never heard a sound except now and then one of the dogs crackling through the dead cane. We were about ready to move when 'way down the branch I heard old Rattler open, "Ou—ou—ou!" Then there came a "Ki—i, ki—i," and Jim jumped up: "Hi—i—i, you! Dan mah lil' red dawg." Then for a while we couldn't hear anything, then it sounded nearer, then further away. Then all of a sudden they hustled loose right down the hill, all three. Ance jumped up: "Iiiiiiii! Big Blue!"

"They're getting a close race on him!" Fred said. "Now you niggers, listen!"

The noise died off a minute, and then they come back hollering fit to jar the ground. "A sight-race!" Fred says. "Come on, boys; they'll tree him sure!" The little nigger tripped on the top of the hill and rolled clear out of sight. We took out down the grade affying and left him. As we hit the branch we heard him tonguing long and deep, like clockwork. "Treed!" says Fred. "Come on, boys!" There he was, sure enough, up a sweet-gum and all three dogs trying to throw themselves over the top of it. Ance started to chop, but he was plumb blowed out.

"Here, give me the ax," Fred says, and began knocking chips half-way across the branch. Jim come up with water running out of his ears, and about then the sweet-gum came down. They was a pile of niggers and dogs and branches, and a dead coon at the bottom. We built a fire, and Fred had half a quart of monkey-rum to keep us warm. Everybody lied about their dogs and told about coon-hunts and fox-chases, and 'long about three, when the moon got low, we went home.

RATTLER didn't come back, so next morning I went over to the Vaughan place to see if he was with the niggers' dogs. I found him, and started home. I didn't want to run into Fred's dad. But that account dog kept hanging back on the string I had tied round him. I reckon he had the idea of courting the blue bitch. I made poor time, and the old man saw me. He called me back to the barnyard, where he was with Fred.

"You were hunting with my boy last night?" he said.

"Yes, sir," I says; "we sure had a pretty race. Old Rattler yer——"

"I don't want to hear about it," he said. "My boy comes home from college with more to do on this place than three men could do and the first night he has to go off hunting with you and the colored hands."

"But the niggers each had a dog—we couldn't have made out without them. And niggers naturally love to coon-hunt."

"Yes; I know I had those hands I wanted them on the place at night. And what happened? He goes off with them against my orders, and the brown mule gets cast in her stall, and now to-day she's lame so I can't pull stumps in the new ground."

"I expect my uncle could lend you a mule," I said.

"It ain't the mule that riles me," he said, "it's seeing a son of mine so shiftless he'd rather lower himself going hunting with colored men than stay home and tend to business."

Fred got mad then: "You needn't to be so busy about my lowering myself, Dad," he said. "I hunted with them last night, but this morning I'm still white, and they know it—better than you, it appears like." He looked like he felt mighty bad.

"I don't want any sass!" Abijah said. "Now you two listen here—" he turned to me. "I won't have you hunting any more with my boy." Then he turned to Fred: "And you—I want you to keep away from those hands. I hire them and I'll handle them. You've nothing to do with them. Is that clear?"

CONTINUED ON PAGE 38

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Rarely before have women expressed so keen an interest in the actual physical construction of a motor car.

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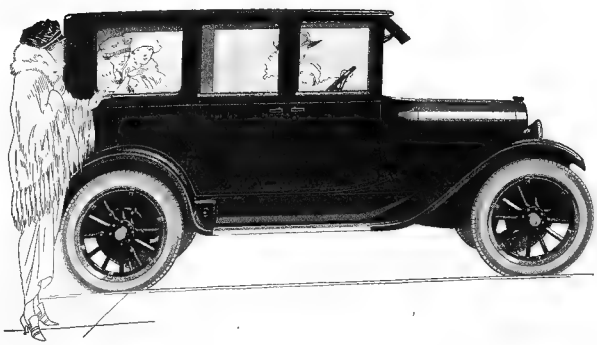

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"SHIF'LESS"

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 36

Well, of course, I kept away from the Vaughan place after that. But the week after the New-year Fred came in about supper-time. I knew he was going back to school, and thought he had come to tell me good-by.

"Yes," he said, "I'm due to go to-morrow. But I'm in more or less a fix right now."

I asked him the trouble.

"Why," he said, "you know how dad is. Well, the other day he was talking to the niggers about the mules. He told them a long story about people not feeding mules right. That what a mule needed was feed with a high potash content to make him stout. He said, as far as I can make out, that corn and pea-vine hay had no potash and that oats was better on that account. Well, the niggers figured that they'd please dad by putting a power of potash into those mules, so the next time they mixed the oats with fertilizers and both mules like to died. The old man ran those niggers off the place without paying them their wages. He told me he'd explained everything to them and it was their own fault. That's the way he is about things.

"Well, this evening I went into town for the mail. I started playing cowboy-pool with some fellow, and all the time Will, that pool-room nigger, kept looking at me mighty solemn. It made me so nervous I lost five dollars, so at the end I told Will he'd have to save up and pay me back or else take his eyes off me. But he just waited till the other boys had gone, and then he told me that those two niggers that worked for dad was telling it round to the others that they were coming out to-night to get their money. They said dad had cheated them, and doggone me if I don't think they're right, they being niggers.

"Anyhow I gave Will a quarter, and came right on out. I stopped in to ask if you'd come on over and help me out in case they come round."

"I sure will," I said. "I can take care of one," I said, "and you take the other."

"Oh," he said, "I don't want you to take care of any nigger, I want you to take care of dad. Dad's liable to get hisself shot up, the way he carries on."

So I went along with Fred.

HE HAD a room in the back of the house. The walls were painted yellow and the ceiling blue. I never saw such a room. Everything in it was just so. On the walls he had pictures.

We could hear the old man moving up-stairs, going to bed. Fred looked up at the ceiling, then he looked at me.

"You know," he said, "I don't know what to do about that old fellow."

"Looks like he can't make out down here," I said. "Maybe he'd do better in Maine, where he understands more about things."

"He sure would," said Fred; "but he can't go back."

I began studying whether the folks there had run him out or what. Fred must have known it because he went on:

"You see, he put everything he had into buying this place like he promised my ma he would. He had to borrow money, too, only he never told her. Yes, sir, he's naturally bound down to this farm."

"Uncle Duncan would have helped him," I said. "Only you can't do anything for him, it appears like."

"Nobody can help him," Fred said. "He can always prove he's right."

After so long everything was quiet up-stairs, and Fred spread a blanket on the floor. I asked him if that was for me.

"Why," he said, "it's for both of us," and he took a hand out of his pocket and rolled a pair of pillows from that blanket just as soft and easy, just a little twist, but those bones kept on arolling like they'd never stop.

"Hicks an' a three," he says. "Dice me, boy; I'm a dicing man," and I could see he was.

He put out the lamp, and we shaded a candle so that no light showed outside, and we settled down to play.

I don't know how long we played there, whispering, so as not to wake up Fred's dad. It must have been a hour or two. I doubled three times and lost, and Fred reached forward his hand to take in the money. Instead he held it there for a minute, looking over his shoulder, then he nipped the candle out. We sat there listening. The next room was Abijah's office, and I could just make out little, soft movements in there. As my eyes got used to the dark I saw a dim light under the door.

Fred started to get on his feet very easy and I did too, but when I was half-way up one of my knee-joints gave an awful crack like they sometimes do. Something dropped in the next room with a bang, and then we heard Abijah's feet hit the floor over our heads and run to the top of the stair.

Next thing we heard him squeak, "Who's that?" Then he must have seen them because he piped out, "Get out of this house, I tell you, or I'll have the law on yer. By gosh, I will!"

Then one of the niggers said, "Jim and me come fo' our money."

You could tell by his voice that he was just scared enough to do something foolish, and Fred opened the door.

There they were in the hall, Abijah was on the stair with a flashlight wabbling all over the place. The niggers each had tied a handkerchief round their face, tho any one could tell them from the back of their head. The big one had an old-time pistol, kind of dangling from his hand.

Fred went up to him and said, "Hello, Ance; that gun of yours is half cocked, it won't go off like it is. Give it here." Ance handed him the gun. "What you and Jim doing here?"

"We come fo' our money, Mistah Fred," Ance said.

"Well, you won't get it coming this away," Fred said. "You'll get the road gang."

The niggers shuffled around.

Fred went on, "I aimed to have you two arrested for poisoning those mules."

"'Deed, Mistah Fred," the one called Ance said, "we didn't go to poison no mule."

Then the little one said, "We desaimed to please yo' paw, Mist' Fred; 'fo' God, Ance said.

"Well, what about sneaking into this house and these yer handkerchiefs and gun?" Fred said.

Each of them looked at the other nigger like he was trying to blame him for getting him into this.

Then Jim says, "Ance o' woman got de 'sumption."

"Tain't de 'sumption," Ance said: "it's de pleasms. De doctor say to git sigs. I figured on de money for de sigs."

"Why'n't you keep chickens?"

"Why, Mist' Fred, you know 'tain't no use with de san' fleas an' all these yer South Carolina niggers movin' in."

Fred had been looking at the gun. "Why," he says, "this gun ain't loaded."

"No, suh," Ance said; "I ain't foolin' round with no live bullets in de dark. No, suh. De gun was des fo' a decoy. Ah des aimed to git mah wages to git sigs. De o' woman cough an' cough—"

"Here," Fred says, "you come with me."

He led them out to the back porch. I heard him say, "Hold out your hat, Ance." Then some eggs dropped into it.

"Mist' Fred, suh," Ance said, "de Lord will so'ly bless you."

"I don't know about that," Fred said, "but if ever I catch you two niggers round this place I'm going to nail both your black hides up on this yer siding."

"Yessuh, dasse," they both said, and began blessing him again.

"Now, travel," Fred said, and I could hear them shuffle off the porch." He came back into the hall.

Old man Peabody stumbled down the stairs; his face was all kind of fallen down and his chin trembled.

"Fred," he says, "I don't know how to treat 'em, and that's a fact."

Fred got kind of embarrassed; he began clicking the dice together. He'd had them in his hand all the while. I saw the old man look at him sharp, but he didn't say a thing. After a while Fred rolled them out on the table and read them kind of absent. He swept the bones away and turned round toward his dad.

"You know," he said, "I reckon I won't go back to school."

FRED came by next day.

"You sure enough going to stay on the farm?" I asked him.

"Yes, sir," he said, "dad was mighty nice this morning. He offered me a third of the crops."

"Well, that's good," I said; "only you know, Fred, I feel kind of bad about those niggers. Good niggers is scarce. It's a pity you had to lose them."

"Oh," he says, "when I got up this morning, the first thing I saw was those two niggers working down in the new ground, grubbing stumps."

***PICTORIAL REVIEW'S** bill for a Uniform Marriage and Divorce Law (page 2 of this issue) is the outgrowth of nine years' study and agitation of the problems of marriage and divorce on the part of this magazine, aided by a group of able writers. It is the answer to a desperate need. This bill, drafted by Mrs. Edward Franklin White, has the indorsement of women's organizations everywhere.*

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for Economical Transportation

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All these are quality features usually found only in the higher priced automobiles.

However it is no longer necessary to pay high prices for quality transportation. Through engineering and marketing efficiency, Chevrolet has achieved volume production of quality automobiles thereby effecting such remarkable economies that Chevrolet now leads all standard-built cars in volume of sales.

Ease, simplicity, and economy of operation are ensured by a chassis famous for its engineering efficiency.

Artistic appearance, riding comfort and refined interior appointments are characteristics of the Fisher Bodies used on all closed models.

You have reason to be proud of your Chevrolet. It is an achievement.

CHEVROLET MOTOR COMPANY

Division of General Motors Corporation

DETROIT, MICH.

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PICTORIAL REVIEW'S

HOME BUREAU

FROM MODEL ORCHARDS TO OUR TABLES

The Perfection of Sanitary Care Seen Through Pictorial Review Eyes

BY MARIE SELLERS AND EDITH M. BARBER

Drawings by Cornelia A. Brownlee

HOW were the oranges that you had for breakfast this morning handled between the tree and your table? Do you know?

Are the dried fruits which give variety to your Winter menu safe and sanitary for use? Are you interested?

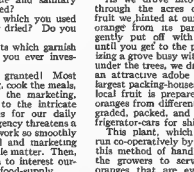
Where were the raisins which you used for rice pudding yesterday dried? Do you care?

And what about the nuts which garnish your dinner-table? Have you ever investigated?

How much we take for granted! Most of us get up in the morning, cook the meals, wash the dishes, and do the marketing, hardly giving a thought to the intricate machinery which provides for our daily wants—unless some emergency threatens a tie-up of the forces which work so smoothly and which make our food and marketing problems seem such a simple matter. Then, for the moment, we begin to interest ourselves in the source of our food-supply.

And recently many women, long since awakened to the nutritive value of food, have been studying the cleanliness and sanitation of the products which come to them from the North, South, East, and West.

As a proof of this interest, many letters have been received during the past year from Pictorial Review readers. Some of the questions we could answer, others puzzled us, but all gave us a desire to see personally the way the large food-producers prepare products for our use. The Pacific Coast offered us concentrated information with a sugar coating of the romance of the Far West, which had already formed in our minds a composite picture of blue seas, purple grapes, dark mountains, golden oranges—and California sun. We therefore planned to make our first personal investigation among the fruit-ranches of the West. Oregon offered us further inducement at this time in a meeting of the American Home Economics Association, at which the latest scientific food facts are sure to be reported and from which we always gain practical inspiration for Pictorial Review's Home Bureau.



TRY CIDER AND RAISIN BREAD

"ALL aboard for California!" shouted the trainman—"For sunshine and oranges and lemons hanging golden from the trees," we silently answered. And then came the questions, "Do they grow all the year round in that far-famed California sun?" "Shall we be able to fulfil the long-cherished wish of picking an orange from the tree?" As we approached southern California the sight of miles and miles of sturdy trees laden with golden balls, with groves laid out as symmetrically as if they had been the work of a landscape architect, answered these questions.

"It's The Climate"—that was the phrase which we heard, read, and even saw emblazoned in light on Main Street throughout the Far West, where they have things arranged so efficiently that one orange-crop matures in the Winter and another in the Summer. While the lemons, blending modestly with the foliage, did not advertise themselves as we passed, they are in their prime twelve months of the year. Our surprise at this fact was tempered when we drove into the heart of the citrus country around Los Angeles, where in the past few years irrigation has made a desert blossom. We should have been much more surprised to have heard of anything remaining unripe under the rays of such a sun —justly famed. Strange to say, we never saw a thermometer in the southern California valleys! We wonder whether they prohibit them by law!

"Where are the grapefruit?" we asked. "You'd better go to Florida and the Isle of Pines to see them in profusion," was the answer. "We grow few out here compared with the industry in Florida, where they specialize in grapefruit as well as oranges."

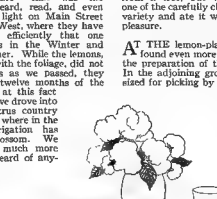
As we drove into the orange country through the acres of trees heavy with fruit we plotted at our ambition to pick an orange from its parent stem, but were gently put off with the answer, "Wait until you get to the plant." While visualizing a grove busy with pickers and packers under the trees, we drew up at the doors of an attractive adobe building—one of the largest packing-houses of that region where local fruit is prepared for market. Here oranges from different ranches are cleaned, graded, packed, and stored directly in refrigerator-cars for shipment.

This plant, which is one of many, is run co-operatively by the fruit-growers, and this method of handling the fruit enables the growers to serve you for breakfast oranges that are even better than when they came from the tree. And right here we lost our romantic desire to pluck fresh from the tree our morning oranges. For this is what we saw:

All the oranges being scrubbed in warm water in huge machines by swiftly moving brushes! Not only scrubbed, but rinsed and dried! After this treatment they are graded by hand for quality, and by machine for size. It was hard to decide which was more fascinating to watch—the work of the white-gowned, -capped, -gloved girls, whose fingers fairly fly, or that of the automatic machine, which seems more than human as it consigns, with relentless justice, each orange to its final grade in the bins below. After a final inspection other white-gloved hands, with a twist of the wrist, wrap the fruit separately in soft paper and pack it in boxes which are automatically sealed and immediately placed in cars to start their journey, that day North, South, or East to you.

During the cleaning and packing processes every care is taken to prevent scratching and bruising or other injury which might induce decay before the fruit reaches your table. This, in fact, begins at the orange-ranch, where the "pickers," who are really "cutters," clip each orange from the tree so closely that no rough stem shall scratch or puncture other fruit. The pickers also wear gloves to prevent any injury to the fruit by the scratch of a finger-nail. After seeing all this we decided not again to suggest picking an orange from a tree, but with unexcepted one of the carefully cleaned-graded-wrapped variety and ate it with all the anticipated pleasure.

AT THE lemon-plant, our next stop, we found even more care being exercised in the preparation of this fruit for shipment. In the adjoining grove lemons were being sized for picking by means of a measuring ring, which does its part in guaranteeing the housewife that California lemons shall not be below a standard size. It may interest you the next time you make lemonade to notice how smoothly the button end of the lemon is trimmed and to know that this was specially done with the purpose of preventing the slightest scratching during packing and while on the journey to your kitchen.



PRUNE PIE FIT FOR A BANQUET

As we went our way, on further food knowledge bent, we thought with satisfaction of the fact that the next time we served tea with crisp slices of lemon, we should not hesitate to use golden rind and all —nor to serve an unwashed orange direct from its paper wrapper. We resolved to ask our grocer to sell us our lemons and oranges in their paper dresses, and we promised ourselves to keep them in that same modest state until we were ready to use them.

When demanding your regular supply of oranges and lemons almost as automatically as you order bread and butter, do you ever consider what you owe the co-operative methods of the fruit-growers in packing and marketing which make it possible for you to obtain a standard quality all the year around? From a Christmas luxury, oranges have become a daily habit; from a Fourth of July treat, lemons have become an every-day staple. We take them both for granted!

NOW FOR THE NUTS AND RAISINS!

A WALNUT-PLANT was suggested as our next move, and we said to ourselves, "Here at least we shall see the picking and packing taking place together as they naturally belong." But again we found that the two processes are divorced. A walnut-grove with its perfectly shaped and glistening trees is even more beautiful than an orange-grove, altho it has not been the subject of so much song and story. A walnut-packing plant compares favorably as to equipment and sanitation with fruit-packing houses. The nuts are hulled of the outer bark, graded by machinery, and polished! For a place where water is a luxury California does much scrubbing. The grading is not only for size, but for guaranteeing the housewife full-meated nuts. A suction-machine does what would be impossible to do by eye, lifting out and discarding those nuts which are light-weight because of under-developed or dried-up kernels.

The walnut as well as the almond industry, in which growers are co-operating with the Western spirit, will, when the young groves mature, bring more change to the Golden State, and as the output increases, a greater supply of nuts of the same high quality to the markets of the world.

As California, from our Home Bureau angle, had always meant raisins as well as lemons and oranges, we planned to track the raisin to its "layer" and to see for ourselves the concrete answer to the riddle, "When is a grape not a grape?—When it's a little raisin." We learned, however, on our visit to the San Joaquin Valley that altho all raisins are grapes, not all grapes are raisins. While there are hundreds of varieties of grapes only three will answer the riddle and make good raisins. So if you have a grape-vine in your back-yard, don't try to dry your own raisins, but keep on making jelly.

These three varieties of thin-skinned, meaty, sweet grapes are, strangely enough, not native California products, but were brought from Europe about seventy years ago.

It is only recently, however, that there has been intensive cultivation of raisins in this country. In the past few years a large demand for them has been created, and this has increased production until to-day the output has risen to over 225,000 tons a year. And think how many little raisins in one ton!

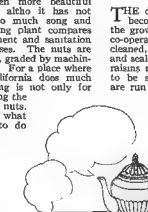
To create a demand is one thing; to satisfy through quality is another. Through high standards of production, of cleanliness, and of sanitation the growers co-operate both as individuals and as an association. They have a well-justified pride in furnishing the housewife the best possible product.

From the planting of the vine to the final packing of the fruit every safety measure is taken. The best cuttings are planted, the irrigation is done scientifically, the proper method of spraying to prevent mildew and therefore the more money per acre. That extra "sugar" does its part in insuring for the consumer such safeguards as sanitary camping-quarters for the pickers, many of whom come in family parties from the large cities for a paying vacation. There is much stimulating competition for picking records, as payment is made by the number of trays filled. The grapes are dried in the fields on these trays, slightly tipped toward the south to catch every ray of the faithful sun, which shines alike on one side for a certain number of days and again on the other, when the trays are turned for the finish.

THE day when the grapes have at last become raisins is one of hopeful pride to the grower, as he turns them over to the co-operative packing-house to be graded, cleaned, sterilized, "caramelized," packed, and sealed for shipment. The finest cluster raisins are cleaned and left on the stems to be specially packed. Seedless raisins are run through stemming- and cleaning-machines directly into cartons.

Seeded raisins go through the same process, but are washed and sterilized by steam, passing on to the "seeder," after which they are packed while still hot. The seeders are even equipped with fingers which let no foreign fragment of metal get by their careful control into the packs.

The seeded raisins are also "caramelized" by a special process to prevent crystallization of the sugar, to keep in the raisin instead of letting it travel to the sides of the box, where food value and flavor are wasted. "Sugary" raisins were once a common annoyance.



LEMON, NOT CREAM, FOR "REDUCERS"

We were impressed with the fact that a raisin-"plant" in the California sense is mechanical rather than agricultural. We were not altogether astonished to hear a visitor ask, "Do you *make* raisins?" when she saw the intricate machinery, moving belts, steamers, seeders, and other inventions which care for the raisins after they leave the hands of the growers. Literally acres of machinery to get the raisins ready for market! These mechanical processes prevent deterioration as well as guarantee cleanliness and sanitation, which are carried to the *n*th power by the machine-packing into cartons, which is guided by rubber-gloved, white-clothed young women.

"What about currants?" we asked. "Do they grow in California, and do you prepare them in the same way for packing?" And this is what we found out. Dried currants are not currants at all—but small grapes! Many years ago in Europe, Corinth was the center of distribution for those very small dried raisins and gave its name to the product. The passing of years gave us currants as a trade name. To serve the same purpose California is

CONTINUED ON PAGE 49

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Wash thoroughly in soap suds the knife with which you have cut an onion; then cut a lemon or an apple with it—and the onion flavor is still there! A Sunbrite cleansing not only polishes the knife but destroys every trace of the onion flavor

For those stubborn odors—*"double action!"*

Sunbrite sweetens and purifies as well as cleans and scours

FOODS of high flavor value have their disadvantages. For strong flavors and odors have an unpleasant habit of lingering long past their welcome.

Take, for instance, the knife you cut onions with; you do not soon forget it. Wash it with soap suds, scald it, then cut a lemon or apple with it. The onion flavor is there unmistakably!

What is needed is a sweetening, purifying agent that will effectually remove every trace of stale, unpleasant odor and flavor.

A new contribution to household cleanliness provides this quality. **Sunbrite,** the *double action* cleanser, not only cleans and scours but in the same process, sweetens and purifies.

For **Sunbrite** has in its composition an element which has a mild but effective purifying power.

It contains the proper amount of abrasive substance to scour off stains and hardened particles that stick and yet it is not so coarse and rough that it will mar by scratching. And it will not harm the hands for it has in it no crude chemicals that roughen and redden the skin.

Double action cleansing power—effective scouring ability and the added quality of sweetening and purifying! Yet the price of **Sunbrite** is just a few cents a can—lower much than you often pay. And with every package there is a United Profit Sharing Coupon.

No more extra precautions to sweeten and purify your kitchen ware and your bathroom fixtures *after* you have done the ordinary cleansing work. **Sunbrite** does both jobs in one process. Prove its double action cleansing power on your "onion knife," or your kitchen utensils.

Swift & Company, U. S. A.

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JELL-O

America's most famous dessert

Little Jack Horner sat in a corner
What can the reason be?
Indeed it's quite plain
He is hiding from Jane,
For a big dish of JELL-O has he

PICTORIAL REVIEW'S

HOME BUREAU

Conducted by MARIE SELLERS

Drawings by Stuart Hay

YOURS DIRECT FROM THE SHELL

Our Fifth Marketing Article Describes the Fascinating Array of Shell-Fish Available from Coast to Coast

BY JENOISE BROWN SHORT AND GLADYS BECKETT JONES

DO YOU believe in waiting for the occasional restaurant meal to eat lobsters, clams, oysters, and the rest of the shell-fish family, which help us get away from the commonplace in our menus and are all so delicious and not at all difficult to prepare? There is nothing more fascinating in the fish-market than the array of lobsters, clams, crabs, oysters, shrimps, crawfish, and mussels—have we forgotten any? They are ready and waiting for you to take them home, where you can enjoy any one of them at half the price that you would pay were you to patronize restaurant or hotel.

You can have your own shell-fish "special"; perhaps it will be a fresh lobster salad, French fried potatoes, and a green vegetable, or soft-shell crabs with sauce tartare, Saratoga potatoes, and green peas, or it may be any other of a number of delightful combinations.

Most shell-fish are good land-travelers, even tho the land is not their native habitat. There is no season of the year when some of them are not available either fresh or in the can. Modern methods of transportation have made it possible for the hostess in the middle sections of this country to serve fresh oysters, lobsters, and clams with the same confidence that is possessed by the person who lives near the coast.

From Cocktail to Stew

"OYSTERS R in Season." Doesn't it please your gastronomic sense when you see that old sign? From September to May is the season when oysters are the most delicious and palatable. This does not mean that they are not edible the other months of the year, only that they are at their best during the "R" months.

It is possible to ship oysters in the shell very satisfactorily as they are carefully packed in ice with the rounded shell of the oyster down so that no juice is lost. The water dripping from the melting ice keeps the oysters perfectly fresh. When you are buying oysters this way be certain that the shells are tightly closed and that the oysters have a wholesome odor. Your marketman will open them or you can do this at home.

Fresh oysters in bulk are available in most communities as they are now being sent all over the country in containers surrounded by ice and no preservatives used. When you are buying oysters in bulk look out for an unpleasant odor and the so-called "ropy" and "slimy" appearance. The practise of plumping or floating the oyster used to be very common among fishermen, who all know that an oyster in the shell will absorb fresh water very rapidly, increasing its weight from fifteen to twenty per cent. in a short time. This has been declared illegal in some States, so that at the present time there is much less chance than formerly of finding plumped oysters in the market. Plumping or "floating," as the oystermen say, sometimes means contamination of the oyster, and therefore danger; it changes the flavor, decreases the food value, and prevents the oyster from keeping as long as it ordinarily would.

For over two thousand years the oyster has been popular in the diet of the human race. The oyster industry is now the most important one carried on by the fishermen of this country. Formerly the words Bluepoint, Lynhaven, Buzzards Bay, Norfolk, Cape Cod, Rockaway, Shrewsbury, Stony Creek, and Saddle Rock were used to indicate the place that the oysters came from, but now usually refer to the size of the oyster, the Bluepoint being the smallest and the Saddle Rock the largest.

Almost everywhere oysters are now sold by the count. The most popular oyster to use raw is the Bluepoint—the small plump oyster served on the half-shell and in cocktails. The "selects" or box-oysters which we find in the markets are especially large and fine.

There are many people to whom oysters on the half-shell and in cocktails make the greatest appeal because they like the raw oyster with just a dash of lemon, horseradish, or a piquant sauce. There are also the oyster-stew devotees. We can frankly say, with all respect to its predecessors, that we never really ate quite such a good stew as the one that is made at a famous oyster-bar known to many of you. But you may not have been there, so we will tell you as nearly as we can just how it is done.

The cook, who superintends three pans at one time, starts an order for a stew by putting two tablespoonfuls of butter in the bottom of the cooking-dish, and as soon as the butter begins to melt adds eight oysters, which have been well seasoned and to which a very liberal supply of paprika has been added. When the butter is bubbling he pours in one-fourth cupful of the liquor from the oysters and allows the cooking to continue a little longer, and then adds one-third quart of hot milk, or a mixture of half milk and half cream, or else all cream, waiting only until he is sure that the stew is very hot. Then he pours it immediately over one-half tablespoonful of butter in a soup-bowl and sprinkles paprika generously over the top. This makes a one-dish meal, and we always order a serving of celery to go with it.

There are many other oyster possibilities—fried, scalloped, creamed, roasted, panned, oysters à la tartare, stewed, in pies and patties, and as oyster à la Morney and à la poulette. Then there are curried oysters with shrimps and rice. An excellent way to use even a small amount of left-over fish is with oysters. Combine the flaked fish with a highly seasoned white sauce to which a dash of Worcestershire has been added. Put alternate layers of sauce (to which the fish has been added) and oysters in a buttered casserole, cover the top with grated cheese, and add a few drops of lemon-juice if desired. Bake until the cheese melts and begins to brown. This makes a very nice luncheon-dish.

Ever Tasted Mussels?

EVERY one in Paris is familiar with the picturesque fisherwoman who pushes her cart and calls out "À la moule fraîche, à la moule!"

Do you know how good the mussel really is? This is one of the most abundant shell-fish of the Atlantic. The fresh mussel is little known except on the sea-coast, as it is difficult to ship. We seldom serve mussels on our own table, and find them most often in our foreign restaurants, especially in the French restaurants as a part of the delicious table d'hôte dinners. We are thinking of one now where we always eat a dish of steamed mussels; and when we go to this particular restaurant we expect them just as much as the pleasant welcome with which the French host always greets us as we enter.

Try the mussel. It is cheap, delicious, easily prepared, and can be served in many different ways. The season is from May to September. Select mussels that feel heavy and are tightly closed. In our own market we can buy a three-quart basket for twenty cents, or we pay twenty-five cents for a quart out of the shell.

We are sorry that we have space for only a few recipes in this article, but we suggest that you send five cents to the Superintendent of Documents, Washington, D. C., for Fisheries Economics Circular No. 12, "Sea Mussels—What They Are and How to Cook Them," which includes eighteen good recipes. Try out mussel chowder, stew, mussels baked with cheese, in broth, fritters, and steamed. Always remove the byssus or beard before serving.

Clams in All Seasons

HAVE you ever dug for clams and then eaten the fruits of your labor in a chowder, delicious fritter, or steamed? If you have not, there is a treat awaiting you.

The clam is considerate. It has no season, and is abundant on both our coasts. When you go into the fish-market you find several kinds of clams. You will probably see the quahaug, or hard round clam, which is found from Cape Cod to the Gulf of Mexico. Then there is the long clam, growing in abundance from South Carolina to the Arctic Ocean and on the Pacific coast. Because the shell is so light this clam is called a "soft-shell." You may find the razor-clam, the Washington, and the butter-clam, which belong to the Western coast. Two of the most popular kinds are the small quahaug, or the Little Neck, and the cherry-stone-clam, either of which often takes the place of the Bluepoint at dinner.

The New Englander, always famous for his clam chowder, uses the soft-shell clam, or the large quahaug. This is also good for frying, for broth, and for fritters. The soft-shell clam is steamed, boiled, roasted, baked, and also made into chowder and fritters.

Clams are most often sold by the count. Soft-shell clams are sometimes removed from the shell and sold by the bunch, a practise not to be recommended. Like oysters, clams in the shell are shipped inland packed in ice, or in iced gallon cans, and sold by the quart.

When buying clams in the shell look them over carefully and see that all the dead ones are removed; the only good clam is a live one. The shell of a dead clam opens of its own accord. The shell should not be broken, and the clams should have a fresh odor. We recommend the cultivation of an acute sense of smell when buying any shell-fish.

Clams on the half-shell and in cocktail, in fritters, clams à la poulette, in curries, clam soufflé, chowder, and soup, and clams à la Newburg are a few of the possibilities.

The Delicate Scallop

ONE of our favorite entrées is fried scallops with sauce tartare, and we can have them at any time during the year, for the scallop is always in the market, fresh from September to May, the rest of the time frozen, as there is a closed season for scallops. It is a very delicately flavored shell-fish. The portion we eat is only the muscle or "eye," which is used to open and close the delicate fluted shell, unless we are right on the spot where scallops are dredged. There the rest of the scallop is sometimes eaten. It is very tender and much appreciated, but will not stand transportation. The "eye" is removed just as soon as the catch is brought ashore.

Scallops should have a fresh odor and firm flesh and be dry in appearance. They should be small and yellow or pinkish in color, but in order to put a better-appearing product on the market the fishermen frequently soak the scallops in fresh water, increasing the size as much as one-third and giving them a white, plump appearance. This ruins the flavor of the scallops and injures their keeping quality. Whether or not a scallop has been soaked can always be detected when it is fried, for the soaked scallop shrivels under the high temperature.

Scallops are most often sold by the pound, at a cost of from fifty to seventy-five cents, and may be used in nearly all the ways that oysters are—in chowder, fritters, scalloped, fried, baked, in salads, deviled, and as scallops à la poulette.

Bring On the Lobster

THE best lobster is the liveliest one. He is always on the defensive, but is not so difficult to deal with as he might well lead one to suspect. If you lift a lobster by the back just behind the head, you need not be afraid of the large claws.

Our lobster is found only on the shores of the North Atlantic, but is sent all over the country. Lobster has no season, and so is a delicacy that we can enjoy at any time. Buy a lobster that is heavy for its size. One from nine to ten and one-half inches long weighs between a pound and a quarter and a pound and a half. If a lobster that is longer weighs no more you can be sure that it is light-weight and not a good investment. If it is ten and one-half inches long, weighing from one and one-half to two and one-half pounds, you may be sure it will be "good eating." After a lobster has reached three pounds the flesh tends to become coarse and tough. Those less than nine inches in length are known as chicken-lobsters. Many States have passed laws forbidding the catching or sale of lobsters less than nine or ten inches long.

You probably considered your first broiled lobster a culinary test, a real achievement, but having once prepared this delicacy you will never hesitate again. Be sure to serve it with plenty of dewy cress and a liberal supply of melted butter and you will have a dish with a real hotel air.

Lobsters can be split and prepared for broiling at home. Any good cook-book will tell you how, but we do recommend that you have this done in the market, for the marketman makes such a simple matter of the affair. The parts which are not edible are the intestinal vein, the stomach, and the lungs.

The male lobster is best for boiling, for the flesh is firmer than that of the female and the shell turns a brighter red when boiled. The female is especially sought for the roe it generally contains. It is not difficult to distinguish the male from the female, as the tail of the female is broader than that of the male, and the two uppermost fins within the tail are softer. Those on the male are stiff and hard.

Only live lobster should be cooked. The tail of a lobster which was alive when put into boiling water curls tightly to the body and springs back when straightened out. The meat of the cold boiled lobster should be firm. There are so many boiled lobsters sold in our markets that we should know these tests.

We suggest that you buy for salads and Newburgs and the like, lobster-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 49

SHELL-FISH IN THE MENU

AFTERNOON TEA

(From a Well-Known Tea-Room)

TOMATO SURPRIZE
(Tomato Stuffed with Crab-Flake Salad)
TEA BISCUITS
HAZELNUT CUP-CAKE
TEA, COFFEE, OR CHOCOLATE

LUNCHEON

PINEAPPLE AND GRAPEFRUIT COCKTAIL
CLAM PATTY STUFFED OLIVES
CUCUMBER AND GREEN PEPPER SALAD,
FRENCH DRESSING
WAFERS
CAKE À LA MODE
COFFEE

LUNCHEON

TOMATO BOUILLON
OLIVES CELERY
FRIED OR BROILED SCALLOPS WITH
SAUCE TARTARE, OR SHRIMP OMELET
JULIENNE POTATOES GREEN PEAS
ROLLS BUTTER-BALLS
ASPARAGUS SALAD, VINAIGRETTE DRESSING
WAFERS
MERINGUES WITH WHIPPED CREAM
COFFEE

DINNER

SEA-FOOD COCKTAIL
(Lobster, Shrimp, and Crab-Flakes, Each in Small Cup of Lettuce-Leaves on Chopped Ice, with Small Glass of Cocktail Sauce in Center)
FRIED CHICKEN GLACÉD SWEET POTATOES
SCALLOPED CORN
TOMATO SALAD TOASTED WAFERS
FRUIT SHERBET LADY-FINGERS
COFFEE

DINNER

CONSOMMÉ CRISP CRACKERS
CELERY
BOILED SEA-BASS, OYSTER SAUCE
PARSLEY POTATOES BUTTERED BEETS
FRUIT SALAD, FRENCH DRESSING
CHEESE-WAFERS
COFFEE PARFAIT
BLACK COFFEE

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Leonard CLEANABLE Refrigerator

"Like a Clean China Dish"

Saves Time, Work, Money, Food

C. H. LEONARD

With the food-protecting Leonard in her kitchen, the housewife reduces her working hours and serves better meals, with less care, at lower costs. Delicious, cool dishes are kept fresh and wholesome by the chilled dry air in constant flow within the Leonard's ten heat-repelling walls.

The Leonard is an ice-saver. Its scientific construction combines efficiency with economy.

The Leonard food chamber is one piece with a triple coating of white porcelain extending to the edge of the door frame. Corners are round. No seams or joints. Absolutely sanitary. Furnished with water cooler and outside icing door when desired.

The Leonard embodies the foremost features in food refrigeration that have been discovered in the past 25 years. One out of every six refrigerators sold is made by Leonard. It is real economy to buy a refrigerator one size larger than you think you need. Ask why before you buy.

See the nearest Leonard dealer. If you cannot find him, write us and we will see that you are supplied.

Send for actual sample of porcelain, and catalog illustrating over 75 styles and sizes of refrigerators. Mr. Leonard's own booklet on "Selection and Care of Refrigerators" will be mailed, too.

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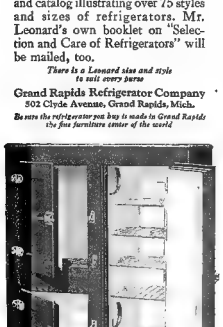

PICTORIAL REVIEW'S HOME BUREAU

THE WOMAN WHO CAN'T SAVE

BY RUTH McNARY SMITH

THE investigator and the critic have been asking for some time, "Why is it that so many of the better-paid working women usually spend everything they make, with no thought for the future or the possible rainy day?" Some one immediately answers that it is because they do not look upon the job of supporting themselves as a permanent one. Why worry about saving money for next year, or a lonely old age thirty years from now, when it is more than likely that marriage will shift the burden of responsibility to other shoulders?

It is also generally believed that this state of mind does not exist *solely* among those wearing engagement-rings, but that it is a sex characteristic. Whether women admit that this is the real reason so few of us have savings-accounts or a financial policy, it does seem to be true that few women under forty are much concerned about the inscrutable future.

Probably no one has received such quantities of well-meant advice concerning the best way of spending her money as has the wage-earning woman. The poor working girl has been investigated, criticized, written about, and dramatized until the subject has become quite threadbare. Unfortunately higher wages have not been as generally forthcoming as advice, and we find the struggle for a respectable existence on less than seventy-five dollars a month more terrible than ever, while the standard of living among the better-trained women on eighty-five dollars to one hundred and fifty dollars a month is either much lower, or, if it has been maintained, any attempt to save has been abandoned.

"I LOST TRACK OF HOW MUCH I WAS SPENDING"

Women who receive good salaries are usually criticized for their extravagance—perhaps rightfully in many cases, but there are several things to be said in their defense. Generally speaking, an unattached, self-supporting woman has to pay more for a certain standard of living than any other unit of society. Her clothing costs her more—she has no time to hunt for bargains, to sew, make over garments, or to do any cleaning and renovating. She must be well dressed; her employer and the public demand it. She must work in the more expensive fabrics, wool and silk, while the married woman spends most of her day in cotton. And as compared with the man who works in the same office, it will cost a woman from seventy-five dollars to one hundred dollars more a year to appear as well dressed as he does.

When one considers that board, which is becoming higher every day, includes the cost of such services as waiting, cooking, serving, and dish-washing, it is evident that the unmarried man or woman must pay more for food, in proportion, than do families.

The working woman also finds that she must pay more for a place in which to live than any one else. She must have certain conveniences which a man can do without, and a higher standard of comfort, because she spends most of her leisure hours there. Therefore a room with heat, near enough to a car-line, and in a respectable neighborhood, is likely to cost more than many women can afford.

THERE is also the necessity of having a place in which to receive men friends, which is a moral problem as well as an economic one. Unfortunately, women are not very popular as roomers, anyhow, because of their weakness for laundering, pressing, and cooking in their rooms. It is not difficult to understand why so many women must pay from a third to a half as much for one room as the married man does for a seven-room house.

While the cost of living is necessarily high for self-supporting women, observation tends to strengthen the belief that as a class we have not yet become very thrifty. This is probably due largely to the fact that we are so inexperienced in spending. Boys begin cutting their business eye-teeth very early while distributing papers, running errands, and carrying on all sorts of youthful bargainings and financial negotiations with each other. At this time their sisters are playing with dolls, practising their music lessons, dusting, or are otherwise occupied with domestic affairs for which they have no use.

Men are inclined to rate women as petty financiers at best. A banker once remarked to me that he had never seen a woman who could make out a check properly, or who could keep her stubs within five dollars of her bank-account. Of course he was too severe, but this criticism is certainly not without foundation.

The carelessness which many women have exhibited in neglecting the simplest rules of business not only causes annoyance to others, but results in losses to themselves. It is often said that a woman thinks no more of overdrawing her bank-account than she does of buying a postage-stamp.

Not long ago a girl said to me, rather shamefacedly, "I never was so surprized in my life as I was yesterday. I went down to the bank for my statement—I hadn't bothered about it for a long time—and you can imagine my feelings when I found that instead of having three hundred dollars, as I supposed, there was only two hundred dollars in my account! At first I was sure some one had forged my name—I couldn't believe I had spent all that money, but after figuring for about half an hour I decided that I had, all right. About a month ago I got my stubs all mixed up, and I guess I sort of lost track of how much I *was* spending." That hazy feeling regarding the true state of one's balance at the bank all too often leads to extravagant and reckless expenditures. As far as the details of spending are concerned, women are more likely to be extravagant and wasteful on clothing than any other one thing. Altho this necessarily is professional women

costs the business or professional woman from a third to a half more than her married friend, there is often a great deal of waste, and frequently a much higher standard of dressing is maintained than is at all necessary or suitable.

It takes time and experience to cultivate that dispassionate judgment so important a part of skilful buying. If you can visualize yourself walking down the street next Winter in the coat you are thinking of buying now, and are satisfied, in view of the apparent quality of the material and tailoring, that it will still look well after a season's wear, then you are likely to make no mistake in purchasing it.

IT IS because so few women shoppers use any imagination, but buy first and think afterward, that many of them have closets full of cast-off clothing only fit for a missionary barrel or the Armenians. It is the faulty, ready-to-wear, ready-fitting garment that is thrown away before it is worn out which eats up the clothing allowance more than anything else.

Another reason for the expensive wardrobes of so many business and professional women is that they do not see each other on the street in the clothes they can really afford. If a girl is young and pretty it is a real tragedy if she has to wear cheap suits and unbecoming hats. And it is only natural, if dangerous, for her to economize on lunches and car-fare, if necessary, in order to dress more attractively. If a woman is older and plain she feels that she must make up for any deficiencies by smart dressing.

Not only is much money frittered away on an unnecessary number of cheaper, poorly made garments, but by buying articles which, while good enough in themselves, do not harmonize with each other, and occasion an unnecessary outlay for shoes, hats, and gloves to go with them. As most women have discovered, nothing is such an aid to economical good dressing as the adoption of a color-scheme.

Evening coats and elaborate evening gowns which are laid away except for one or two gala occasions a year are also extravagances for most of us who work. And we all know women who spend forty or fifty dollars a year for fancy, light-colored, thin-soled shoes to wear to work, or who buy fifteen-dollar beaded Georgette waists for office wear.

One would say from observation that the amount of money professional women spend for clothing has no particular relation to their salaries. As a result of an inquiry among a number of teachers, clerks, and stenographers of my acquaintance, the following facts came to light.

The percentage they spent for clothing

CONTINUED ON PAGE 97

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Hasn't the thought of food often been distasteful to you, even though you were really hungry?

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PICTORIAL REVIEW'S

HOME BUREAU

THE TIME-CLOCK FOR HOUSEWORK

The Fifth Article of Our Helpful Series, "Planning the House to Save Labor"

BY MAE SAVELL CROY

EDITOR'S NOTE—No schedule of housework is successful unless it can be broken occasionally. Unexpected interruptions are bound to occur and emergencies arise to break the regular routine. No one family's schedule will ever just fit the conditions of another. But the main idea is to have a plan of work with the time budgeted as fairly as possible, and then try to live up to it. It will do much to eliminate waste energy and will save time where time ought to be saved.

"WORKING by schedule is the only way to keep house," said the woman who inspired this article. "With electrical machinery and a working-schedule housekeeping is a business.

"Having four children between eight and thirteen years of age, it always has been impossible to keep a really competent maid, willing to help with the general work, and two maids is too great a strain on my purse. So when there were prospects of another baby coming I was almost at my wit's end. As it was, I arose at six o'clock, and was never finished until eight at night, yet I had never quite caught up with my work. I continually wore a tired, harassed expression, and certainly I was not a pleasant companion for my husband or a cheerful mother of my children, who, young as they were, had to be pressed into service more frequently than was good for them, and often to do work far too heavy for their strength.

"I had an electric vacuum cleaner and knew that it was indispensable, and when other electrical machinery was suggested to me I grasped at it as a last straw. I went without a new coat that season to make the first payment on an electrical dish-washing machine, a clothes-washer, and ironer. I never made a more blessed sacrifice! These machines were the beginning of the revolutionizing of my whole household.

"When the machines were delivered I was awkward and at a loss how to get the most out of them, but the same friend who suggested the purchase of the machines, submitted her working-schedule, which I took more or less blindly. With my big family it did not seem possible to regulate my work to schedule-time. However, since the method I had used was not satisfactory, I determined to try a schedule for a while. Upon putting one schedule into operation it proved more or less impractical, but by revising it from day to day to fit the needs of my family, I soon had a schedule which I could easily follow, and which, tho it kept me occupied most of the time, saved me from the fatigue formerly felt at the end of the day.

"Upon arising in the morning the children throw back the bed-covers for airing the beds, tidy their dressers, and hang up their clothes. In addition, the girls, who were twelve and thirteen when this schedule was started, alternate in giving an hour's time to work each day upon coming from school, the work consisting of washing, ironing, or mending, or playing with the baby as he grew older. The washer and ironer are easily operated, and the girls were taught how to use them, with the result that they remain tidy during the process and take a vital interest in the work. They also put the baby to bed when I wish to go out with my husband.

"The boys keep the wood-box filled with kindling in the Winter and cut the grass in the Summer, and alternate in acting as assistant to their father in tending the furnace and cleaning the cellar.

"This schedule has been in operation for two years, and while the tasks do not always require all the time allotted, I leave it as it was originally made out, since some days there are interruptions in the way of accidents, spillage, which must be cleaned up immediately, or telephone-calls or callers; and it has been a revelation to me to see what a difference it makes in my family to do the work by the clock. No schedule will fit every household, but for a large family with about the same standard of living, the following division of time has proved a good basis for several housewives:

"6:30-6:45 A. M.—Dress; baby's bottle warming meanwhile in the electric bottle-warmer.

"6:45-7:15 A. M.—Change the baby, feed him, and put him back to bed (while he was quite young).

"7:15-7:30 A. M.—Air the beds; see that children are dressing properly for school.

"7:30-8:30 A. M.—Prepare breakfast, and breakfast with the family. (The fruit is prepared the night before, and the cereal placed in the fireless cooker.)

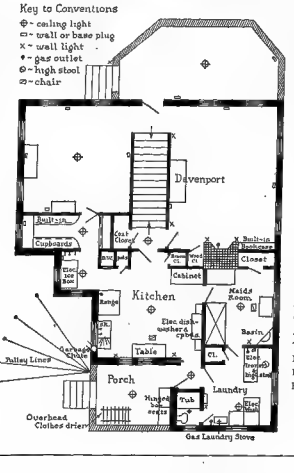
"8:30-9:00 A. M.—See husband off to business and children to school; clear breakfast-table; wash dishes in electrical machine; use carpet-sweeper on dining-room rug; give baby fruit-juice.

"9:00-10:00 A. M.—Make beds, dust, tidy bathrooms, use electric vacuum cleaner on rugs.

"10:00-11:30 A. M.—Put clothes to soak (or hang up any that have been

CONTINUED ON PAGE 72

THE HOUSEKEEPER CAN WORK IN A WELL-EQUIPPED UP-TO-DATE KITCHEN WITHOUT FEAR OF INJURING HER BEST AFTERNOON DRESS



IF THERE IS NO MAID, THE ROOM PROVIDED FOR ONE MAY BE USED AS A PLAY-ROOM FOR THE CHILDREN, WHERE THEIR MOTHER CAN KEEP HER EYE ON THEM AS SHE GOES ABOUT HER WORK

THIS FLOOR-PLAN IS DESIGNED TO SHOW THE DETAILS OF THE SERVICE PART OF THE HOUSE AND THE RELATION OF THE KITCHEN AND LAUNDRY TO THE REST OF THE FIRST FLOOR

SPECIAL FEATURES OF THIS LABOR-SAVING HOUSE, AS PRESENTED ON THE PLAN

Service Department

WALL tiled part way; balance of wall and ceiling painted with enamel-paint, easily washed.

Windows on two sides of room providing cross-ventilation; the window over sink being casement-window pushing outward and upward from the bottom. In rainy weather the kitchen can still be ventilated.

Gas-range with oven-heat regulator.

Sink and drain-board set thirty-six inches from floor to top of drain-board. (No sink or drain-board should be set lower than thirty-six inches, while thirty-eight inches is a better height for the average woman.)

A garbage-chute of glazed sewer-pipe, with covered pail underneath in yard, and a hole through the lid for the end of the chute to fit in. This no garbage is ever stored in the kitchen.

Porcelain-top table with drawer. A fireless cooker sets underneath

Table-top type of electric dish-washer, connected with the plumbing. Built-in storage-cabinet over it and at sides.

A ready-made kitchen cabinet containing utensils and supplies in frequent use; also flour-bin and sugar-container, bread-box, and bread- and pastry-boards.

Closet for brooms, electric vacuum cleaner, cleaning-cloths, etc.

Mixer conveniently placed for cellar entrance

Closet for pots—shelves from floor to ceiling, with lowest shelf about two feet from floor, allowing for room for bread-maker, cake-mixer, ice-cream freezer, pressure-cooker, and other large objects.

Combined dumb-waiter and linen-chute, extending from cellar to attic.

An electric refrigerator—an outside opening could easily be made in the wall should a refrigerator be used which is not self-icing, and steps could be built on the outside for reaching the opening.

One end of pantry and the two sides of wall lined with built-in cupboards; other end with broad shelf on which to set food when cooling, vegetables, etc.

On the laundry wall a cupboard for the ironing-board.

A two-burner gas-range for boiling what few pieces are necessary to be boiled when using an electric washer.

Two set-in tubs and an electric washing-machine, connected with the plumbing

A gas-heated and electrically operated ironing-machine and high stool for sitting while ironing.

A supply-closet

A back porch of comfortable proportions, with hinged box seats installed for holding waste-paper sack, etc.

An overhead clothes-drier which runs up to the ceiling.

An arrangement of pulley-lines for hanging out the clothes from the porch

A maid's bedroom, with basin and large clothes-closet. The maid's bath and toilet adjoin laundry. The maid's room and laundry are placed as they are in order that the distance between laundry and porch for hanging out the clothes may be shortened as much as possible.

Color-scheme for entire service department blue and white, with blue-and-white linoleum on the floor.

Other Parts of the House

In the cellar there is an instantaneous, automatic water-heater for supplying hot water to every hot-water faucet in the house.

The heating for this house is the vapor system.

There is an ash-dump in the fireplace for dumping the ashes into a receptacle, whence they are removed only once or twice a season.

A damper for the fireplace operates from the outside.

A closet for wood for the fireplace is at the right-hand side of the chimney, and the wood is sent up through a door at the bottom on an easily operated lift. Hence no one ever has to lug heavy logs up the cellar stairs.

A gas-outlet is installed for supplying a gas-heater in the fireplace should one be desired.

A davenport is against the living-room wall, serving both as a seat and as a bed for the overnight guest should all bedrooms be occupied.

Two bathrooms, four bedrooms, and a sleeping-porch are on the second floor.

A spacious attic and a large cedar closet are on the third floor.

Among the electrical devices in use are a sewing-machine, which can be carried readily to any part of the house; a heating-pad, indispensable in the case of illness; toaster, percolator, and chafing-dish, as well as a table stove which permits the making of toast, waffles, broiling bacon, frying or poaching eggs, creaming potatoes, etc.

Electric outlets, conveniently placed for attaching all electric devices, are installed, as well as base-plugs for reading-lamps.

There is an attachment for every closet door in the shape of an arm, which is extended when the door is open, but swings upward out of the way after being filled with clothing, and the door is closed.

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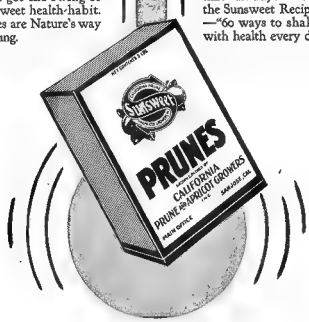
Let Nature do the Regulating

Nature never intended us to lead the sedentary, "civilized" life we do. And Nature makes us pay. Ill health or "half-health" is the natural result. We have headaches; we have backaches; we feel "out of sorts;" we blame the "blues" on the weather. But the trouble is much deeper!

The body is a finely-clocked mechanism. In normal health the pendulum clicks to and fro, keeping a healthy "balance" and rhythm. But "grind away" day after day without giving the body the little regulating-attention it needs—and the clock goes "on strike!" The body simply "throws up its hands" on the job. So it is up to you to watch the "health-clock" too! It's easy—once you get the swing of the Sunsweet health-habit. For prunes are Nature's way of regulating.

Nature asks little help—but that little it *must* have. For instance—fruit! Fruit is the "balance-wheel" of the diet. Nature has seen to that. Moreover, Nature has singled out *prunes*—and especially Sunsweet Prunes—as the fruit-food that keeps you fit through natural means. It isn't merely because they are rich in fruit sugar, tonic iron and "vitamine" elements. It's because prunes are a *natural corrective*: a healthful laxative from Nature's pharmacy.

A bowl of Sunsweet Prunes every morning—stewed or baked—is a fine "set-up" for any day. A natural body-builder and regulator! Get the Sunsweet habit every morning—you'll make "better time" all day! And send for the Sunsweet Recipe Packet—"60 ways to shake hands with health every day"



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PICTORIAL REVIEW'S

LITTLE COOK-BOOK

BY EDITH M. BARBER

FOR the sake of variety and economy two fish-days in a week are none too many. fresh sea- or lake-fish for one dinner and perhaps the salted or smoked variety for the other. Shell-fish also, while not cheap, are worth their cost for occasional use to gratify that craving for a change from our every-day food.

"S" FOR SEA-FOOD—AND OTHER FISH

WHILE inland lakes furnish a share of the fish used on our tables, the largest source is the sea, which provides generously, with the assistance of modern refrigeration methods, fresh fish for almost every market. With the added help of salting and smoking, sea-fish reach practically every table in the country. On account of the iodin content, which plays an important part in preventing goiter, so prevalent inland, salt-water fish, fresh or preserved, should be on every menu at least once a week.

Preparation of Fish

REMOVE the scales and the fins, split and clean. Wash inside and out with salt water.

Broiled Fish

CLEAN the fish, remove the head and tail, and split down the back. Broil over the coals on a greased broiler or in a gas-broiling oven, turning occasionally. Cook until the fish is firm; season with salt, pepper, and lemon-juice.

Fried Fish

CLEAN the fish and wipe dry. Sprinkle with salt and dip in flour, corn-meal, or crums. Cook in a frying-pan with enough fat to keep from sticking, turning when one side is browned.

Baked Fish

CLEAN the fish and stuff and sew. Dredge with flour, salt, and pepper. Dot with butter and bake in a hot oven (500 degrees F.). Cook until the flesh is firm and separates easily from the bone.

Stuffing for Fish

2 Cupfuls Soft Bread-crums
2 Teaspoonfuls Chopped Onion
1 Teaspoonful Salt
Pepper
2 Teaspoonfuls Lemon-juice
3 Tablespoonfuls Fat, Melted

Baked Salt Mackerel

SOAK the fish overnight in enough cold water to cover. Drain, dredge with flour, place in a baking-pan, half cover with milk, and bake slowly in a moderate oven (350 degrees F.) until the fish is tender. Baste occasionally, and add more milk if necessary. Before serving a little cream may be added.

Scalloped Fish

2 Cupfuls Cold Flaked Fish
1¼ Cupful White Sauce
1 Cupful Crums
Salt
Pepper

SEASON the fish, mix with white sauce, place in a greased baking-dish, cover with crums, and bake in a hot oven until the crums are brown. Two hard-cooked eggs, cut in slices, may be used instead of one-half cupful of fish. Two tablespoonfuls of chopped green pepper or pimiento may be added for seasoning.

Creamed Codfish

½ Pound Boned Codfish
2 Cupfuls White Sauce

SCALD the fish with boiling water to remove some of the salt, pick in pieces, and reheat in the white sauce.

Salmon Cutlets

2 Cupfuls Flaked Salmon
1 Cupful Thick White Sauce
1 Teaspoonful Chopped Parsley
Paprika
1 Teaspoonful Lemon-juice
Salt

MIX in the order given and spread on a platter to cool. When cold shape like a cutlet. A stick of macaroni may be inserted in the end to represent a bone. Tuna-fish or lobster may be used instead of salmon. Fry in deep fat until brown and drain on paper.

Codfish Balls

2 Cupfuls Salt Codfish
4 Cupfuls Potatoes
2 Eggs
1 Tablespoonful Butter
Pepper

CUT the fish in pieces, wash, and cook with the potatoes, which have been pared and diced. When the potatoes are tender pour off the water and shake over the fire until dry. Mash, add beaten eggs, butter, and pepper. Beat well. Drop by spoonfuls into deep fat, frying until brown, and drain on paper.

SHELL-FISH

WHILE shell-fish can not always take a direct route from the water to the pan, it is essential that they be alive until ready for cooking. Lobsters, clams, crabs, and oysters, altho a thousand miles from the sea, must be alive when they reach your kitchen. To have the best results cook shell-fish a short time, as long cooking toughens them. This is exemplified by the famous "leather" oyster, which attains that consistency when overcooked.

Lobster

PLACE the live lobster in a kettle of boiling water, add a tablespoonful of salt, and boil twenty minutes. Split in halves and remove the intestinal vein, which runs the length. If the lobster is to be broiled it may be boiled five minutes, split, cleaned, and placed on a broiler for ten minutes. The lobster may be served in the shell, or the meat may be removed and served with a sauce or with a salad dressing.

Hard-Shell Crabs

HARD-SHELL crabs may be cooked as lobsters. The meat is usually removed from the shell, and combined with sauce or salad dressing. For deviled crabs, combine meat with a white sauce, slightly seasoned, return to the shell, cover with buttered crums, and bake in a hot oven (500 degrees F.) until the crums are brown.

Soft-Shell Crabs

WITH a sharp knife remove the spongy material under the points of the back shell and the small pointed piece at the lower end. Dip in seasoned crums, egg diluted with water, and crums again. Fry in deep fat, turning when brown on one side, and drain on paper.

Fried Oysters

CLEAN the oysters and dry with a cloth. Season with salt and pepper. Have ready two dishes of crums and one dish of beaten egg and water (one egg beaten with one tablespoonful of water). Dip first in crums, then in egg, then in crums. Fry in deep fat. Drain on paper; serve at once.

Oyster Stew

25 Oysters
1 Quart Milk
2 Tablespoonfuls Butter
1 Teaspoonful Salt
Pepper

CLEAN the oysters, draining off the liquor and removing any pieces of shell. Scald the milk in a saucepan or double boiler. Add the oysters, and cook until the edges curl. Stir in the butter and seasoning. Serve at once.

Panned Oysters

25 Oysters
2 Tablespoonfuls Butter
1 Teaspoonful Salt
Pepper

CLEAN the oysters. Have ready a hot, dry saucepan or frying-pan. Pour in the oysters and cook, stirring constantly, until the edges curl. Add the butter and seasoning and serve on slices of toast.

Scalloped Oysters

2 Tablespoonfuls Butter
2 Cupfuls Bread-crums
1 Teaspoonful Salt
Pepper
1 Pint Oysters
¾ Cupful Oyster Liquor

MELT the butter. Mix with the crums and add the seasoning. Butter a baking-dish and arrange the crums and oysters in two layers. Before adding the last layer of crums add the oyster liquor. Bake twenty minutes in a hot oven (450 degrees F.).

Creamed Oysters with Celery

25 Oysters
1¼ Cupful White Sauce (*Medium*)
1 Cupful Chopped Celery

CLEAN the oysters and cook until the edges curl. Add the oysters and the chopped celery to the white sauce. When hot pour over slices of toast. The celery may be omitted and one-fourth teaspoonful of celery salt added.

Scallops

CLEAN, drain, and dry scallops with a cloth. Season well, dip in crums, egg diluted with water, and crums again, and fry until brown in deep fat. Drain on paper.

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PICTORIAL REVIEW'S HOME BUREAU

THE VALENTINE PARTY

With Games the Children Will Enjoy

BY EDNA SIBLEY TIPTON

HAVE you a party-loving little daughter? If so, does she tease you to give parties for her and her little friends—on holidays particularly—and do you find it hard to entertain the young guests when you *do* yield to her importunities?

Every one who has given such a party knows there are just two periods during its progress when youngsters require inspiration to relieve them of mute embarrassment and guidance to insure them having a good time—while they are arriving and when having refreshments. Mother has only to bridge them over the first period and spring a surprise or two during the second, and juvenile ingenuity will take care of the rest.

So far as my observation goes, and it is certainly the case of my own "young hopeful," little girls from five to twelve or fifteen years of age look forward to February fourteenth with keener interest and livelier anticipation than to any other event except Christmas. And, fortunately, the former is about the most suitable holiday for a little ones' party because it is freest from other cares for parents, besides suggesting so many ways to appeal to the childish fancy for innocent fun.

The following suggestions for a Valentine party will make a hit with the children and furnish fun for their grown-up sponsors too. It will, of course, be necessary to provide, in advance, a box of candy hearts; heart-shaped cardboards, one for each child, numbered from one up; an arrow for each inscribed with its name; placement cards numbered from one up to correspond with the numbered cardboard hearts; prizes for the winners of contests; table decorations, surprize-souvenirs, and a Valentine box.

Place near the entrance a tall glass jar filled with candy hearts and have each arrival guess the number in it, writing the name and the guess opposite, on a pad provided for the purpose. This will immediately lead to speculation among the first arrivals, in which subsequent comers will naturally join with lively interest, thus keeping them all keyed up till the last "little beggar" troops in.

By this time you will simply have to gather them about you and count the hearts in the jar and award the prize to the winner.

Next, usher them into another room where you have previously tacked to the wall a sheet bearing the outlines of a large heart and give each one an arrow. Blindfold them in turn and have them try to pierce the heart with the arrow, awarding the prize to the one who comes the nearest to the heart's center.

Follow the Strings

NOW, after this spell of standing still, start them on a tour of inspection through whatever rooms of the house you feel you may safely let them into. Give each one a cardboard Cupid and tell him to go wherever this guide leads him. It will be tied to many yards of string, which will wind in and out and around and about, "upstairs, down-stairs, and in my lady's chamber," and finally come upon some small favor.

Then, before their interest begins to flag, pass a tray bearing cardboard hearts, each one numbered. You will almost surely be asked to explain what they are for. Don't tell, but caution them to guard them carefully if they want to find out later. Little tongues will wag and speculation will run rife for another quarter of an hour at least.

You may now safely leave them to their own devices while you see to the finishing touches at the table and the refreshments you have provided.

Serve a wholesome, suitable supper at five or five-thirty o'clock instead of a lot of sweets earlier in the afternoon, and you will earn the gratitude of the other mothers without in any way disappointing the children or limiting their enjoyment.

When supper is announced you explain the object of the cardboard hearts. At each place at the table is a heart with a number corresponding to that held by one of the children. In the ensuing scramble to find their respective places the confidence that usually steals over children at such times will not be noticeable, and if you have provided "blow-up" balloons which assume varied animal shapes and emit squeaky noises when inflated, it will never have the ghost of a chance.

A Mysterious Centerpiece

WHILE the table is being cleared for dessert will be the time to gratify their curiosity about the contents of a Valentine box centerpiece, which will have constantly interested them during the meal. It may contain Valentines or souvenirs of the occasion or merely inexpensive favors attached to ribbons, the other ends of which hang outside with small cardboard hearts attached, one for each of them to grasp and pull in turn. Interest will wax and curiosity grow with each successive disclosure, and the fun they will get out of it will furnish a fitting climax to the day's doings.

But if you still feel you would like to add one more thrill to your party give the children a task to perform which will more or less quiet them down as the hour for the sandman's visit draws near. This one will bring out latent talent and furnish lots of fun besides.

Tell all the children to sit down at small tables. Give them a large box containing cardboard, paper lace, hearts, pencils, scissors, crêpe paper, flower-stickers, paste, etc.

Announce that you are giving a prize to the one who can make the cleverest or prettiest Valentine in twenty minutes' time.

Some of the children will spend at least ten minutes of that time saying that they do not know what to do, but in the end competition will be keen and soon an interested silence will reign over your guests and household.

Let me suggest, by the way, that it would be well to provide two prizes in case, as often happens, you have a hard time deciding which of two Valentines is the more worthy of reward.

Instead of the Valentine box a centerpiece of tulips will also prove fascinating to children. Why should it? Because they are not "honest-to-goodness" flowers—only artificial tulips made of crêpe-paper petals and lollypop centers.

It all sounds like a great deal of work, but you will feel fully repaid for it when a grateful little girl kisses you good night and tells you she knows you must be the best and cleverest mother in all the world!

COLORED HEARTS ATTACHED TO RIBBONS MAKE AN EFFECTIVE VALENTINE TABLE DECORATION

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Do you realize that health depends largely upon the condition of your nerves?

PERHAPS you know from bitter experience that when you drink a cup or two of coffee at evening you do not get very much sleep that night. Or else, the fitful sleep you get does not seem to refresh and rest you as it should.

Remember that the caffeine in coffee always works on the *nerves*, no matter when you drink this irritating beverage. Only you don't notice the effects during the day as much as you do when you are kept awake at night.

Why not be on the safe side? Stop coffee for awhile, and drink healthful Postum instead. Postum is the delightful cereal beverage with a rich flavor that many thousands of people prefer to coffee itself.

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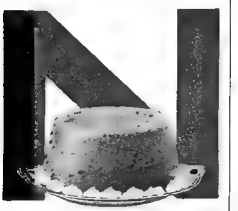
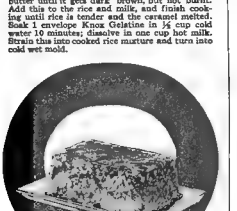


BUTTER SCOTCH RICE PUDDING

Wash ½ cup rice; cook in double boiler, with two cups scalded milk and ½ teaspoon salt, until nearly tender. Meanwhile cook together in shallow pan one cup brown sugar and 2 tablespoons butter until it gets dark brown, but not burnt. Add this to the rice and milk, and finish cooking until rice is tender and the caramel melted. Soak 1 envelope Knox Gelatine in ½ cup cold water 10 minutes; dissolve in one cup hot milk. Strain this into cooked rice mixture and turn into cold wet mold.



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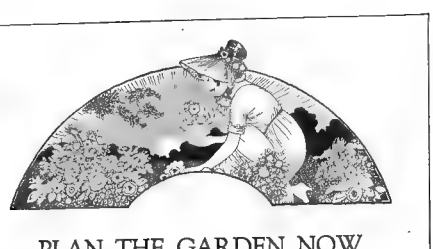


PLAN THE GARDEN NOW

BY ELLEN PAINTER CUNNINGHAM

WHAT shall we have in the old or new garden of 1923? A plan is necessary for any sort of real success. If a garden-designer or landscape-architect is secured the matter is simplified; but we may wish the fun of making our own experiments—and mistakes. The quickest and simplest way to transfer our ground to paper is to buy a ten-cent checked tablet. Each square space may represent any arbitrary unit of size in inches or feet. Arithmetic is so camouflaged in a garden that we do not always realize it exists there as definitely as on a blackboard.

The interpretation of the dimensions of the garden recorded on the tablet may now begin in terms of flowers, vines, shrubs, etc. About one square foot per plant is a fair allowance of space for perennial plants, tho some, as peonies, delphiniums, etc., and roses, require more standing- or elbow-room, while the smaller plants may take less ground. Still the square foot is what we use when estimating the number of perennials we can comfortably accommodate in the flower-beds. Annuals may, some of them, be a little more crowded, or used as ground-coverers among the permanent plants, tho the size at maturity must always be allowed for.

The smaller the garden the more skill may be displayed in utilising every inch to advantage. If space is left in grass it should be cut up as little as possible. I have a friend who creates remarkable use of space in her long, narrow yard of fifteen by eighty feet. For shade and screens vines, and not shrubs, are employed. There is a grass-plot six feet seven inches by thirty-five feet, affording a resting-place for a reclining-chair, and there is a long brick walk. Every other inch is planted, sometimes twice over, for annuals follow bulbs, and are tucked in where perennials have been cut back. Flowers bloom here from frost to frost almost every month in the year. A list of about fifty families of perennials—some of them in a number of varieties of one family—and about a dozen annuals furnish hundreds of bouquets for hospitals, a church altar, and city friends as well as for the house.

This garden's owner, Miss Bertha Harry, of the Norristown Garden Club, does the work herself, raising a number of vegetables at one end of the garden. She buys nearly everything from seeds or cuttings, tho some plants and bulbs have been obtained by exchanging or as prizes. Seeds are started wherever there is a bit of bare ground, and in the vegetable garden after some of the early varieties are over. Nothing seems to be forgotten—a pool for lilies supplies six or seven blooms a day, and there are hou:es and a bath for the birds! During twenty years the owner has worked in this garden, and she says her outlay during the last ten years has not been over fifteen dollars.

A Garden Budget, Too

DOES this not suggest the importance of a garden budget? Not a scarecrow, but what has been called "benevolent budget," a sort of Santa Claus who may surprise you with a sun-dial, seat, trellis or some other luxury from the bottom of his pack, provided you plan.

In the excitement of Spring planting shall we pause, while admiring the glories of blooming bulbs, to remember that we must save funds for their purchase in the Fall? Also, before our purses are filled with seeds instead of money, we must not forget the fertilizers, for, as has been aptly said, "Better a ten-cent plant in a dollar hole than a dollar plant in a ten-cent hole." Success depends so much on the soil that the same flower is often not recognized under different conditions. Lastly, remember the tools. They should be firstly, but being listed in the last pages of our catalogs are often left on afterthought, tho much of our comfort as well as success depends on our implements.

Let us next consider the seasons in our gardens. If we are to be sway in Midsummer, why not plant only for Spring and Fall, not omitting the hardy chrysanthemums? If we remain with our garden during the heat, shade and trickling water are more restful than too many flowers. By the way, water in some form is more and more a feature in gardens. Even the appearing in a simple home-made bird-bath or pool, tho not in the more costly rill or long

Speaking of seeds, where did our friend buy hers for the dainty pink or blue flowers we admired so much last year? Telephone at once. If we are told an ageratum was obtained from such a place, do we realize that there are numerous varieties, tall or dwarf, light or dark, and that one recent arrival, the Fraseri, has an especially compact habit and extra fine bloom? If zinnias are sought (Youth and Old Age) they masquerade as the Golden Pheasant and Zebra. Giant, and a Red Riding-hood only one foot high. Other zinnias are dahlia-flowered. The choice of separate colors is a joy in itself. I know one woman who grows only such as harmonize with her rooms. A whole garden may be grown in one's favorite color in various flowers.

Have We Styles in Flowers?

FRAGRANCE doubles enjoyment of a garden; but how many varieties of mignonette are there? Do you suppose they are all fragrant? Some have very little perfume, and even roses may be odorless, so selection is the slogan. In dahlias have we noticed that now enormous blooms are no longer new; that the smallest, the Mignon, is becoming very popular? In dahlias we stated that a diminutive red dahlia is now rivaling our old friend the geranium as a bedding-plant. Dahlias will bloom the first year from seed. Most persons like to experiment, and beginners are often astonished, as I was years ago, when a Giant Trimardeau proved to be a harmless pansy!

Gradually perhaps we see the flowers less as individuals, and the garden appeals more as a whole for our love and thought. We feel a deep satisfaction when we recognise the value of lines, proportion, balance, harmony of colors, and light and shade. Mr. George Derby White, president of the men's large Garden Club of Ridgewood, N. J., believes this interest in arrangement and effect in the garden usually follows the first horticultural efforts, and is greatly needed to-day.

If planning a vegetable instead of a flower garden, why not prove the truth of Victor Hugo's idea—"The beautiful is as useful as the useful—perhaps more so"? We may have vegetables lovelier than a neighbor's flowers. It is largely a matter of selection and arrangement. In England the beet-leaves (a beet related to the one we eat) are used to border flower-beds. We all know the grace of the foliage of the carrot and parsley, even with cut flowers. The bloom of the okra and some other vegetables is pretty, the form of the egg-plant is an interesting contrast; and as to the tomato-vine, why not regarded as ornamental so long as they were believed to be poisonous, and called "love-apples"? When they were discovered to be *edible* and *useful* they were promptly relegated to the back of the house.

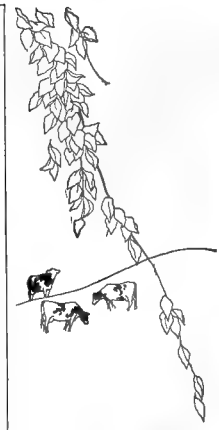
How many of us are familiar with the charming peach, pear, plum, cherry, and currant varieties of tomatoes? Of course the grace of the climbing beans must be utilised, especially the Scarlet Runner Bean, so adaptable to fences and porches. Shall we include Ornamental Gourds for filling bowls with color in the Winter? Why not indulge more in exterior as well as in interior decoration?

Finally, can not every home, with any ground at all, have a garden in 1923? Also can not every town have a Garden Club? A club inspires its members to higher endeavors with flowers and gardens, and adds the crowning delight, the human social side. Margaret Sherwood says that friendships made in your garden have "enduring roots." If it is also true that "a garden deepens our sense of friendliness with the whole earth" then we will agree with Mrs. Charles Davis Cleaves of Philadelphia, the president of the Society of Little Gardens, which has members in twenty States.

She believes the Garden Club is very potential in arousing a civic spirit to beautify a town.

Picture the possibilities of community gardens of roses, or any other collections of special flowers, shrubs, etc., in every single town in America, as well as infinite methods of beautifying streets and parks! Think of the flower shows too!

Emerson says, "The Earth laughs in flowers." If so, on with the dance in 1923!



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Clam Chowder—2 tsp. salt, 1 pt. clams, 1 onion sliced ½ lb. salt pork, diced, 1 qt. potatoes cut in ¼-inch dice, 8 crackers, 3 cups water, ¼ tsp. pepper, 2 tbsp. butter, 1 cup Carnation Milk. Clean and pick over clams and chop finely the hard parts. Try out the pork; add onion, fry five minutes, and strain. Parboil potatoes; drain and put a layer in bottom of stew pan to which the fat has been added. Add chopped clams, sprinkle with salt and pepper and dredge with flour. Add remaining potatoes, sprinkle with salt and pepper, dredge with flour and add two and one-half cups boiling water. Cook ten minutes, add milk, soft part of clams, and butter. Reheat and pour over crackers. This recipe serves six people.

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PICTORIAL REVIEW'S HOME BUREAU

FROM MODEL ORCHARDS TO OUR TABLES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 40

giving us a slightly larger seedless grape—but continues to call it a raisin.

Our visit to the raisin-plant solved another of our problems, which no doubt is one of yours—to wash or not to wash raisins. The seedless variety are very docile when we give them a rapid shower, but the seeded raisins, sticky in the first place, seem to be constitutionally resentful to the touch of water—perhaps on account of their long life in the rainless district of California. They get stickier and stickier, and water seems to attract foreign particles rather than dislodge them. And yet every time (purposely forgetting to wash) we use raisins we hear the voice of the woman who has traveled in California—through the vineyards, "My dear, if you could see the raisins drying in the dust of the fields you would never use an unwashed raisin!" We have the answer, "My dear, if you could see those same raisins being cleaned, sterilized, and boxed in the packing-plant you would never wash such a raisin!"

WHEN we saw our first prune-ranch we couldn't help thinking of Gulliver as he traveled from Lilliput to Brobdingnag. Leaving behind us the raisin pygmies, we enter the land of the giants, where large purple fruit hangs on trees instead of on low-growing vines, and the drying-frames hold nuggets of sweetness five times the size of those in the raisin country we had just left. It reminded us of a little schoolboy we know who had been finding a small package of raisins in his lunch-box each day, and, when on Christmas morning he pulled a bag of shiny black prunes from his stocking, went dashing over to his sister to show her his "big daddy raisins."

It almost seems as if art as well as business has influenced co-operation in the regions where prunes and apricots are jointly marketed, since the greens, the purples, and the deep apricot colors would delight the eye of the most modern interior decorator. We were sorry that we could not see the prunes and apricot orchards at blossom-time, when the valleys are turned into a veritable fairy-land of pink and white blossoms, but in that case we could not have told you the more practical things which so closely concern you and your table.

While raisins receive all their mechanical cleansing after they leave the grower, prunes go through two sets of such processes—one before and one after leaving the orchard. In our minds we label them "Prunes—B. C." and "Prunes—A. D."—"before curing" and "after drying."

High-grade prunes are never picked or knocked from the tree, but are allowed to remain on the branches until they are fully mature and drop of their own accord to the soft soil under the tree. Nature is the judge of their sugar content. Before being placed in the drying-trays the fruit is sent to a big power-driven machine, where it is automatically dipped into a boiling-hot solution that destroys all germ life and crinkles or slightly cuts the skins, thus hastening the actual drying process that follows.

From this point on, the drying and packing are very similar to those of the raisins. Following the actual drying in the sun and a sweating process which equalizes the moisture in the fruit, the prunes are sent to the packing-house, where they are carefully graded for quality and size, and steamed for several minutes to cleanse and sterilize them before the packing in the sanitary boxes. It is this final steaming which gives them their glossy jet-black sheen and sends them to the housewife as clean and sanitary as modern methods of packing can make them.

While prunes are harvested from the ground under the trees, apricots are picked as most other fruits, and after being halved and pitted by hand are placed directly on the drying-frames, and before being put out in the sun are lightly sulfured to preserve the fruit and to retain its natural color. At the packing-plant these too are sterilized and given a thorough rinsing in a water-bath before packing.

Dried peaches, which are handled in a manner similar to that of apricots, are familiar acquaintances, so we are more than pleased to meet their friends, the California figs, with which they are so closely associated. The Easterner's idea of a fig as only a pressed, sticky sweetmeat will fast disappear as dried whole figs come into our markets and are carried by grocers along with other dried fruits. These are prepared with the same careful supervision as the peaches and suggest to the cook a whole train of new healthful dishes.

Peaches reminded us of pears, and we sought and found them in both California and Oregon as beautiful as the peach- and apricot-ranches, are the pear-orchards and the apple-ranches in the Northwest, with the trees in symmetrical rows. With the golden or crimson fruit hanging in profusion there is a vivid impression of fields of plenty. Unlike the citrus-fruits, pears and apples are picked instead of cut. They are handled carefully by gloved hands which rub off any possible dust or spray residue, and every precaution is taken to prevent bruising. They are graded for quality, size, and color according to specified rules in order that the product of all the ranchmen who are working in co-operation may be uniform. When prepared for shipment, apples are stored in refrigerator-plants in the West or the East, to be distributed as the market demands. The orchard men check each other carefully in order to keep up the standard of their product. A Western apple of a special brand wherever bought in any part of the country must mean an apple of uniform color and grade.

HOME in the East, as we review for you the experiences of our "Investigation Special," we hope that every housewife may some time have the pleasant task of a personal tour of information on the Pacific Coast. Then she may see at first hand to what extent there industrial genius is carrying the American quality idea in the production of the food products for her table.

In the meantime, however, we hope that you will feel your interest stimulated in the food contribution of the Far West, and will continue to ask new questions, which we shall try to answer through other personal investigations. Let's not take our food for granted!

This is the first of two articles on the sanitary handling of Pacific Coast products. The second, which will discuss canning methods, will appear in the March Pictorial Review.

YOURS DIRECT FROM THE SHELL

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 43

meat that has been removed from the shell. This may be purchased in many of our markets and is comparatively inexpensive because it has been taken from lobsters that some time during their existence have lost perhaps a claw and at the same time their market value, but fortunately the flavor or general goodness has not been hurt.

Your own cook-book will tell you many delicious ways to use this favorite, such as in bisques, curries, croquettes, chops, stews, chowders, lobster à la poulette, deviled lobster and in patties, salads, cold boiled, and in Newburg, which has long been a most popular dish for an after-theater supper.

Lobsters vary so in price that it is a good plan to watch the market reports carefully and buy them when they are cheap. At times they can be purchased as low as twenty-five cents a pound. Then is the time for most of us to use this delicacy.

While our neighbors on the Western coast do not have the native lobster and eat only those which have been sent across the country, they do have the crawfish, which are found along the coast of California and in some fresh-water streams. The fresh-water crawfish looks like a miniature lobster without the cutting claws. The salt-water variety, however, is often as long as fourteen inches, and weighs from two and one-half to three and one-half pounds.

A crab should be very lively when bought. The "hard-shell" is considered a close second to the lobster and is generally less expensive. Those of us who have had the fun of catching these lively crustaceans and cooking them almost immediately, enjoy them very nearly, if not quite as much, as the higher-priced shell-fish.

When the hard-shell crab is molting it is called a "soft-shell." The hard-shell crab is in season all the year, the soft-shell from the first of May to the last of October. Both are sold by the dozen. Hard-shell crabs cost from fifty cents to a dollar and a quarter a dozen, depending on the size; soft-shell crabs from one to three and one-half dollars, depending on how scarce they are. Crab-flakes are for sale in many markets. These usually cost about one dollar a pound, and are convenient to use in salads, creamed dishes, and Newburg.

Soft-shell crabs are considered a great delicacy when fried and served with sauce tartare. There are many ways of using the "hard-shell," among the most popular being in croquettes, bisques, à la Newburg, soufflés, deviled, and crab au grain. Plain boiled crabs which have been cleaned and thoroughly chilled and eaten right from the shell, with salt or mayonnaise and plenty of tomato and lettuce sandwiches, are one of

CONTINUED ON PAGE 52

57

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BEAUTY'S BURIED TREASURE IS WITHIN YOUR REACH

BY MARGARET W. WATSON

THAT dieting and exercise are remedies against fat is a fact so well known and incontestable that it is strange to find it so oft repeated. Innumerable articles in magazines and newspapers tell people what to eat, what not to eat, and what exercises to take if they would improve their figures. Very rarely do we find any suggestions as to how to procure the energy, the will-power, the patience necessary to produce results.

The same is true in the entire field of beauty-culture. The success of efforts to improve the skin, the hair, the hands depends, more than most of us realize, upon the mental attitude with which we take up a régime. It is because they are performed without either intelligence or real enthusiasm that so many attempts at improving our appearance fail.

If some one told you that in your garden lay buried treasure, you would dig and dig, regardless of effort and discomfort, until the gold which your imagination so vividly pictured lay revealed. The buried treasure of beauty, to a certain extent, lies within reach of the average woman—beauty of line and health and grace, if not actually of feature. All that is needed to gain it is, first, imagination and then work. We must see in our mind's eye the result we wish to obtain; we must realize what it would mean to us, just as we realize what the gold would mean. It is only by going at it as tho we really meant it that we can get the thing we want.

There are many women whose outlook on life is expressed in the words "Oh, that's good enough!" They take for granted that as they grow older they must lose much of the grace, the freshness, the charm of youth. The result is that they accept stodginess and dumpiness as a matter of course, again taking for granted that their friends will like them just as well fat or thin, straggle-haired or shiny-nosed, since, as the old saying goes, "It takes all kinds of people to make a world."

I know a woman who considers the fact that she has four children a sufficient excuse for being thirty pounds overweight. Her mental picture of the mother of a family as a person devoid of any suggestion of physical grace, is of course as false as it is absurd, but it has led this particular woman into the most cheerful and complacent self-indulgence.

Sometimes it happens that our long-dormant imaginations are stirred by a sudden and salutary shock. We see some man or woman whose aliveness, whose distinction awaken us to our own shortcomings and startle us out of a blind indifference to our possibilities. This shock alone is often enough to produce driving-power that will enable us to make a complete reform of our way of living. We have all known people who seemed, in a remarkably short time, to be rejuvenated or to develop unexpected charm. The change is primarily due to the force of desire brought about by a sudden and keen perception of what it is that they want to attain.

AS AN appreciation of beauty develops in us, ugliness, grossness, lack of charm become unbearable. As people advance in civilization, they become increasingly sensitive to the niceties of life. We are shocked to-day when we see any one with disgusting table manners. There is no excuse for such things, we say, and more and more are we coming to feel that, except in cases where illness or particular circumstances are to blame, there is no excuse for an ugly body, ill-cared-for skin and teeth, hair that lacks luster, and hands that look neglected. People have no more right to be ugly than they have a right to be disagreeable or vulgar.

To come now to a practical illustration of how the mind must stand behind every régime followed for the purpose of gaining or losing weight. Instead of a merely negative course of action, instead of a long list of "don'ts"—don't eat potatoes, don't eat rice pudding, etc.—let a woman trying to reduce begin with a positive state of mind. Let her get a clear picture of what she is after, and a realization that it lies within her power to attain it; the rest will be as readily performed as the digging after the buried gold.

Photo by P. A. E. Studio

DORIS KENYON

"A DEEP DESIRE FOR BEAUTY IS WHOLESOME AND DESIRABLE. FOOLISH INDEED IS THE WOMAN WHO CONSIDERS HERSELF 'ABOVE SUCH THINGS'"

A woman who desires to have lovely arms, for instance, must first realize that her arms are potentially beautiful; secondly, she must be sure that she really wants, not scrawny or angular or heavy or shapeless arms, but beautiful ones. Let her think this over for a while before she sets out on any course of action, for to begin a thing, only to relapse after a short period into old habits of indolence and self-indulgence, makes it harder than ever to obtain results. The first steps toward improving our physical condition must be made deliberately and thoughtfully and not, as they are so often made, impulsively and without enough force behind them to carry us past the inevitable temptations that will arise.

Exercising before a mirror is by far the best way, unless one can take exercise out-of-doors. In the first place, it is possible to watch whether the exercises are being correctly done; in the second place, it enables a person to follow the improvement due to the exercise.

The pleasure that comes in watching a graceful line appear where an ungraceful one has been, is in itself a very real pleasure.

When after some days or weeks of effort a result has been obtained, temptations which tend to destroy that result no longer will have their original appeal. We are less and less inclined to stop digging as the certainty of coming upon buried treasure becomes greater.

Exercising to music is another method which readily appeals to most people, because the music provides a stimulus to which the body responds almost of itself. Rhythm suggests movements made with precision and grace; mind and body cooperate, and exercise becomes a pleasure instead of a tiresome process of contortions and gesticulations.

The care of the hair, the skin, the hands can likewise become interesting if there is behind it the spur of imagination. The actual process of manicuring the nails, for example, and of keeping the hands soft and smooth by the daily application of proper lotions and creams, is a tiresome one. How much easier it is to put these things off until our hands look "perfectly shocking" and we rush to a manicurist to repair the damages due to neglect! But when we begin to think how much of our personality is expressed by our hands, how much magnetism they may possess, and how readily neglected hands offset the attraction of a woman's entire appearance, we take pride in caring for them.

Beautiful hands can remain so only by the exercise of some attention, and ugly hands require real patience and effort if they are to be transformed by beauty. That does not mean that a woman should go to the other extreme which we see in the overmanicured hand, indicative of a lack of taste; it merely means that she should appreciate the importance of a lovely hand and seek to remedy defects.

What is true of the hands is true of the hair also. Nothing responds more readily to care and attention than the hair. Nothing adds more to a woman's beauty than hair that is full of life and that frames her face in soft masses. Yet how often the hair is left to get along as best it can, with only a pat of the brush, now and then, to keep it from looking utterly hopeless!

A woman should study the nature of her hair and then proceed to follow faithfully the treatment which she finds most effective in her particular case. If she fully appreciates the fact that by proper washing, brushing, massaging, and the use of stimulating tonics it is possible to improve the hair to a wonderful degree, she will rarely fail to make an intelligent study of the best methods to follow, or hesitate to carry them out when they are once begun.

The same intelligent persistence is essential in the care of the teeth. Recent years have proved how many diseases are due to neglect of the teeth, and it needs no argument to prove that beautiful teeth are of inestimable value to the beautiful woman's appearance. The brushing of the teeth is of vital importance, and should be done always upon arising and before retiring. Many particular women brush the teeth after every meal when possible, but when this is done special care must be taken to brush away from the gums and not against them, otherwise there is danger of forcing them gradually away from the teeth. Select a brush with rather short bristles, set in groups not too closely packed together, and with the central bristles in each group somewhat longer than the surrounding bristles. Use a reliable tooth-paste or -powder. In cases where there is a good deal of acidity, a mouth wash, such as salt and water, should be used frequently. In addition to this treatment every one should visit the dentist at least twice a year.

Creams, soaps, lotions, tonics have, throughout the centuries, been used by all women who valued their complexions. To-day we are turning with enthusiasm to ancient methods improved and simplified by modern science. Take the clay treatments, for instance, which are now being so widely adopted to stimulate the facial muscles and give the skin a firm, smooth texture. The Roman women of antiquity, who realized the value of the natural mud treatments to be had in certain regions of Italy, would look with envy upon modern women who are benefiting through the scientific development of this old beauty secret.

In short, nowadays a woman has only herself to blame if her skin is not what it should be. We have beauty aids of every kind brought almost to our doors; we have only to stop, look, listen, and think—above all things, *think*.

Beauty and the Mind

DO YOU realize how largely the success of any régime depends upon your mental attitude?

Do you plan for beauty as intelligently and carefully as you plan for the things of your household, or your business?

Do you know that the woman who seeks beauty in a "hit-or-miss" fashion usually finds it is miss?

Do you understand your own psychological reactions to beauty and their importance in any beauty program you seek to follow?

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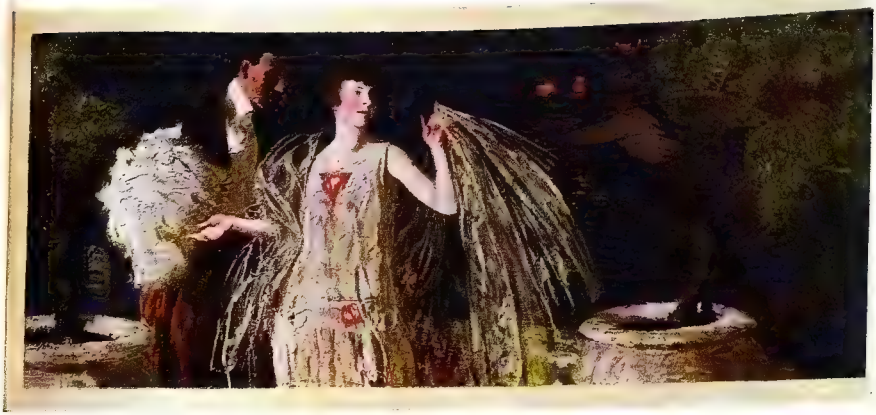


"Surrounded by a world of loveliness and romance"

THE WOMAN YOU WOULD LIKE TO BE

BEAUTIFUL—triumphantly happy—surrounded by a world of loveliness and romance—is it so that you dream of the woman you would like to be?

No matter how you picture her—you can have something of her grace and beauty.

In a hundred ways—you can help to make yourself the woman you would like to be.

Do you long for the charm of a fresh, clear, beautiful skin? With the right care you can make your complexion what you will!

Each day your skin is changing—old skin dies and new forms in its place. Begin now to give this *new* skin the treatment suited to its needs; see what a difference even a week or ten days of this special care will make in your complexion. No matter what its condition has been in the past—you can correct its faults. You too can have the lovely skin that is part of every beautiful woman's charm.

Are you using the right treatment for your special type of skin?

Just what type of skin have you? Is it dry or oily? Fine or large-pored? Sensitive or resistant? Does it lack color? These are some of the things you must consider in deciding the right treatment for your skin.

There is a special Woodbury treatment for each type of skin. Two of these famous Woodbury treatments are given on this page. These and other complete treatments for each type of skin and its needs you will find in the booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch," which is wrapped around each cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

Fastidious women everywhere are using these famous treatments, for they represent the ideal method of meeting the different needs of different complexions.

Why the skin of your face is especially sensitive

It is a well-known scientific fact that the nerves which control the blood-supply are more sensitive in the skin of your face than elsewhere—and that consequently the skin of your face is more liable to disturbances.

For this reason the soap which you use daily on your face should be of the best quality obtainable.

Get a cake of Woodbury's today. See how your skin will improve in color, clearness, texture, through the daily use of a soap made of the purest ingredients to meet your skin's special needs.

* * *

A 25-cent cake of Woodbury's lasts a month or six weeks for regular toilet use, including any of the special Woodbury treatments. The same qualities that give Woodbury's its beneficial effect in overcoming common skin troubles make it ideal for general use.

The right treatment for a skin that is subject to blemishes

Just before you go to bed, wash in your usual way with warm water and Woodbury's Facial Soap, finishing with a dash of cold water. Then dip the tips of your fingers in warm water and rub them on the cake of Woodbury's until they are covered with a heavy cream-like lather. Cover each blemish with a thick coat of this and leave it on for ten minutes. Then rinse very carefully, first with clear hot water, then with cold.

Use this treatment for a skin that is too oily

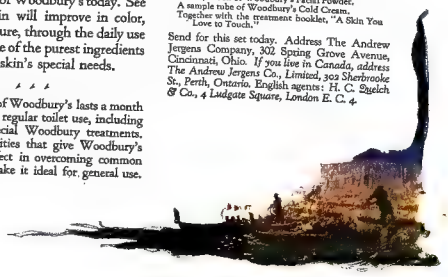
First cleanse your skin by washing in your usual way with Woodbury's Facial Soap and lukewarm water. Wipe off the surplus moisture, but leave the skin slightly damp. Now with warm water work up a heavy lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap in your hands. Apply it to your face and rub it into the pores thoroughly—always with an upward and outward motion. Rinse with warm water, then with cold. If possible, rub your face for thirty seconds with a piece of ice.

For 25 cents—— these special Woodbury skin preparations

For 25 cents we will send you a miniature set of the following Woodbury skin preparations:

A trial size cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.
A sample tube of the new Woodbury's Facial Cream.
A sample box of Woodbury's Facial Powder.
A sample tube of Woodbury's Cold Cream.
Together with the treatment booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch."

Send for this set today. Address The Andrew Jergens Company, 302 Spring Grove Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio. *If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 302 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ontario.* English agents: *H. C. Quelch & Co., 4 Ludgate Square, London E. C. 4.*



WOODBURY'S FACIAL SOAP

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"Standard"
PLUMBING FIXTURES

"Standard" kitchen sinks, "yard stick high," provide comfort and prevent back-strain. How high is yours?

Write for Catalogue

Standard Sanitary Mfg. Co., Pittsburgh

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THIS WAY TO HEALTHLAND!

A True Fairy-Story for Children to Read and for Mothers to Read Their Children

HAVE you ever heard a true fairy-story? Well, this is going to be one because it really happened and yet it is a fairy-story, for it is full of castles and gardens and beautiful ladies and knights and many, many other lovely things you find in story-books.

It all happened to Bobby and Betty. They heard about it first at school when teacher gave them each a tiny time-table marked "The Healthland Railroad," which told them of a little railroad that puffs its way through a beautiful wonderland to a fairy-place where all the children are healthy and happy.

Bobby and Betty took the little time-tables home to mother, and asked her how soon she would take them on a trip to this wonderful place.

"To-morrow," she said, "if it's a bright, sunny day."

When Bobby and Betty said their prayers that night they asked God to please send sunshine in the morning, for they knew they could not wait any longer to see the little train and all the lovely things to which it was going to take them.

"Bobby, Bobby," called Betty from her side of the room early next morning, "it's out, it's out!"

"What's out?" drawled Bobby, with one eye half open.

"The sun—of course—let's hurry," and Betty was already out of bed and running across to mother's room.

Right after luncheon mother and the two children met at the station, Bobby and Betty each wearing a big green baggage-tag which teacher had given them, marked "Ship to Healthland—Value of This Parcel Unlimited." These were to let them through the entrance to the station.

When they arrived they found a crowd of other children with their mothers and teachers waiting for the train. A beautiful lady gave Bobby and Betty each a bright-yellow ticket, but they found they could not get on the train until they wrote their names and ages on these and took them into Prince Fortune's Weighing Tent, where two other ladies measured and weighed them. Bobby's weight was just right for his age and height, but Betty was three pounds lighter than she should be, and one of the ladies asked mother whether her little girl drank plenty of milk each day.

"Not so much as she should," said mother.

"She will after she's been to Healthland," nodded the lady. And Betty wondered what difference that would make.

WHILE they were waiting for the train Bobby began to read some of the signs around the station. One said: "Important: No fried potatoes, cucumbers, radishes, or other explosives allowed in baggage-car." Another notice read: "The following trains will be discontinued to-day: Owl Limited, Tea Accommodation, Midnight Owl. In place of these trains the Cow's Milk Limited will run daily in these hours." One little sign said: "Travel with a Lettuce-Leaf Insurance Policy."

All at once they heard a "chug—chug—chug" way up the tracks; then around a curve came the little Healthland train with the cutest little engine and a real engineer and two little cars just crowded with laughing children who had already made the trip.

"All aboard for Milky Way, Drinkwater, Egg Junction, Play Meadows, East Toothbrush, Vegetable Center, Carrot Gardens, North Stewed Prune, and Long Sleep Mountain-a-n-e-l" called the Boy Scout at the gate. Just the way the big man in the uniform calls the trains at the Union Station.

What a scramble there was to get aboard! Mother found seats for Bobby and Betty in the second car, where they could look back at the interesting things after they had passed them and also look ahead on the curves and see the little engine as it pulled the train. Every one was excited, and so many children crowded on that the engineer had a hard time getting up enough steam in the engine to start the train. All of a sudden it gave a jerk, the whistle blew, and off it went.

What a beautiful ride it was through lovely green meadows and hills along Sparkling Creek and through the cunning little villages! As they were on the noon train called the "Healthland Flyer" they did not stop at all the stations, for some of them were only for the morning train, the Rock Creek Local. That always stops, of course, at Bathtubville and East Toothbrush at 7 o'clock every morning. Altho their train went by pretty fast, Bobby and Betty could see what lovely, clean little towns they were passing and saw the funny houses and fences all made of tooth-brushes. Mother told them how East Toothbrush had become famous because the mothers in that town had found out that it was better to sweep up and down than from side to side.

As the train stopped at Drinkwater on Sparkling Creek they saw the big reservoir above the town, which is large enough to supply each person in Healthland with at least one quart of drinking-water every day.

Drawing by Stuart Hay

YE HEALTH CRUSADERS' CASTLE TOWERS OVER ALL HEALTHLAND

Fruit Vale and Vegetable Center were pretty places where every one had pink cheeks and looked so happy. On the train sped—through Orange Valley, Cocoa Crossing, Spinach Green, and Lettuce Woods over the bridge at North Stewed Prune and out on to Play Meadows.

"Train stops here. All passengers off to see Milk City and other points of interest in Healthland!" called the engineer.

Bobby and Betty were the first off, for they wanted to have time to see everything. Mother thought they ought to stop a while in Milk City and visit the schools where milk is served to the children and play with some of the boys and girls whose mothers gave them a quart of milk every day. But Bobby had heard one of the teachers tell of some beautiful castles upon the hills outside the town, and he wanted to see those. So they stopped in Milk City just long enough for Bobby and Betty each to get a glass of nice cool milk at the Milk Bar, and off they started to find the castles.

THEY had to climb quite a little hill just outside the town—Betty heard one of the other children say it was Ice-Cream Mountain—then all at once they reached the top, and what do you think they saw? A really-truly fairy-land. Trees and castles and darling little yellow and blue and red houses, a green fountain, hundreds of big orange lanterns, and children running about everywhere.

"I Clean My Teeth," called out Bobby to mother and Betty's surprize. Then looking up, they saw what it was all about—the first big orange lantern had that printed on it. "I Drink Milk Every Meal," read another; "I Eat Vegetables," and "I Eat Cooked Cereals," the third and fourth said.

Photo by Hiram Myers

JUST THINK OF IT!

"TWENTY-SEVEN THOUSAND children visit Healthland in one afternoon!" That was the way young America flocked to this unique exhibit at the National Dairy Show, at the twin cities of Minneapolis and St. Paul, where for one week fourteen agencies co-operated to give children the health message in concrete form.

This description of the exhibit is written as a story for children. At the end will be found the names of the organizations whose combined efforts resulted in such success for Healthland.

—aren't they? Let's go do it too." So over they went and joined the line of children that were climbing the stairs inside the big bottle.

When Bobby and Betty had had their slides they started on to find Ye Health Crusaders' Castle, which they heard was the biggest castle in Healthland. Soon they saw it towering up out of the woods, its red turrets shining out from the green trees, and the topmost tower in the form of a big milk-bottle. They found it was on Wash Cloth Avenue, not far from Ye Keep-Well Tavern.

"THERE'S a boy on horseback," called Bobby, as he started ahead toward the big stone archway.

"He's not on a horse—he's on a cow!" said Betty to mother as they came up nearer. And what was more, they found it wasn't a real little boy at all, but a statue of a child, dressed as a Health Crusader, riding a cow and carrying for a spear a great big tooth-brush.

"See the old dragon he is driving away," said mother. "That means that all children can keep away illness if they get plenty of sleep and fresh air, plenty of play, and keep their bodies clean and eat good food. See what's there under the other arches."

Bobby and Betty went up closer and saw on one side the Knight of the Bath—a little boy taking a bath, and on the other side the Knight of the Night—a child asleep in bed with the window wide open. They were demonstrating two of the important daily chores that each Health Crusader does.

Next they stopped in front of a sign at Ye Keep-Well Tavern which read: "Special To-day—Dinner à la Healthland Served on the Keep-Well Plan." Going inside, they found a health fairy who told them all about the foods which were good for them. She had names for the different dishes, calling butter a Gold Nugget; spinach, Shredded Iron; carrots were Iron de Luxe; and each egg was an Owl of Youth. Milk, which was the only drink served in Ye Keep-Well Tavern besides water, appeared on the menu as Magic Coin.

Mother asked the health fairy what were the other most interesting things to see in Healthland, and she answered: "There are so many I hardly know where to tell you to go to first. The Bank isn't very far from here, and then you want to be sure to see Ye Olde Book-Shoppe, the Healthland Radio Station, and the Baby Garage. There is a little theater too, and on your way back to Milk City you will pass Ye Old Treasure-Chest."

The Bank was a beautiful little building with black walls all spotted with gold coins, and a shining gold roof. The shutters were decorated with gold dollar-signs. Bobby and Betty wanted to go inside just a minute to see whether there were any more gold coins on the walls there. They didn't see any, but they did see some of the officers of the Bank. The president was Mr. Ed U. Cation, and the secretary Mrs. Recreation. Mother talked to the treasurer, Mr. Hygiene, and the draft clerk, Mr. Fresh Air. They told mother that all children's rights deposited with them would receive a hundred-per-cent. protection.

All around were signs. One said: "A Child Is Worth Its Weight in Gold—Save It." Another read: "We Specialize in Child Liberty Bonds." The capital of the Bank was listed as two million boys and girls and the profits two million better men and women. There were a lot more things to see there, but Betty wanted to get to Ye Olde Book-Shoppe, for she just loves to read, and as that was just around the corner they decided to go there next.

On the way they passed the Art Gallery, which was full of beautiful paintings, showing the things the boys and girls who belong to the Junior Red Cross are doing in different parts of the country. They also passed the little theater, where a lot of children were watching a motion-picture of a baby that became President of the United States. Ye Olde Book-Shoppe was made of a great big blue book opened out to form the roof and resting upon some side pillars, which were all made of books too. There were just hundreds of books in different colored bindings, and inside there was a library full of interesting stories for children, telling them how to keep well, and other books for their mothers to read. Betty wanted to stay right there and look through some of the interesting little stories for children, but mother said there wasn't time to wait.

Bobby had already spied the Radio Station across the street, where messages were being sent out, telling children all over the country what to do to be well and strong. There was a crowd of children gathered around the little orange house with its peaked roof, listening to the messages that were being received, and inside there were a lot more listening to a lady explain a big painting. This showed a teacher on one side and a little boy on the other, and running between them were some electric wires which passed through a box of fresh fruit, vegetables, and milk.

EVERY lesson the teacher gave to the little boy and girl went through these wires, and the sign read: "The Secret of Success in Any Schoolroom Must Be in Perfect Condition Before the Examining-Apparatus Will Respond to the Message." Mother explained that this meant that every little boy and girl must eat the proper things and keep well, or else they can not do their work in school. Mother gave her name to the lady who was explaining this, and asked her to send her radio messages on health throughout the whole year.

Betty was looking out the door while mother was writing her name, and suddenly spied a little square white building with its sides nothing but mosquito-netting.

"Look, Mother; that's just like baby Mary's play-pen," she called. "Only it's much bigger."

When they got up close enough to it to read the sign-board in front they saw it was the Baby Garage on Baby Avenue, and inside were all kinds of baby-carriages and go-carts and all the things that make a baby comfortable when it is taken out for an airing. Bobby started to read some of the posters that were put up all around: "You Auto Know All about Your Baby"; "Remove the Squeak from Your Baby"; "Let Us Keep Your Baby in

CONTINUED ON PAGE 90

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Alec and Al

THE TATTLE-TALE OR WHAT HAPPENED TO SNOOPY DICK

Drawings by C. H. TWELVETREES

Verses by PERCY WAXMAN

1 Said Al: "Here comes that Snoopy Dick,
Who's always telling tales on us;
Let's play the pirate's ice-cave trick
And stop him making all this fuss.

2 "Aw! Come on, Dick; you ought to see
The dandy ice-cave where we hide;
You'll see our Polar Sqump, and we
Have lots of other things inside."

3 Said Alec: "Now, when I count three
I'll go in first there and explore;
Then, Dick, you come right after me,
While Al and Rumpus guard the door."

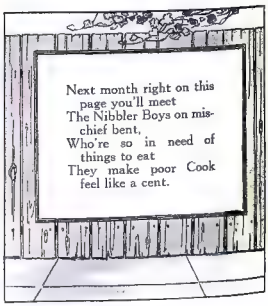
4 "It's great in here, Dick," Alec cried.
"Now hurry up—don't miss the fun;
We'll do the Eskimola glide
And make the Polar Sqump do one."

5 As Dicky stooped, Al called out "Sick!"
And soon they heard an awful rip,
For out of Dicky's pants, zip! quick!
Old Rumpus took a great big nip.

6 "Hooray!" yelled Al; "That's how we treat
All sissy boys who talk too much.
Now Ella's waiting down the street;
Go tell her how you got in Dutch."

7 "Dick Wade, you're late," said Ella Black;
"You've kept me waiting hours and hours.
What's that you've got behind your back?
Oh! Is it candy, Dick, or flowers?"

8 But when Dick turned she saw the tear,
And Alec told just why 'twas done.
Then Ella made the boys all swear
They'd never tell on any one.


Next month right on this page you'll meet
The Nibbler Boys on mischief bent,
Who're so in need of things to eat
They make poor Cook feel like a cent.

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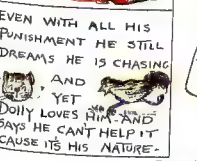
DOLLY DINGLE'S BABY BROTHER DICKIE

PIGGY PORKER AND HIS PENNY
BY GRACE G. DRAYTON ©
PIGGY'S mother gave him a penny because he was such a very good boy, and she told
him he could spend it on anything he wanted. He went to the baker's and bought a big bun—all covered with sugar and full of lovely fat raisins.
When he came out he met a hungry doggy crying. He gave the doggy half his bun, and enjoyed his own twice as much because he had done a kind deed.


EVEN WITH ALL HIS PUNISHMENT HE STILL DREAMS HE IS CHASING
AND
YET
DOLLY LOVES HIM AND SAYS HE CAN'T HELP IT 'CAUSE IT'S HIS NATURE-

Drawings by GRACE G. DRAYTON

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FLORENCE REED, whose fine acting is a feature of "East of Suez" (Above).

HELENE CHADWICK as appearing in Goldwyn Pictures (Left)

ISABEL LEIGHTON in "Why Men Leave Home" (Right).

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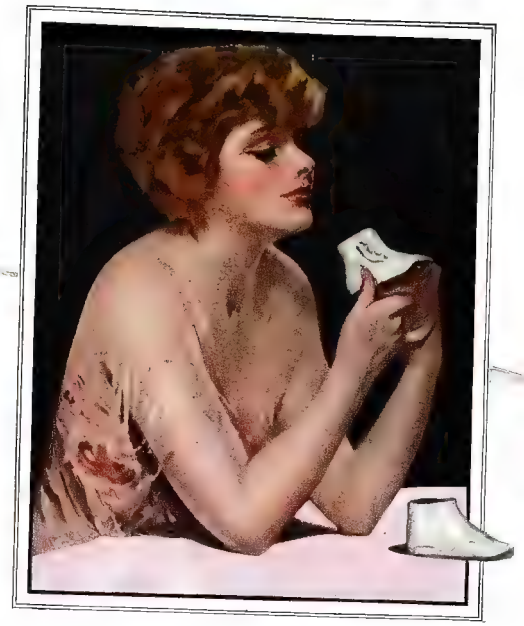

When She Grows Up

She will be beautiful, of course, in the rosy future pictured by a mother's dreams. But—this future beauty will not be left to chance, for modern mothers know how to make their dreams come true.

Her first concern will be care of the little daughter's complexion, to protect its smooth, fresh, childish texture from injury through careless treatment. Proper cleansing is the secret, and use of the proper cleanser. The skin must not be robbed of its own natural, beautifying oil, yet it must be kept thoroughly clean.

Only soap and water used daily will keep the skin properly clean, so the problem lies in the choice of soap. You want the mildest, most soothing and lotion-like soap which can be made. Such soap is yours in Palmolive.

Soap and cosmetic combined

Palmolive is the modern development of an ancient beauty secret, discovered by the Egyptians 3,000 years ago. They learned that palm and olive oils were wonderful beautifiers. Crudely blended, they were used as cleansers as well as to keep the skin smooth and soft.

These rare oils, scientifically blended in Palmolive, produce far more than mere soap. It permits thorough, beautifying cleansing without danger of drying the skin. It soothes, refreshes and stimulates, resulting in becoming natural bloom and glow.

Such cleansing, every day, results in a clear, healthy skin; and is the basis of complexion beauty.

Clogging the greatest danger

Fear of thorough cleansing, or indifference to its importance, is the original cause of skin trouble. The daily accumulation of dirt, excess oil and perspiration combine with cold cream and powder to clog the tiny pores. Disfiguring coarseness from their enlargement is the first result.

The accumulated dirt produces blackheads, with the danger of infection, which causes blotches. Such a complexion is fatal to personal charm.

What to do

Once every day, preferably at bed-time, wash your face thoroughly with Palmolive Soap. Work up a lather with your two hands and massage it thoroughly into the skin. Then rinse thoroughly. Use a fine, soft towel for drying.

If your skin is very dry, apply a little cold cream and wipe off what isn't quickly absorbed. If your skin is normally oily you won't need it.

All can afford it

The world-wide popularity which keeps the Palmolive factories busy day and night enables us to maintain the 10-cent price. Thousands can afford the benefit and luxury of this finest and mildest soap.

THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY, Milwaukee, U. S. A.
The Palmolive Company of Canada, Limited, Toronto, Canada
Also makers of Palmolive Shaving Cream and Palmolive Shampoo

Palm and Olive oils—nothing else—give nature's green color to Palmolive Soap

PALMOLIVE

10c

Volume and efficiency enable us to produce 25c quality for only 10c

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Out of the wheat field cometh strength

Wheatena~all wheat, nut-brown and sweet

The one supreme food of the world, for ages, has been WHEAT. And the one supreme *whole*-wheat, *all*-wheat food cereal of America, *for over 43 years*, has been WHEATENA.

Wheatena is the pride of the wheat harvest—the plumpest, finest grain that's grown. All the great body-building, health-giving elements of the wheat are there—roasted and toasted to give them *that delicious nut-brown flavor.*

Wheatena is a man's food—packed full of hearty, strength-sustaining nutriments that "stick to the ribs." Children love Wheatena—never grow tired of it. And it supplies just the nourishment they require for strong, vigorous growth of bone and tissue.

Serve Wheatena for breakfast tomorrow. One package gives you 12 pounds of the most appetizing and wholesome food you can buy. You just stir it into slightly salted boiling water and boil for 3 minutes, or more. Nothing simpler.

In thousands of households, Wheatena is used regularly in many other delicious ways—for gems, muffins and desserts—for thickening soups—for breading chops, cutlets, oysters, etc. Once you have tried Wheatena, you'll never be without it.

Wheatena is on sale everywhere—at practically all grocers. Also served in hotels, restaurants and dining cars.

Write at once for a free sample package of Wheatena. Also for a book of recipes showing the many dainty and economical ways in which Wheatena may be served.

The Wheatena Company, Wheatenaville, Rahway, New Jersey

FIRST THING IN THE MORNING SINCE 1879

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PICTORIAL REVIEW'S HOME BUREAU

A CORRESPONDENCE COURSE IN MOTHERCRAFT

CONDUCTED BY DR. EMELYN L. COOLIDGE

Attending Physician in Diseases of Children to the Society of the Lying-in Hospital, New York City

BRONCHIAL COLDS AND COUGHS IN BABIES AND CHILDREN

MY BABY and two older children are very susceptible to bronchial colds and coughs every Winter. Can you tell me how to prevent this, and the best means of treatment when the children are ill? — A NEW ENGLAND MOTHER."

Letters received from early Fall to late Spring are full of questions like this; therefore it is hoped that an open letter to this New England mother will help many others also.

PREVENTION: Keep the children away from persons suffering from colds and coughs of any kind; avoid crowds; see that they are warmly enough dressed, especially as to legs and feet; that they never keep on damp or wet shoes, that rubbers or arctics are worn when the pavements are damp, that their underwear contains at least some wool mixed with silk or cotton, that they are not allowed to run out from a hot schoolroom into the yard with no coat or hat on.

Pay much attention to diet, seeing that they have proper food that is well cooked, and served regularly and not hot. Avoid excess of sweets; give plenty of pure water between meals. Make sure that each child has a regular movement from the bowels every morning before leaving the house for school.

Have the living-room full of sunshine and fresh air, but kept at as even a temperature as possible; sixty-eight degrees F. is about right. Open the windows wide several times daily to thoroughly air out all rooms, but close the windows and warm the rooms before the children are allowed to return to them. Avoid playing or sitting on the floors. Provide little chairs and tables for the children's toys. Have a well-ventilated bedroom and a separate little bed for each child; use warm bed-covering — a sleeping-bag for little restless kickers if necessary. Have some form of heat in the room, but also have a window down a few inches from the top, or use a window-board. Nothing is so harmful as stale, cold air. These are the chief points in the prevention of bronchial colds and coughs that come as a primary disease. They very frequently accompany other diseases, such as measles, influenza, and numerous nose and throat affections. The child who has large adenoids and tonsils is especially apt to have also bronchial colds and coughs. Therefore have your child's nose and throat examined and cleared out if necessary before you can hope to prevent bronchial troubles.

TREATMENT.—If your baby has a bronchial cold and cough it is apt to be a little more serious than in the case of an older child. Babies run a higher temperature than do older children and adults and have not as much strength to fight the disease. Above everything else watch the baby's digestive organs. This means do not pour down thick cough-syrups recommended by friends or bought on your own responsibility at the drug-store.

If the baby is fed from the breast it will often be difficult for him to nurse and breathe at the same time; his nose is so stopped up that he can not breathe when his mouth is tightly shut. In such a case be careful to hold the breast away from the little nose as much as possible. Massage or pump out part of the meal from the breast and put the milk in a cup, standing this in a bowl of hot water.

Carefully feed this milk to the baby by means of a medicine-dropper so that he can get his breath between swallows and not become exhausted while taking his food. Swab out his nose with a small piece of cotton firmly twisted on the end of a wooden toothpick and dipped in a little liquid albolene or a five-per-cent. solution of argyrol before you begin to feed him. Bottle-fed babies should have the usual formula diluted somewhat and may also be fed by a dropper if they have difficulty in sucking the rubber nipple.

The baby should be kept in his own crib in a warm room, but should be removed to another room of the same temperature several times daily while the air in his room is changed, which is warmed up again before he is brought back to it. As it is difficult for babies to discharge the mucus that collects in the throat and nose, they may be wrapped up and held over the mother's shoulder for ten or fifteen minutes every few hours to ease this difficulty and to change their position a little. It is a good plan to do this a few minutes before feeding-time.

As babies do not expectorate, but bring up the mucus and either vomit or swallow it, they should be given a dose of castor-oil several times a week to help clear away this mucus. They must not be allowed to become constipated. An enema or colon-irrigation with warm boiled water containing one teaspoonful of bicarbonate of soda to each pint of water will do much to help the prevention of gas. Gas always makes breathing more difficult for the little patient.

Do not apply poultices to the chest (these only add weight to the already burdened muscles of respiration), but use a mustard-paste, as this is one of the most valuable home remedies for bronchial conditions. For babies under two years of age one level tablespoonful of mustard may be mixed with six level tablespoonfuls of flour and a little cold water to make a smooth paste; then spread it between two layers of thin muslin or between two layers of cheese-cloth, being very careful to turn in all edges so none of the paste can leak out onto the chest.

This paste should be spread so as to wrap completely about the child's chest under his arms. It should be pulled up well in the back and front and covered by a thin flannel or towel, then a blanket thrown over the child. It should remain in place from five to ten minutes, until the skin is well reddened, but not blistered, of course; then remove it, and rub in a little warm olive-oil or vaseline and quickly replace the child's underclothing and night-dress. It may be repeated every three hours if it seems to give relief. It must be freshly made each time.

For the hard, dry cough inhalations of steam are valuable. They should be given with a croup-kettle if possible and under a tent made by throwing a sheet over the child's crib. Plain steam, lime-water, compound tincture of benzoin, creosote, and other medicated vapors are used. The doctor in charge will prescribe whatever form he thinks best. The inhalations are

CONTINUED ON PAGE 73

EVERY mother having a baby under six months of age is invited to join our special Correspondence Course in Mothercraft. Send in the baby's name and age, and an Admission Blank will be mailed to you. Free monthly help will be given until the baby is two years old. If you want help for older children up to the age of twelve, state the child's age, and ask for a Question Form for our Good Health Extension Class. You will be assisted in their care, feeding, and general hygiene.

No letters will be answered unless they are accompanied by a self-addressed, stamped envelop. Address all letters to Dr. Emelyn L. Coolidge, Pictorial Review Building, Seventh Avenue and Thirty-ninth Street, New York City.

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"WHAT you been doing in there?"
"Nothing."
"Nothing! Look at your hands. And look at your mouth. What is that truck?"
"I don't know, aunt."
"Well, I know. It's jam—that's what it is. Forty times I've said if you didn't let that jam alone I'd skin you. Hand me that switch."—
"The Adventures of Tom Sawyer,"
CHAPTER I
by MARK TWAIN

Dromedary Dates

would have saved Tom that switching

OF COURSE he got into the jam; boys have a hungry craving for sweets that grown folks just can't understand.

And the way to cure it is not with the switch; the better way is to give them the sweets that are not only good, but good for them.

Dromedary Dates contain the essential salts that make strong teeth and sturdy bones.

John Harvey Kellogg, M.D., in "*Good Health*" says:

"The American people are suffering greatly from lime starvation, which is resulting not only in a loss of stature, due to the lack of bone development, but *an almost universal* decay of teeth. The free use of dates with milk as a part of the American breakfast would conduce greatly to improvement of the national health and lowering of the mortality rate."

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PICTORIAL REVIEW'S HOME BUREAU

COOKING FOR THE MAN

BY NELL B. NICHOLS

COOKING for the man is an art in which all home-makers wish to excel. Brides worry about what to feed the new husband. Mothers strive to prepare son's favorite dishes when he returns home for a visit. Wives everywhere plan menus with husband's likes and dislikes in mind.

Of course, what the man likes depends somewhat on individual taste, but there are certain foods which are generally popular. It is a matter of tradition that the masculine world is fond of desserts, pies, cakes, puddings, and cookies; hot breads; meats, broiled and roasted; and savory sauces for meats. True as this is, many lighter and simpler dishes are demanded by the modern man in his diet.

Salads have a place; those composed of vegetables are favored more highly than those of fruit. With women, however, fruit salad comes first. Cheese and eggdishes make pleasing substitutes for meat occasionally, altho meat has a prominent position in the man's menu, especially in cool weather.

French fried potatoes and potato-chips are favorites, but to avoid tiring of them, rice, macaroni, hominy, and other starchy foods can be used with success. The healthful fruit cocktails are relished, and clever cooks can introduce large amounts of wholesome fruits into the various desserts.

Here are a few every-day recipes from my files, selected because the men of my family and their masculine friends always enjoy them.

Bacon and Cheese Sandwiches

1 Egg
1 Cupful Cream Cheese
¼ Teaspoonful Salt
Dash Red Pepper
Slices of Bacon
Bread
Butter

MIX the slightly beaten egg with the cheese and add the seasonings. Butter the slices of bread and then spread half of them with the cheese mixture. On top of these place slices of crisply broiled bacon. Put under the broiler just long enough to melt the cheese. Cover with the other slices of buttered bread and serve at once.

Creamed Salt Pork

¼ Pound Salt Pork
4 Tablespoonfuls Flour
2 Tablespoonfuls Corn-meal
1½ Cupful Milk
¼ Teaspoonful Pepper

SLICE the pork in thin pieces and dip first in the flour and then in the corn-meal. Fry until it is a golden brown on both sides. Place on a warm platter. Pour all but two and a half tablespoonfuls of the drippings from the frying-pan. Put the rest of the flour in the pan, add the pepper, and use the milk in making a cream gravy. Pour this over the fried pork and serve with fried apples and baked potatoes.

Pea and Egg Salad

1 Head-lettuce
1½ Tablespoonful Minced Mint-leaves
2 Cupfuls Peas
3 Hard-cooked Eggs
1 Teaspoonful Salt
French Dressing

DRAIN the canned or fresh stewed peas, wash in cold water, and drain again. Shred the crisp lettuce and arrange it and the minced mint-leaves on salad-plates. Place the chilled peas on the lettuce, sprinkle slightly with salt, and add the French dressing. Garnish with thin slices of hard-cooked eggs.

Peach-Cake

2 Cupfuls Flour
4 Teaspoonfuls Baking-powder
½ Teaspoonful Salt
Milk
¼ Cupful Shortening
6 Large Peaches
½ Cupful Dried Currants
4 Tablespoonfuls Sugar

SIFT the flour, baking-powder, and salt together and work in the shortening. Add sufficient milk to make a soft dough. Spread in a well-buttered pan, push the pared and halved peaches in the top of the dough, sprinkle with the dried currants, and dredge with sugar. Bake in a moderate oven, 350 to 360 degrees F., from twenty to twenty-five minutes. Serve with butter and coffee for breakfast or with cream for a luncheon dessert.

Orange Tarts

LINE patty-pans with plain or puff pastry and bake fifteen minutes in a hot oven, 500 degrees F. When done, take the patties out, and place one teaspoonful of orange marmalade in each patty. Cover with a fluffy meringue and brown in a slow oven, 300 degrees F.

Rice with Egg Sauce

3 Cupfuls Cooked Rice
1 Cupful Milk
2 Tablespoonfuls Flour
1 Tablespoonful Butter
1 Tablespoonful Ground Pepper
2 Teaspoonfuls Minced Parsley
1 Hard-cooked Egg
¼ Teaspoonful Salt
Dash Pepper
Dash Paprika

ARRANGE the warm boiled rice in a serving-dish. Pour over it a sauce made by thickening the milk with flour and adding the other ingredients. The egg should be cut in thin slices. Macaroni may be substituted for the rice.

Calf's Liver

¼ Pound Calf's Liver
4 Tablespoonfuls Flour
3 Tablespoonfuls Corn-meal
¼ Pound Sliced Bacon
3 Tablespoonfuls Coffee
1 Teaspoonful Salt

WHILE frying the bacon let the liver stand in boiling water. Then drain it, roll in the flour and corn-meal, in which the salt has been mixed, and fry in the bacon fat. When brown on both sides, add the coffee-infusion and cover the pan tightly for three minutes. Serve the liver garnished with bacon and parsley.

Honey Salad Dressing

3 Egg Yolks
¼ Cupful Honey
1 Tablespoonful Sugar
Juice of 2 Lemons
¼ Cupful Whipped Cream

BEAT the egg yolks and add the honey, sugar, and lemon-juice. Cook in a double boiler until the mixture thickens. Chill. When cold, fold in the whipped cream and serve with any tart fruit salad.

Rice Soufflé

1 Cupful Boiled Rice
1 Cupful Cream
½ Cupful Sugar
½ Cupful Candied Fruit
2 Eggs
1 Teaspoonful Lemon Extract

COMBINE the rice, sugar, lemon extract, cream, and the well-beaten egg yolks. Chop the candied pineapple, cherries, peaches, or other fruit in small pieces and fold it and the stiffly beaten egg whites into the rice mixture. Place in a buttered baking-dish and bake in a moderate oven. Serve with whipped cream or a pudding sauce.

Browned Rice

3 Cupfuls Boiled Rice
3 Large Onion
1 Ripe Red Pepper
½ Teaspoonful Salt
½ Cupful Olive- or Cooking-oil
1 Tablespoonful Sugar
Dash Pepper

PLACE the oil in a frying-pan and add to it the onion and red pepper, cut in thin slices. Cover and cook gently fifteen minutes. Then add the rice, salt, sugar, and pepper. Simmer for thirty minutes.

Combination Croquettes

2 Cupfuls Sweet Potatoes
¾ Cupful Cold Ham
1 Egg
¼ Teaspoonful Salt
¼ Teaspoonful Pepper
2 Tablespoonfuls Butter
1 Tablespoonful Minced Parsley
Milk to Moisten
Bread-crums

MASH the potatoes and combine with the dry ingredients, the minced ham, and egg yolk. Add the melted butter; form in balls. If not moist enough, add a little milk. When cold, roll in fine bread-crums, then in the stiffly beaten egg white, to which three tablespoonfuls of milk have been added. Roll in the bread-crums again and fry in deep fat until it is a golden brown. Mashed white potatoes, minced bacon, and green pepper may be substituted for the sweet potatoes, ham, and parsley.

Potatoes Delicious

1 Onion
6 Tablespoonfuls Fat
5 Potatoes
2 Teaspoonfuls Salt
2 Tablespoonfuls Chopped Parsley
¼ Teaspoonful Pepper

SLICE the onion thinly and put in a kettle with the fat, using drippings if possible. Fry the onion until a golden brown. Then add the potatoes, which have been pared and cut in thin slices. Add the salt, parsley, and pepper. Cover and cook slowly until the potatoes are tender, stirring the food occasionally so the browning will be even.

Caramel-Ginger Ice-Cream

1 Cupful Whipping-Cream
¼ Cupful Milk
½ Cupful Sugar
½ Cupful Caramelized Sugar
½ Teaspoonful Vanilla
½ Teaspoonful Ginger Extract
Green Mints or Pink Spun Sugar

WHIP the cream and add the milk, sugar, and the caramelized sugar, made by heating one-half cupful of granulated sugar in a frying-pan until it is a light golden brown. Add the flavorings and freeze. Serve decorated with green mints or pink spun sugar.

Brown-Sugar Cookies

2 Cupfuls Brown Sugar
1 Cupful Shortening
2 Eggs
1 Teaspoonful Soda
½ Cupful Milk
3 Teaspoonfuls Vanilla
1 Teaspoonful Salt
Pastry Flour

CREAM the shortening and sugar together and add the well-beaten eggs, milk, vanilla, and one cupful of flour in which the soda and salt have been sifted. Add sufficient flour to make a dough that may be rolled. Cut in the desired shape and bake ten minutes in a hot oven, 440 to 450 degrees F.

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PICTORIAL REVIEW'S HOME BUREAU

YOURS DIRECT FROM THE SHELL

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 49

our favorites, at the seashore, where we catch them in great numbers every year. Sometimes we save the shells and refill them with crab salad garnished with slices of hard-cooked egg and served with crisp lettuce and brown-bread sandwiches.

Living very happily inside the oyster-shell is often found the tiny oyster-crab, which is sold in the market by the pound as a great delicacy. These are easily prepared. They require no cleaning or dressing, and need only be washed and drained before using. Oyster-crabs are fried in deep fat and often served with the equally tiny whitebait and as oyster-crab à la Newburg.

NOT long ago at a restaurant famous for its salads we were served shrimps in a green pepper-shell. The boiled shrimps had been marinated in a little French dressing and allowed to stand and become chilled. The scooped-out pepper-shell was filled with the shrimps masked in mayonnaise and garnished with strips of pimiento. With this were served tiny sandwiches of white and brown bread.

The marketman offers you either the uncooked shrimp, which is a gray-greenish color in its thin shell and which should be very firm when purchased, or he will sell you boiled shrimps at perhaps five cents a pound more. Shrimps are among our cheapest shell-fish, costing from twenty to forty cents a pound, and are really very delicious. The shrimp is usually only about an inch or two long. The prawn, which we get in many places instead of shrimp, is very much like the latter, but often grows to be seven inches in length.

One of our favorite suppers is hot freshly boiled shrimps which have been "shelled" and cleaned, and served with plenty of melted butter, French fried potatoes, and a large salad of green vegetables. We suggest this because we doubt whether this way of serving shrimps is generally known. There are many other appetizing uses for shrimps. They are good fried, curried, creamed with green peas, in omelets, and à la Newburg.

MODERN methods of canning make it possible for us to get really good shell-fish straight from the can. Oysters, clams, and mussels are all preserved for us. Look at the shelves of your grocery-store or delicatessen and you can see cans of shrimps, both dry and wet, lobster au naturel, à la Newburg, lobster-paste for sandwiches, crab-meat, and even deviled crabs with shells.

These contributions from both the east and west coasts make it possible for the inland housewife, no matter where she is, to include some shell-fish in her menus.

We asked Mr. Arthur L. Millett, State Inspector of Fish for Massachusetts, to tell us more about the precautions taken when shipping shell-fish to inland points.

"Lobsters are shipped almost daily from Boston to the Middle West," he told us. "Lobsters, alive and boiled, are shipped in barrels heavily iced. In Winter the barrels are paper-lined to prevent freezing. Soft clams generally go to the Middle West carefully packed in new dripping seaweed. Hard clams, that is Little Necks and cherrystones, which stand up well under transportation, go to market unopened, with ice on top. Scallops and oysters are shipped in specially made, often patented, five- and ten-gallon metal containers set in wooden tubs, the space between being solidly packed with ice. Shocked clams receive this same treatment. Oysters are also shipped 'in the shell.' Nothing is omitted that will insure the goods reaching the consumer in good condition. Then with the packages stenciled the shipments go by fast express, generally in refrigerator-cars, to their destination.

"Shipment of shell-fish fresh depends in volume on the supply, which in turn depends greatly on the weather. This brings to the front another method for placing shell-fish at all times at the beck and call of the housewife's table. I refer to canning. It is truly wonderful what an advance has been made in this direction. Lobsters, clams, and oysters are barely aware they have been lifted from their native habitat before they find themselves in a tempting, refined can or container, tastily arrayed with an appetite-appealing label and still possessing the full flavor of the ocean, ready to place on the housewife's shelf. With this insurance those who unexpectedly drop in on you for dinner or supper can be regally served."

Don't you agree that this family of shell-fish can contribute much to our gastronomic pleasure? We think so.

EIGHTY-TWO boys of fifteen were divorced from their child wives in a recent year in our United States! Pictorial Review's bill for a Uniform Marriage and Divorce Law, indorsed by the leading organizations of women, would end this disgrace and misery. See page 2 of this issue.

Wash dresses captivate great critics

Resort Frocks "passed" by New York Fashion Salon.

THE beautiful panelled room of the Waldorf State Apartments, with its magnificent chandelier; the platform, behind which were rich velvet curtains; the gorgeous clear-crystal floor vase filled with American Beauty roses—this was the setting for an event of national importance.

This introduced to America the Resort Frocks—new, different, stylish. Odd, authentic embroideries. Features that make fashionable dresses practical. Radiant colors that wash. Lines that give slenderness. Artistic originality that means exclusiveness—at *one-third* the prices you would pay in any exclusive shop.

Resort Frocks are designed to grace Palm Beach, Miami and other fashion play-places and the great critics at the Salon had this in mind. But of course they are for every woman who wants an exclusive dress whether she goes away or not.

They not only will look lovely at these nationally known resorts, but in warm houses in the North, they will lend a charm and warmth of color that will add to your pleasure and to the pleasure of those who see you in them.

Resort Frocks cannot be made in hundreds of dozens as you can well understand, and so only a few women—possibly one woman out of five thousand—will be able to get even a few of them.

So we suggest that you see all the Queen-Make Resort Frocks at your favorite store immediately and make your selection before you are told they have been sold. Should your store not have them, remit us direct giving your size and we shall try to fill your complete order as soon as possible.

Each Resort Frock has a special label to distinguish it.

Miss Gloria del Coronada (at the right) a chic combination of solid colored pongisun and contrasting check linene, walks gaily to the golf links. Youthful and vivacious it is, with a touch of dignity in black buttons and patent-leather belt; colors: blue, green, lavender and brown. Price $7.95. Sizes, 14, 16, 18, 36, 38 and 40.

Miss Floria Miami (in center) entirely hand-made imported sponge dress, hand embroidered in red and black, achieves an air of refined beauty. The panels, longer than the skirt, the low waist-line—these are but two features of attractiveness; colors: copen, lavender, brown and green. Price $8.95. Sizes, 16, 18, 36, 38 and 40.

Miss Dixie Pinehurst (at left) red and green awning stripe of panels and sleeves on heavy crepe make an effective dress; panel snaps under belt forming a sewing apron; the sleeves turn up and button on shoulders when sunniness dazzling—suggests one's time. A practical as well as fashionable frock; colors: green, blue and brown. Price $5.95. Sizes, 36 to 46.

Miss Royal Palm Beach (by herself) alluringly graceful with new square neck and long sleeves; the stunning blue and red Hungarian peasant embroidery on pockets of flowing side drape, around neck and on sleeves gives the final touch of fashionable authority; colors: copen, helio and green. Price $10.75. Sizes, 16 to 20, 36 to 46.

A Charming booklet presents

Twelve Resort Frocks—we know you want to see all of them. And we've made it as attractive and as complete as possible. A free copy is waiting for your request. See the latest styles in three days' time! Write to The House of Queen-Make, 200 Madison Avenue, New York City.

YOU know the Waldorf Hotel, called the "hotel where Royalty stays when in New York." Of course, but perhaps you don't know the great State Apartments where the first Queen-Make Fashion Salon was held.

Fashion editors of most of the large magazines were present, names that are almost household words; style authorities representing some of the greatest houses of fashion in America; well-known artists; designers used to creating in chiffon or velvet—all these were present, that morning; these judged critically each dress shown; these "*passed*" twelve frocks, four exhibited to you for the first time on this page.

For twenty-five years, "Queen-Make" has stood for quality throughout the entire line of well made, charming wash dresses and bungalow aprons. And yet that was not enough. The latest fashionable touches of artistic originality must be offered the American woman of taste. So . . . the Resort Frocks!

Another feature which surprised the critics was that all the lovely colors, all the unusual trimmings of these dresses are absolutely guaranteed to be washable.

As each lovely girl appeared showing a different dress, pencils poised over pads a moment and then went the verdict. After the last beautiful dress was shown, each critic gave her choices of the dresses that reached the greatest height of perfection. Then the pads were collected for later study; a hum of voices filled the air. A woman's musical tones drawled, "I didn't think it possible to make such dresses." With his foreign accent, a man thoughtfully remarked "vraiment! this is a great step in advance. Ze costumes—so beautiful."

A curtain was drawn and sunshine flooded into the beautiful room; the first Queen-Make Fashion Salon was over. So begins an effort to give real designing genius to wash dresses for thousands of women who are able to appreciate it.

When writing, address 102 Madison Ave., N. Y. City

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Wash Dresses Including 12 Resort Frocks

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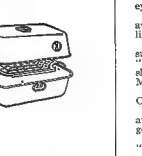

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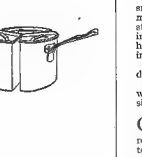

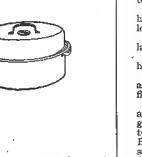

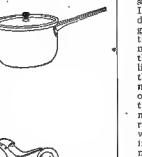

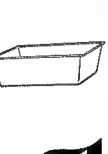

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BUTTERFLY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

"Oh, no," the doctor answered comfortably. "Her throat may give her some little restlessness to-night. I would advise her staying in bed for a day or two——"

"In bed for a day or two!" Craig echoed hoarsely, gripping his arm. "Is she—is she going to get *well*?"

The old man looked at him in amazement. His expression became apologetic.

"I supposed Miss Butters had come out to tell you," he said, concernedly. "I am sorry to have had you alarmed. No, Mrs. Spaulding took what she was supposed to take, for the wakefulness; but she took too heavy a dose. In her nervous condition the effect of the drug was exactly opposite what it should be. We never use it in surgery for that reason; the patient's condition is too often a natural antidote. She felt her throat burned, and became naturally frightened. There is an astringent effect in some cases."

"Oh, my God, I thank Thee!" Craig heard Hilary whisper, and the next moment she was sobbing in his arms.

"WHY, here, here, here!" Craig said, patting her shoulder, his own eyes watering, and his voice thick. "Don't, dear!"

"I can only warn you," the doctor said, smiling in a fatherly fashion, "that in Mrs. Spaulding's condition there will naturally be excitement, nervousness, a tendency to enlarge trifles, possible hysterics——"

Hilary's sweet eyes and Craig's suddenly widened gray ones met his in astonishment.

"You are of course aware, Craig," said old Bertheau, who had discussed this same question with Craig's father a generation ago, "you are of course aware that your wife is to become a mother?"

"Butterfly!" Hilary whispered, her blue eyes shining, a great hope in her heart.

"I—no, I didn't know it," Craig said awkwardly, clearing his throat. "Poor little Butterfly!"

"She may not have realized it herself; she suspected it, however," the doctor said. "However, there is no doubt of it. I should say early in June; possibly late in May."

"I—I congratulate you, my boy!" Craig's mother said, with a shaky smile.

"Butterfly!" Hilary whispered again, her awed eyes on space. "Might I—might I go in and see her?"

"By all means," Dr. Bertheau said. "She asked to see Craig," he added, smiling. "I want to warn you that she must be kept quiet. No excitement, no strain. Persuade her to lie in bed mornings, keep early hours, exercise. And get her out of town immediately afterward, into some quiet place, you understand?"

"I understand," Craig answered, still dazed.

"Go in and see her!" Hilary urged him, with a guiding touch on his arm; her heart singing with gratitude and joy.

CRAIG went to the bedroom door; vanished into the hall, leaving the women to rejoice that it was not death that had come to the old house, but life.

Butterfly was alone, quiet and weary, her head turned sideways in the pillows. She looked up at her husband with a new smile.

"Did he tell you, Craig?" she whispered, laying a limp little hand upon his.

Craig sat down; put both his hands upon hers.

"Yes, he told me," he said, watching her anxiously. "Had you known it, Butterfly?"

"I guessed it. At first I hadn't any idea, and then—not so long ago, before Thanksgiving, I think, I suddenly knew. I wanted to kill myself at first—I don't mean that," Butterfly interrupted herself quickly; "I say that, but I never could even try, Craig. I'm too much of a coward, and, besides, that doesn't solve anything. But now I'm glad, Craig," she mused presently, in a tired voice. "Because I've given you so much trouble. I've been so stupid all these years! And when I go out of your life I'll leave—my baby—to remind you that I wasn't all mean and selfish. It means being helpless, and sick, and in pain, of course," Butterfly ended, "but I like to think how much it'll mean to you and your mother; I know how you love children! I remember on the steamer how you played with the little English girls! I can't imagine now how I could—but that doesn't matter. We can't go back now. It never would be the same."

"No, it never could be the same," Craig echoed, sadly. "I'm sorry for this, Butterfly. It's not fair. But we'll pull through it, my dear. And meanwhile you must remember to rest, and not to worry, and to make yourself eat the right food. You might harm yourself now in a way you never could under—I marry our Kronskis off, and then I'll put you just where you like, under whatever conditions appeal to you. I don't think you'll want to give up your baby, my dear, when it comes! We have made a mistake; we must find the best advice we can. And now, will you try to go off to sleep?"

"Oh, I shall sleep!" Butterfly forced herself to say, over the agony of brimming tears and a choking throat, and with a breaking heart. "Would you ask Hilary to come in? Thank you. Good night!"

He gave her his kindly, concerned look from the doorway, and she returned it with a smile. But when Hilary came in Butterfly was in tears. It was only after a long half-hour of reasoning and tenderness that she reduced the little sister to quiet again and composed her to sleep.

AFTER that a somewhat changed life began in the old house, altho without any special recognition on the part of the family that change there was. Dora was the center about which all their plans revolved; never in the days of her arrogant youth and power had she been half so important as she was now in weakness, depression, and dependence. Every servant in the house knew why Mrs. Craig must be guarded and saved, and as the weeks sloped by the news reached the old family friends as well, and won for Craig's young wife the first spontaneous affection and interest his mother's circle had ever felt for her.

Dora was established on the big davenport in the library every afternoon at half past four, and was the heart of the tea-group that gathered there, large or small, between sunset and dark. Her own friends came in, from card-table or matinée. Kronski was often there, and Von Mandescheid, and what young Dwyer generally described as "Hilary's gang of nuts." Mrs. Spaulding's friends dropped in; it became the custom to look in upon little Mrs. Craig now and then, and hear some music, and all sorts of odds and ends of news.

The old mistress of the house had her own chair, and superseded the tea-table; Hilary was always on hand, at the piano, coming in with a new arrival, or going to the doorway with some special guest.

Dora's day followed a regular routine now, and she looked the better for the quieter life. By tea-time she was always fresh and rested; it was for her the happiest hour of the day.

When the last guest was gone she stayed on, comfortable on her davenport, reading or dreaming, until Banks brought her her dinner-tray, or until Craig gave her his arm, and she joined them at the dinner-table. And after dinner she came back, to listen, to watch them all with her timid eyes, and to ask Hilary for this mazurka or that sonata.

For a while Craig took no part in this little daily ceremonial of the tea-hour; he was extremely busy, and was readily excused. But presently he began to come home a little earlier, and a little earlier, even more quiet and subdued than ever, but enjoying a talk with this old friend or that, and proud, in spite of himself, of his home and his own people. His mother would be busy with the samovar, Hilary would be at the piano, and Butterfly would be enthroned by the fire.

He need not talk to her; she made no demands of him. But she clung to her sister in these days as she had never clung in her life; it was Hilary—Hilary—Hilary from morning until night. Butterfly was no longer capricious and exacting; where she had once fretted and complained, she now lay still. But her eyes followed Hilary about the room, and her face brightened magically when Hilary came freshly and breezily in, always with a tale to tell, always loving and interested.

Dora said little, but in a thousand ways she showed her sister that the lifelong devotion of sacrifice and service was bearing fruit at last. She listened to Hilary thirstily; she laughed a delicious low laugh at Hilary's recitals. She loved, when they chanced to be alone, to lie in the soft evening light, Hilary's hand in hers, and recall the old days.

These memories tore at Hilary's heart. Her life had grown away from Butterfly's now; she was torn between the throbbing ecstasy of the new claim and the pathos of this little hurt, shadowed life that had for so many years been all her world.

She went from Butterfly to her meetings with Konrad, haunted by a wretched sense of disloyalty to her sister. It seemed wrong to be so happy when Dora was so sad.

ONE day in early March she and Konrad were fellow guests at a house-party in the Alexandrofskas' little lodge in the Berkshires. It was so primitive a place that the activities of all six of the party were briskly engaged from morning until night to insure mere warmth and food in the cold, early Spring weather; yet Hilary and Kronski agreed, as they struggled with the stoves and the fireplaces, skimmed icy milk, and scrubbed muddy vegetables, that they enjoyed one hour of this reality more than days of the heated and padded "roughing it" of the Catskill shooting-box, where they had spent the previous week-end.

In the frosted dooryard their breath smoked white in the clear, sunshiny air; there was no Spring yet, no hint of Spring to the average eye and ear. Yet Hilary knew the secret of the high, fresh winds that blew so gloriously over the bare hills, and what the bare branches were plotting as they clicked together. The miracle of renewal was busy all over the world, and in her heart, and in Dora's very soul and body.

She laughed her rare, rich laughter in these three stolen days of holiday; the Alexandrofskas, Kasha, and a lean, iconoclastic admirer of Kasha, completed the party. There were no critical eyes; they could all be gay and foolish together. They could leave the fish-pan to rush to the piano, and sit late about the lunch-

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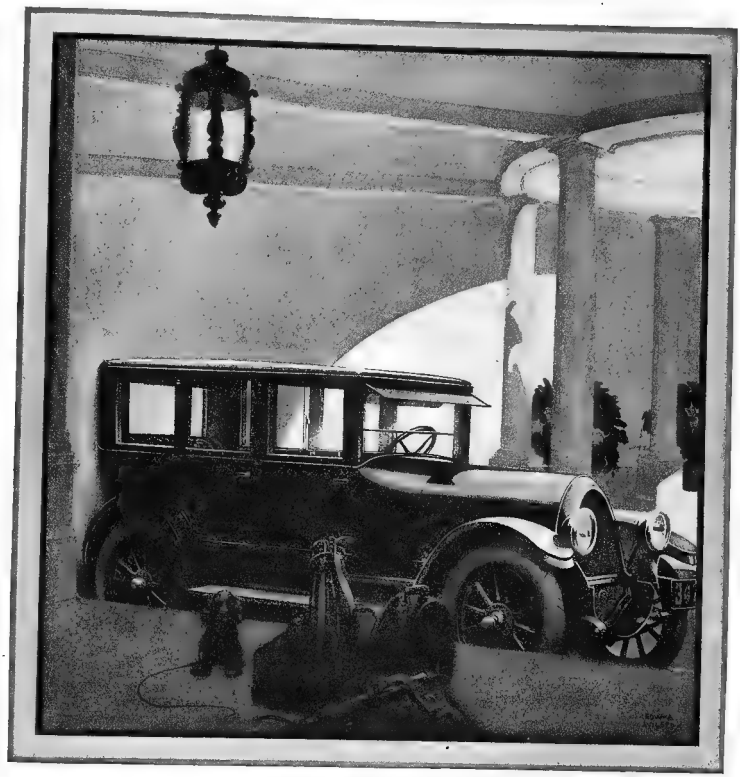

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BUTTERFLY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 62

table, humming themes from some obscure opera.

"See, for a moment," Konrad said on Sunday, when he and Hilary had returned from a walk to find the place deserted; "I have something to show you."

He took from his pocket a folded, thin paper, and Hilary leaned against him interestedly while he spread it on the table. It was the ever-thrilling, ever-enchanting diagram of a ship's accommodations.

"This is the *Olympic*," Konrad said. "Here, you see, stairway—card-room—saloon. And here, on Deck B—" He ringed a room with his fountain pen. "*Monsieur et Madame*," he ended triumphantly.

"Konrad!" Hilary breathed excitedly. This was bringing the great event into close range. "But what splendor! That's an immense room—"

"She sails on April twentieth—a Tuesday." Konrad further volunteered. "We are at March sixth—good. When shall we be married? To-morrow?"

"To-morrow!" Hilary dismissed this as a joke But his expression was serious.

"My dear," she said, laying her hand upon his. "Let's talk sense!"

"But this is very good sense," protested Konrad. "The world knows that we are to be married—good. It knows that we go to the old country next month—good. Until we sail we have no peace; it will be the curse of telephone, the reporters, the questions on all sides."

"But couldn't we—couldn't we be married the day before and just slip away?"

"Then you are the young bride of the ship—you will not like that! The eyes of everybody are upon you."

He had read her aright. The quick blood came to her face at the mere thought, and at the thought that positive surrender. Her name, her life, her identity would be merged with his; and the fewer the watching eyes in those days of adjustment the better.

"Well, couldn't we say in two or three weeks—"

"When?" he asked reasonably, taking a memorandum from his pocket. "I go to Boston next week, then to Philadelphia, to Baltimore, and to Chicago. These trips you shall make with me as my wife."

"We would escape all the fuss—" Hilary mused, rather struck with the plan. "We needn't think of invitations and clothes and lists and all the rest. Dora's in mourning, and not well; every one knows that. To-morrow's Monday; you play at Carnegie Friday. How is Tuesday?"

"Tuesday, my darling."

"And then where do we go afterward, Konrad? Atlantic City?"

"Come," he said, his arm about her, and his face close to her own; "do you think that when I get my wife I shall not know how to take care of her? Do you think I shall take you to the Café de l'Enfant for your wedding dinner?"

She escaped from his kiss with a laugh, but her heart was clamoring as she set busily about supper preparations. This was Sunday. On Tuesday, to be Konrad's wife!

IT WAS in the wakeful, excited hours of the night that she first suddenly remembered Butterfly. Down fell the castle of dreams. She could not sail in six weeks; she could not desert Butterfly now, of all times in the world! Hilary tossed and fretted herself almost into a fever, mentally pacifying and pleasing them both, husband and sister, and came down to breakfast feeling tired and ill.

The delicious odor of wood-smoke was already fuming like incense in the kitchen; Alexandrofsky had kindled a fire. In a few minutes freshly boiling coffee scented the air, and Hilary opened the yard door to floods of sunshine that actually warm, and to the pretty picture of barns and trees and fields steaming in air that was almost Springlike.

"Konrad, dear," Hilary said bravely, over her coffee, when they were alone, "I must have been mad not to remind you last night that—that I can't sail so soon. You must see that I can not leave Butterfly now, to get through—May—alone. It would break her heart!"

"Alone?" Konrad echoed, surprisedly. "I had not heard that the good Craig and his excellent mother were dead!"

"You know what I mean. This is a serious time, for several reasons. It's—it's vitally important that this event should bring Craig and Dora together. I believe it will, and his mother does. But I must be here to manage them all!"

"No," Konrad answered, inflexibly and calmly. "That is just what you shall not do. You manage too much. You have eaten, breathed, thought for poor Butterfly long enough! I can not permit it. It is much better that you shall worry for yourself, and for your own children!"

"Konrad, be reasonable. How *could* I leave her, just when she needs me most?"

There were tears in Hilary's eyes, and Konrad came to take the chair next to her, and put one arm about her, and said in the French that was so much more smooth and fluent than his English:

"My darling, do you not see that you are mistaken in this? While you are here to mother her, to spoil her, she will not need her husband! But when you are gone, across the ocean, happy without her, sending her letters, and little Swedish shining books for the child she will cling from Norway for herself—will she not turn to her good husband? She loves him; you know that. She must make him see it. How can she do so if it is into your arms that the child is laid, and if your kiss is the first kiss, if it is you upon whom she calls? You have given her so much joy and companionship; now you must give her a little suffering, a little loneliness. To a woman her own man must always come first—this is their child, not yours! In good time—"

"Oh, hush!" she breathed, half crying and half laughing, her fingers upon his mouth. And for a long time she rested quietly against his shoulder, while the strengthening sunshine crept into the big bare, half-furnished dining-room and robbed the fire of its light. "Konrad," she said finally, in a dreamy voice, and without moving, "sometimes I am almost afraid that you are clever!"

"Not clever; cleverness is for women," said Konrad simply. "But I would be wise, for you. To-day and to-morrow I am a bachelor. But on Tuesday I shall have my wife to care for!"

FOR a wonderful hour they murmured of their plans or were peacefully silent. Hilary's blue eyes were content; she felt wrapped in happiness, deep and satisfying and sweet. She spoke no more of Butterfly; indeed there was no room for Butterfly in her heart. She was clinging to the last bright hours of girlhood, dreaming of her gentle, fading mother; her tired, discouraged, courageous father; remembering days that seemed to belong to another life, so long ago they were, and longing, as all good daughters must long, for that father and mother to share with her now the happiest hour of the life they had given her.

There were other thoughts, too, thoughts as humanly simple as the man's heart and the woman's that beat so closely together. Hilary's mind went to her bureau, her wardrobe; she saw herself packing the new blue velvet gown that she had never worn. She took down from its shelf a Spring hat gallant with cock-feathers. She hesitated over the old suitcase; perhaps she would buy a new one. There was linen soft with embroidery; presents that Butterfly had made her, still in their tissue-paper; there was the frilled blouse that went so smartly with the October suit.

"But shoes, I must have at least two pairs!" she reminded herself suddenly.

"What did you say, my heart?" Konrad asked, rousing.

"I was thinking of clothes!" Hilary told him, bursting into sudden delicious laughter. When Etelka and Kasha came down-stairs five minutes later, the former protested at finding her guests presumably over the dish-pan. To the piano with them—was there no romance in their souls? But to Hilary and Konrad every breath they drew was of glorious romance.

Dora entered into their plans the next day with generous zest, and Hilary found herself in a world of surprises and thrills. The sisters shopped busily on Monday, Butterfly protesting radiantly that she was not tired, that it was doing her good! Hilary's room was a maze of packages when they got home. It was Craig who took her, late on her wedding-eve, to select the most splendid of suitcases, and on the actual day of the wedding she and Kronski bought the plain little gold ring, and scurried about in his car, frantically attending to last details.

"The idea is not to give oneself time to think, apparently," Hilary told him. "Butterfly asks me if I am nervous, and Mrs. Spaulding—but oh, look!" The name of Craig's mother reminded her. "Look!" she said, displaying the great tasseled rope of seed-pearls that somehow suited her ample and dignified beauty so well. "And silver, Konrad—her mother's! Not Craig's father's spoons and things; Dora has crates of those. But the Kidder silver; the heaviest I ever saw! And Konrad, the Dwyers—"

There was no end to it. There was no time to do more than exclaim and exult before four o'clock had come; and somehow Hilary was in the frill and the October suit, and had pinned on the groom's gift of violets. The new pumps ashone with a liquid splendor; the big furs were ready to be seized, beside the gold-monogrammed case, and Hilary's blue eyes shone darkly under the sweep of cyclopiums.

"Absolutely quiet, because of the recent death of Mr. Spaulding's father, and attended only by the members of the immediate family!" Hilary quoted from the notice that would go to the morning papers, to Butterfly. "What do you suppose a wedding that *isn't* quiet is?"

"Our wedding was sweet," Butterfly said wistfully, curled in a big chair, and watching Emma and Alice, and the visiting cousins, and Craig's mother, joyously busy about the bride. Tears came to her eyes when Hilary knelt before her for the last kiss before going down-stairs. "Oh, Sis, I love you so!" she faltered, clinging with sudden terror to Hilary. "Don't—don't ever stop loving me, will you? I feel as if I were losing you!"

"No tears, little girl," Craig said, coming in to take his wife down. It was not much of an endearment, but it was more than Butterfly had heard from him in many weeks. She looked up at him gratefully, her wet eyes smiling, and as he put his arm

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New Liquid Discovery Makes Straight Hair Wavy, Soft, and Wonderfully Curly

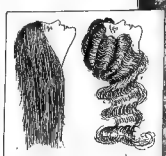
You, too, can now have the glorious, wavy hair you have always longed for. Simply apply a few drops of this marvelous new liquid to your hair. Then watch the amazing results.

YOU have always longed for soft, fluffy, curly hair. And now—at last—you can have it! For Science has perfected a wonderful new liquid, which when applied to the most stubborn hair, gives it a beautiful permanent wave effect, making it wonderfully curly, delightfully soft, gloriously wavy.

It is called Domino Curling Fluid. Nothing just like it has ever been known before. No occasion to do away with your tried and tested method of kids or silk curlers. But Domino Curling Fluid is something more, something different, something entirely unique. Use the same old kids or silk curlers if you wish, but before doing so moisten your hair with just a few drops of Domino Curling Fluid—and, behold! A miracle of beauty will have been performed. Not only you, but your friends, will be astonished at the sudden, beautiful transformation in your hair.

A so-called "permanent wave" costs about $25 and sometimes lasts four months, often less. But *now* you can have what we consider a far more beautiful wave—full of life and fluff—and you can have it now for only $1.45! Moreover, a single $1.45 bottle contains enough Curling Fluid to last you for a long time.

Just think what this means! No more costly fees to hairdressers. No more sitting for hours and hours undergoing the tortures of permanent wave methods. For in just a short time, in your own home, you can now acquire charming wavy hair that your friends will always envy. Domino Curling Fluid is *just* what you have been waiting for. On all sides beauty experts proclaim it one of the greatest beauty discoveries in years.



Watch the Amazing Transformation!

No matter how straight or dull your hair may be you will be simply astonished at how Domino Curling Fluid makes it soft, wavy and charming. No more torturous electric treatments. For just one application of Domino Curling Fluid will make your hair delightfully fluffy and curly—and keep it so for a week or more.

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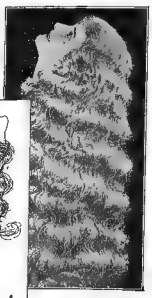
No matter how straight, dull or unmanageable your hair may have been, just one application of this wonderful discovery will make it fall in soft, glistening waves and natural silky curls. It will give even the most lifeless hair a new entrancing lustre. Only one application will keep your hair wavy and in curl usually *for a week or more!*



If you have experimented with newfangled "permanent wave" methods, you undoubtedly know how injurious they are to the hair. Not only do they often kill the natural lustre and life of the hair, but they produce curls and waves *too artificial looking* to be beautiful.

But how different is Domino Curling Fluid! This remarkable preparation contains the very elements needed to make your hair *naturally* wavy, and *naturally* curly. That is why it always adds a new charm, youthfulness and beauty to one's appearance.

Don't let your beauty be spoiled by straight dull hair. No matter how you wear your hair, Domino Curling Fluid will beautify it immeasurably. No more straight wispy strands—no more straggly ends. For with Domino Curling Fluid your hair will *always* be neat, well dressed, curly and charming. Try it once—and you will be amazed and delighted with the results.

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So that every one may test this wonderful new discovery we are making a very special introductory offer. You need not send a penny in advance. Simply mail the coupon below and a full size bottle of Domino Curling Fluid will be sent you by return mail. Although the regular price is $3.00, you may pay the postman the special reduced price of only $1.45 (plus a few cents postage) in full payment.

Furthermore, if you are not more than delighted with the results, you may return the bottle within five days and your money will be instantly refunded. We have backed up this guarantee with a special deposit of $10,000 in the Producers and Consumers Bank of Philadelphia. Thus, you do not risk a penny.

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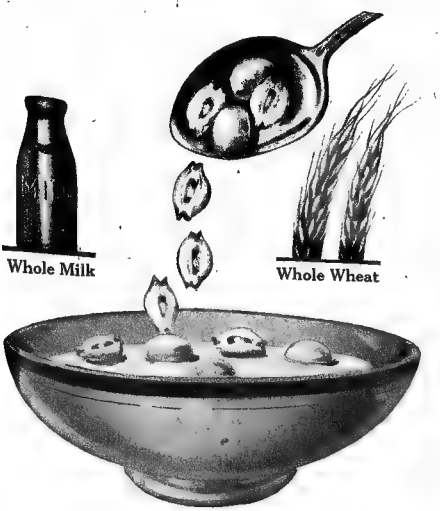

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These are supreme foods. And there is no other way to serve them with all food cells broken.

Puffed Wheat Puffed Rice

Whole grains steam-exploded
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Puffed Rice with cream and sugar. Bubble grains that taste like toasted nuts.

Also mix with fruits.

For after school

Crisp and douse with melted butter for hungry children after school. They crowd between-meal luncheon.

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BUTTERFLY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 64

about Dora. Hilary, watching him, said in her heart that Konrad was right.

Craig came back for her; they went downstairs together. Hilary's face was serious, but she sent Dora a little smile when she came into the drawing-room, and through the brief ceremony she and Konrad were hand in hand.

It was not much after five o'clock when they came quickly down the street steps together; there was a crowd on the sidewalks, importunate reporters, a motion-picture machine. They flashed through them. Craig was holding open the door of the limousine, and Konrad's driver had his instructions. Hilary gave Craig a last kiss, waved her hand; Konrad sprang in beside her. They were gone.

The March air felt cool to Craig as he went bareheaded back into the house, and the rooms seemed big and dark and empty. The wedding-party was still in the drawing-room. Rose-leaves had fallen on the old rugs; and between the palms and Easter lilies, where Hilary had stood, there was a space that looked wide and empty. Banks was still passing coffee and salad; Dora was back in her pillows. Over the room there hung a certain air of collapse.

Mrs. Spaulding was beginning to make her departure when Butterfly put an eager hand upon the older woman's arm, and said in alarm:

"Oh, Mother, please! You're going to stay with us to-night, please! We'll have supper early and play three-handed bridge —Craig has the scores, haven't you, Craig?"

"Dear child, I can't. I believe I will, Dora," Craig's mother said, one phrase as definite as the next. She suddenly stooped to kiss Dora as she spoke. Craig sank into a deep chair, and watching his wife's fair head touch his mother's gray one, thought it was charming to see how close the two women had grown to be. Dora was the least demonstrative of persons, and his mother known for her aloofness, yet here they were, solacing and soothing each other in a house that seemed suddenly blank and forlorn without Hilary.

She had been away for a night or two often before this. But there was a difference in the feeling that she would not come in to evoke flights of glorious chords from the piano, to look up animated and argumentative from her dinner. To sit in the twilight murmuring and chuckling and exclaiming in undertones, with Dora. The bronze head and the blue velvet frocks were gone forever.

"Don't you feel—don't you feel as if some one were dead?" Dora asked when Cy was long gone, and they three sat on, tired and quiet.

"I feel as if I were!" Craig answered, smiling. "Now, I'll tell you what I'm going to do, ladies. We're all full of messy salads and sandwiches; we won't dine until nine o'clock. Meanwhile get into your big coats, and I'll take you to a loge at the Grand. There's a delightful picture there. I understand—"

"Good boy!" approved his mother, who had a fondness for the screen. Dora's face brightened with pleasure. Hilary was gone; but there were still happy things to do.

"Six o'clock!" she said, thoughtfully. "I wonder where they are now?"

"Fifty miles away at least!" Craig opined, giving her his arm.

BUT Hilary and Konrad were not more than half a mile away, after all. They had driven up the avenue for only a few moments, had whisked through the foyer of an old hotel, and had been safe, since half past five o'clock, in the quiet and warmth and restfulness of the lofty, elegant old rooms that had sheltered many and many a bride. The windows of the suite looked down at the avenue three stories below; an opal twilight lingered above the big stone buildings; omnibuses moved through a golden haze that ended far down toward the square.

The usual thousands were coming and going; motors honked and scuttled; women in bright Spring headgear gathered at the crossings, or lingered at the windows where hats and gowns were displayed. Hilary, standing in the window embrasure, with Konrad's arm about her, saw many a little office-worker hurrying along, and wondered why one of them should have been singled out for the occupancy of this lofty room of pale peacock and cream hangings, this stately old carpet in faded scrolls, this softness, sweetness, beauty. Above the old mantel was a Dresden vase, and before it were bowls of violets; there were roses on the piano, and more violets in the room beyond, where she had put away the cockplumed hat.

She had feared this hour, girl-fashion, but she feared no longer. It was too beautiful, too quiet, and too filled with content. It had made her heart beat fast an hour ago, when Konrad's big coat with its fur collar was hung beside her furs in her deep closet; but she had reminded herself sensibly that in a few days it would seem as natural to her to have this tall, black-headed man in her room as to have Dora. Meanwhile she felt the deep relief of being only second in command. The responsibilities of life had been hers so long; it was delicious to think of his having planned this, ordered the flowers, the dinner. The glowing coal-fire; to have him as proud as a boy that nothing had gone amiss! Last night, lying wakeful, she had fancied that she would be rattling somewhere in a train to-night; she had imagined him packing some place for their trip that would mean the usual fatigues, cinders, dirt, heat, and chill.

"I can hardly believe it," she told him. "I imagined myself staggering into some cold hotel at about eight, dirty and tired from some trip, being stared at—because you look like a celebrity, you know, even if people don't know just who you are!—walking through halls, and dressing for dinner! This is so different and so wonderful——"

"To-morrow we will have our trip, our two-days' trip!" he promised her. He sat at the piano, never his familiar instrument, but his to-night because he was so anxious to do something extraordinary for her, and Hilary, moved by something of the same indefinable feeling, took up his violin. And with infinite effort and many mistakes they played this reversed duet. There was new music there: they were soon deep in it.

She had changed to the new blue velvet, with the preposterously beautiful cuffs and collar that Mrs. Spaulding had selected from her own laces. Thus they had played together in the very beginning, the first night in Mount Holly; thus they had played last Autumn, when Hilary was only conscious of liking him, of wanting to be his friend, his protector. And thus they had played a hundred times in the past few months.

But there was no audience now; and under their music throbbed the passion of this exquisite hour, when they were trembling on the brink of the new life. She was his wife, this superb woman with the keenly cut mouth and the shining blue eyes; and high above the city they both loved, away from it, yet in its very heart, they had come to their wonderful hour.

THIS was on Tuesday night, and it was on the Friday following that Banks demurely announced to Dora and her mother-in-law at their luncheon, "Madame Kronska." Radiant, Hilary came in, close upon her name; Butterfly was in her arms, and they laughed a little shakily at their own emotion at being together again.

"I have exactly twenty-five minutes," Hilary announced, looking at her wrist-watch. "When did we get in? This morning. We went to the studio, Von Mandescheid was there, and we all had a late breakfast together. Konrad plays at Carnegie this afternoon, and I came to kidnap my Butterfly. You are invited to say hers, Mrs. Spaulding. I am *nouvelle arrivée*, but I am not a snob."

"Late, perhaps," Mrs. Spaulding said, after thought. "I'm full of a thousand affairs, and you rush off and get married—it's very annoying!"

"It's very wonderful," Hilary assured her, with a sort of gravely smiling dignity. "I have to remind myself that there is nothing phenomenal about it. Every week has its weddings, and every week has its women discovering, as I am, what exquisite joy it is to have companionship, devotion—some one who cares that you like tea for breakfast, and who worries if you aren't in promptly for lunch! I've thought of you and Craig a hundred times, Butterfly, and what a baby you were when you went off from Mount Holly!"

"Too much of a baby!" Dora said thoughtfully, an hour later, when they were in the darkness of the box, and in the hush of the crowded house the orchestra was about to begin.

"What did you say, my darling?"

"I was thinking of what you said at luncheon, Sis. I was too much of a baby when I was married. I didn't have the right sense of responsibility." Butterfly said, as if she were thinking aloud. "Silly things counted with me, and the great things somehow—slipped me by."

Hilary's face was grave as she leaned on the back of her sister's chair. Butterfly was her loveliest to-day, in a new grout of softly spreading black silk; her fair hair was framed in a great velvet hat.

Here and there in the big house some especially sharp eyes had identified the violinist's young wife. Hilary had flushed happily as she acknowledged one smiling bow of greeting after another. The real battery of eyes and glances would come after the concerto, she knew, when Konrad intended to join them, and when Craig and his mother might come in. Meanwhile she had experienced just enough of Konrad's new claim upon time and liberty to find this hour alone with Dora a delight not to be wasted.

"Butterfly," she asked, very low, "you don't mean that you think your marriage was a mistake?"

"Oh, yes, I do!" Butterfly answered quickly. "Any marriage that I made would have been a mistake!"

"But why do you say that, dear?" Hilary asked, distressed.

"Because marriage is a business, Hilary. And I didn't know my business." Dora answered, after a pause.

"All life is a business," Hilary offered doubtfully, as Dora was still.

"Yes, my dear, and some people never learn it!" Butterfly added bitterly. "And now, like my mother, I shall not, in a musing voice, "learn it too late!"

CONTINUED ON PAGE 69

The taste of maple
—*what memories it recalls!*

YOU don't have to be a New Englander to long for the taste of real maple. It's American—this flavor; a heritage from Colonial days.

But perhaps the excitement of working in the sugar bush *was* part of your childhood. Then there's a double treat in store for you when you taste Log Cabin Syrup.

In the richness of it's maple flavor you'll find the romance of your youth. Those days of carrying; those nights of boiling when all the youngsters gathered round the big open kettle and wanted to "stay late"—you'll live all of them over again.

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THE LOG CABIN PRODUCTS COMPANY
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Log Cabin Maple Fudge

Boil 2 cups Log Cabin Syrup, 1 cup sugar, 1 tablespoon butter, and ½ cup milk or cream until a soft ball will form when dropped in cold water. Cool and beat until creamy. Add nuts; shape into balls, or roll, and cut into squares.

Maple Apples

Boil 3 cups Log Cabin Syrup and 1 cup sugar until a hard ball will form when dropped in cold water. Place the candy over boiling water and quickly dip apples into the mixture. Place the apples on a buttered plate or wax paper until cold.

Maple Cookies

Mix ½ cup melted fat with ½ cup Log Cabin Syrup; add 1 beaten egg and ¼ cup milk. Mix gradually with 1½ cups flour, 2 teaspoons baking powder, ¼ teaspoon salt all sifted together and then add ½ cup cocoanut. Chill and add sufficient flour to roll. Cut and bake 12 to 15 minutes. Decorate with maple frosting, fruit or nuts.

Towle's LOG CABIN Syrup
in the log-cabin-shaped can—3 sizes

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BUTTERFLY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 66

Nothing more was said until the symphony which was the first number was ended. Then Hilary leaned again upon Dora's chair, and went on, in a loving and protesting voice:

"Too late, Butterfly! When you are not twenty-two?"

"There is a sort of bloom about being married, Sis," Dora said, with a new wisdom that surprised Hilary, even through the heartache of listening to the sorrowful, little, listless voice. "You have it now—some people don't ever lose it. They lose something, I suppose, but the charm is never broken: there has never been a breach, a time of readjustment. They go from the pleasantness of being engaged, to married love, and then—I suppose, other love, love like Craig's mother for his father. She doesn't cry, and scream, and faint, and all that, but one part of her life just ended when he died. He *was* her life.

"I was too young," Butterfly began again, as Hilary found nothing to say. "I look back at our early days—it was all presents and parties, going all the time, being admired—it was so new to me! When that quieted down I had nothing to give Craig. I hadn't thought much about what he was: it was more what he *had*. Sis, it isn't only I! That's what has wrecked Vi's marriage and so many others. There was nothing else, nothing back of the novelty and excitement. I danced and smoked and gambled, and drank—I doesn't sound decent, but it's what we all did!

"Well, of course, Sis, Craig had grown up with these people; he didn't take the crowd seriously. I did. I wanted to go them one better, to get into the very inner ring. Jimmy Malone and I led a white lea-lamb right up the avenue one day; and I went to the Fishers' ball as a beauty-parlor; it seems so silly now, when I had so much, when I only had to be decent and dignified to have everything worth while!"

"Butterfly, but if you have found it out, even late, isn't it all right now?" Hilary said tenderly.

"No, because I've broken the charm—brushed away the bloom," Dora answered seriously. "Burned my wings!" she added whimsically. "Butterflies don't get new wings, you know!"

"Perhaps they go back into the chrysalis sometimes, and come out lovelier than ever?" Hilary suggested.

"Ah, Sis, how sweet you are! You would like to have it that way, I think," Butterfly said, with an April smile. "No, I can't go back. I can't make Craig forget what a giddy, frantic little fool I've been. If I had stopped short of that last piece of insanity—but I didn't. He doesn't believe me now. He hardly listens to me. He's kind, and if—if I should be ill for months, if I should lose my baby, he'd always take care of me; he'd never reproach me. I don't think he'll even remind me of what I said—that I wanted to leave him, that I was going away. You—you don't know how good he is. He's *just*. I've hurt him; I've disillusioned him, once and for all. And that first year—the first year I had on that wonderful trip to Europe, and when we first came home—that'll never come back!"

HILARY was impressed. She had never heard Butterfly talk in quite this strain before; she thought, during the over three bewildering days of revelations and adjustments, and wondered if the flaming ecstasy that bound Konrad and herself together would ever be succeeded by a different love. Even now she knew that it would. She remembered the wild, hard, self-denying years that her parents had known, that had bound her to them and to Dora, and she knew that it was the greatest gift of life. Some day Konrad might see her weary, discouraged, agonizing over a delicate child, with a gray threat here and there in her heavy braids, with a back that could not so magnificently stand the strain of three hours—four hours, at the piano. Some day she might see him less of a favorite, bewildered and depressed, aging —her closed over the thought in a spasm of love and jealousy! Oh, to be his wife, his comforter, his companion then, when all the world forgot or ignored him; to have him beside her then, when he belonged no longer to his public, but to his home, and his children, and to her!

"Sis," Butterfly asked, in the silence, "do you suppose it could come back? Do you suppose that what Craig first loved in me he might love again?"

"You mean that you've never stopped loving him, Butterfly!" Hilary asked, with a great hope flooding her heart.

"I mean that I never really loved him, Craig himself, until these last few months," Dora answered slowly, feeling for words. "Just for what he is, apart from the money and the position, and what he can give me. I'm—*dying* for him, Hilary!" Dora's eyes brimmed with tears, and her lips shook. "I watch him—his mouth, and his gray eyes, and Hilary—he smiles at every one but me," Butterfly faltered, her voice breaking. "He smiles at his mother; he adores you. I see him at dinners, talking away to the women next to him. But when he turns to me there's a change—a cloud, or a film; I don't know what to call it! He looks old, and patient and tired, whenever he speaks to me. I—Sis, I feel sometimes as if I couldn't bear it! I feel that I am going to die when my baby comes, or to grieve myself to death afterward, as my mother did! Sh-sh!" she ended warningly, as Mrs. Spaulding began to fumble in the darkness at the back of the box.

A moment later the black-enveloped and veiled form settled itself on a chair, with a hoarse whisper of reassurance. Dora did not turn; her face was not visible in the gloom. As for Hilary, she heard nothing, knew nothing, saw nothing except that the figure of a tall man with black hair was making its way between the orchestra-chairs, and that the house was beginning the generous applause that always greeted Kronski.

"TELL me about it!" Butterfly commanded cheerfully.

She flung out her arm to give a basket-chair beside her an inviting touch, and Craig took it thankfully. One of April's treacherously hot and enervating days had fallen upon the city; the long morning hours had passed in a shining glory over the unprepared restaurants and theaters and shops, suddenly lowered awnings had been unfurled like an army of banners, to meet the glare, and open motor-cars waited outside the hotels.

Dora was on a second-story porch at the southwestern side of the old mansion; a porch where several potted ferns and a miniature feathery bamboo shared the wicker chairs under a gay awning. Below her was the privacy of her own and a few other conservative old back yards, where collies trampled and yawned, and where a baby-carriage or two sometimes moved before a uniformed nurse; and in these stood some magnificent trees, whose little damp first foliage had wilted into limpness to-day in the first strong heat.

"What a day to sail!" she said, with a sort of joyous envy. "But tell me, tell me all about it!"

"You were wise not to attempt it—it's an awful day!" Craig assured her, surprised and marvelously heartened by the philosophic gaiety. He could not know that Hilary, smothering her silent grief as some three hours ago, had said, in final guidance: "Now remember, my darling, just how merry and enthusiastic and interested you used to be with Craig four years ago, and pretend that he is that same strange young man that you couldn't believe was really going to fall in love with you!"

"But, Sis," Butterfly had stammered, clinging tight to the fragrant and radiant vision that was Hilary, "how can I? I'm losing you, now when I've just found you, when I know how dearly I love you!"

"You can never lose me now, Butterfly," Hilary had answered tenderly. "You love me infinitely more when you married, because the love was all on my side then."

"Ah, but if I could go back, Hilary, and just have some of those days with you all over again!"

"We can't go back, Butterfly," Hilary had said. "But sometimes I think the future is only a repetition of the past. Konrad and I will come rushing in, in September, and somebody will get his darling, soft little face kissed off by his aunt Hilary, and in two minutes he won't know that we ever went away! And then perhaps—well, let's suppose that Craig is desperately ill. Then you'll send to me. "Ah, if I could only go back to April, when you and Konrad left us, before the baby came; if I could only show how much I love him, how happy I was to be just alone with him then!"

"I see what you mean," Dora had said, with an awakening face. And now, at one o'clock, she was lying, a vision in her laces and ribbons, with a luncheon-table beside her, awaiting Craig's arrival, and with the most serene and affectionate of smiles to greet him.

Craig looked his appreciation of the delicate handkerchief-linen robe that showed Butterfly's white-clad arms and the embroidery of foamy under-petticoats. In the loose frills at her breast were lavender and lemon-colors. Beside the heavy hair was pushed back in a rich mass from her rather pale face, and her brown eyes looked big and childish in faint circles of shadow.

"You were wise not to attempt it, my dear; there was a mob sailing, and all sorts of bumps and delays even getting to the slip!" Craig said. "Mother and I got there at about eleven; the boat was half an hour late sailing—Konrad was there, in wild spirits, and of course Hilary was superb I must tell you about the high spirits. You know, I went up to the studio with him this morning to bring Hilary here to see you and to arrange some little business matter for him; we have the same broker, and Konrad wanted to give me a check for him. His check from the phonograph people had come—it was over ten thousand dollars. He began to talk business to me, just then—as luck would have it!—he got a long letter from a competitor in Europe, a touch, of course: children starving, pictures of refugees; a half million women and children will starve to death unless America gets a move on—you know the sort of thing!"

"I know," Dora said, nodding. "Your mother sent me hundred only a few weeks ago, and didn't we send something?"

"Exactly. Well, Kronski went crazy. He tore his hair; he wouldn't drink his coffee; he walked the floor. His people

CONTINUED ON PAGE 70

What is his energy built of?

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A famous writer, in analyzing beauty, says we first note the eyes, then the teeth.

There is a new way to tooth beauty which millions now employ. It combats the dingy film, as old methods never did. The glistening teeth you see everywhere now are largely due to that method. This is to urge a ten-day test, without expense, to learn what it means to you.

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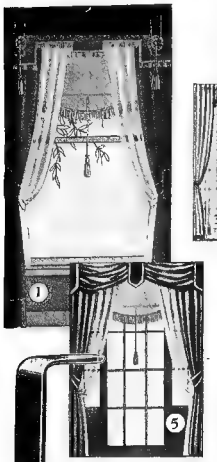

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Kirsch CURTAIN RODS

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SINGLE
Picture at left shows Kirsch rod being attached by tilting. No. 4 at top is draped on a single rod.

DOUBLE
At left is bracket and end of Kirsch double rod, such as used in illustration at top.

TRIPLE
Bracket and end of triple Kirsch Rod shown at left—such as used in draping windows Nos. 1, 2 and 5.

Remember to ask for Kirsch—The Original Tilt Curtain Rod

A BOOK FOR EVERY WOMAN

Mrs. Clarke's New Year-Book of Feminine Achievements

PICTORIAL REVIEW naturally has a distinct pride in the achievements of Ida Clyde Clarke, who has been a member of the magazine's family for seven years.

In her research and in person she has covered the face of the globe, searching in the far corners for facts about women, for indications of their progress, for intimations of their dreams and aspirations. She has known the working women of every country, and has studied their problems; she has been of assistance to professional women in their struggles.

In her contacts with these women, from crowned heads of dynasties to women of the mill and factory, Mrs. Clarke has gleaned a wealth of valuable information never before assembled, and this accumulation she has published in a book, "Women of 1923: a Women's World Year-Book."

This volume is issued by the Women's News Service, Inc. It is a handbook, in sort of women's textbook. It contains accurate, authentic data on International Organizations of Women, with the dates and places of their next conventions, many of which will be held in the United States within the next three years; and on National Organizations of Women. It supplies hundreds of interesting facts about the achievements of women; a short biographical sketch of notable women of the day; information about the pioneer accomplishments in the fields of feminine endeavor, the fine arts, the professions, sciences, trades, etc.

"Women of 1923" emphasizes the activities of women in the United States, but a special section is devoted to those international projects which are uniting in mutual sympathy and interest women of all nationalities.

The richness of Mrs. Clarke's international experience makes the book a treasure to the student, the editor, the librarian, the business executive, and thousands of women everywhere.

"Women of 1923," far from depreciating the laurels won and deserved by men, is a necessary complement to all other encyclopedic publications.

It can be procured by sending one dollar to Ida Clyde Clarke, Pictorial Review, 222 West Thirty-ninth Street, New York City.

Photo by Gerbert Sisters

PICTORIAL REVIEW'S EDITORIAL WRITER, IDA CLYDE CLARKE

THE TIME-CLOCK FOR HOUSEWORK

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 45

washed the evening before and left in clear water); some days clothes are dampened or ironed during this period; order supplies, by telephone only in bad weather.

"11:30–11:45 A. M.—*Lie down to rest.* (Even fifteen minutes will allow for complete relaxation.)

"11:45 A. M.–12:15 P. M.—Prepare luncheon.

"12:15–12:45 P. M.—Have luncheon with the children (baby's food warming). Often have food ready, and prepare it on electric table-stove while sitting at the table with the children.

"12:45–1:15 P. M.—Feed the baby, change him, and put him back to bed. After he grew old enough he was put in a play-pen at this period.

"1:15–2:00 P. M.—Wash breakfast- and luncheon-dishes in the electrical dish-washer; prepare vegetables for dinner, and if food is such that it can be cooked in the fireless cooker, place it therein; otherwise it is prepared for the steam-pressure cooker.

"2:00–3:00 P. M.—Alternate cleaning kitchen, ice-box, and range, and bedrooms. This work was done in the morning, when the baby was old enough to give him his bath at night.

"3:00–3:45 P. M.—*Rest* and read.

"3:45–4:15 P. M.—Bring the baby in, feed him, and allow him to exercise by kicking on the bed in a warm room.

"4:15–5:30 P. M.—Reserve for callers, to go calling, for telephone-calls, sewing on the electric machine, or mending. When planning to go out in the evening, preparations are made at this time.

"5:30–6:30 P. M.—Prepare dinner with the aid of the steam-pressure cooker or the fireless cooker. While dinner is cooking, fruit and cereal are prepared for breakfast, and since the laundry adjoins the kitchen, clothes are often washed in the machine at this hour and left standing in clean, cold water until morning. The baby is given water at this hour and put to bed until next feeding-time.

"6:30–7:30 P. M.—Have dinner leisurely with the family.

"7:30–7:45 P. M.—Clear table; stack dishes in electric dish-washer, where they are washed in the morning. Once a week mix bread and put it in the patent bread-maker to rise.

"7:45–8:15 P. M.—Feed the baby, undress him, and put him to bed. The three hours between feedings for the baby is stretched to four between the 4:00 P. M. feeding and this one, and between this one and the 12:00 midnight. Later, when the midnight feeding was discontinued, he slept from 8:00 P. M. to 7:00 A. M. Thus his regular rising habit was formed at 7:00 in the morning instead of 5:00 or 6:00 (a habit which a baby holds to for several years), and we are not aroused at an unearthly hour.

"THE most important items on the schedule are those allotted to 11:30 in the morning and 3:00 in the afternoon. These are the most important in the sense that they should never be interfered with, for without strict adherence to them the whole schedule will come to naught, for it is impossible for a woman to work systematically or do a piece of work well if she is tired in mind and body.

"I ignored the rest- and calling-periods frequently at first, but I quickly found that the schedule did not work out so well the next day.

"Of course, no one woman could do all this work and do it thoroughly in the number of hours shown without the use of labor-saving devices, even if she forewent the rest and recreation periods, and the thought of purchasing three pieces of machinery at one time is appalling to the average woman who usually considers every penny or every five dollars before she thinks of spending it to save labor for herself. There are so many things the children can and want to do she goes right on wearing herself out and depriving her husband and her children of the only thing they need most, a cheerful, happy wife and mother, free from frazzled nerves, and yet these devices could be paid for in a short time with the money they save from their laundry bills alone. All a woman needs is to be started right."

Another schedule (including Monday's heavy work) in use in a family of five, where a maid is employed to handle nearly all of the work in eight hours, is as follows:

7:30–8:00 A. M.—Breakfast prepared by mistress (fruit and cereal prepared the evening before).

8:00–8:30 A. M.—Breakfast served; while breakfast is being eaten the maid starts the clothes-washing, which have soaked overnight.

8:30–9:00 A. M.—Dining-room cleared; dishes washed in the electric dish-washer; first lot of clothes run through the wringer into the rinse-water, and second lot of clothes started washing in the machine.

9:00–10:00 A. M.—Living-room, halls, and porches cleaned with electric vacuum cleaner, and dusting performed; second lot of clothes run through the electric wringer and third lot of clothes started washing.

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PICTORIAL REVIEW'S HOME BUREAU

THE TIME-CLOCK FOR HOUSEWORK

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 72

10:00–11:00 A. M.—Clothes rinsed, starched, and hung up.
11:00 A. M.–12:00 M.—Up-stairs rooms dusted, beds made, bathroom tidied.
12:00 M.–12:45 P. M.—Luncheon prepared; dinner planned for fireless cooker or prepared ready to be cooked in steam-pressure cooker.
12:45–1:15 P. M.—Luncheon served, the maid's luncheon eaten meanwhile, unless she prefers to prolong her time by fifteen minutes in waiting for her luncheon until the family has finished.
1:15–1:30 P. M.—Dining-room cleared and dishes washed in machine.

5:30–6:30 P. M.—Dinner prepared; fruit prepared for breakfast and cereal put into fireless cooker.
6:30–7:15 P. M.—Dinner served.
7:15–7:45 P. M.—Clear dining-room; wash dishes, leaving on a tray all dishes and silver to be used in setting the table the next morning.
8:00 P. M.—Out of the house.

8½ hours total, during which time two meals are eaten by maid, reducing actual working-time to not more than eight hours.

THE heavy work for the following days of the week is planned as follows:

10:00–11:00 A. M. Tuesday—Clothes ironed with the electric glad-iron and the electric froning-machine.
10:00 A. M.–12:00 M. Wednesday—The second floor thoroughly cleaned, including windows of one room each week; also bathroom and kitchen floors.
10:00–11:00 A. M. Thursday—The ice-box cleaned, silver polished, and other odd jobs taken care of.
10:00 A. M.–12:00 M. Friday—The third floor cleaned and cellar tidied, including washing of cellar stairs.
9:30–11:00 A. M. Saturday—Kitchen, pantry, and back porch cleaned; also bath-room floors washed.

The schedule for the other days of the week varies a little from Monday's schedule, inasmuch as the kitchen-work can be more quickly finished when time is not used for washing clothes.

A written schedule of each day is hung on the wall in plain view of the maid, and she is never called from her task to hook the back of a dress or to go on an errand.

A household run by schedule runs smoothly because every member of the family knows what is expected in the way of service and there are no interruptions; also there are surprizingly few admonitions for young helpers where schedules are in operation.

A COURSE IN MOTHERCRAFT

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 59

ustually given for fifteen or twenty minutes several times in twenty-four hours. Do not give any medicine without a written prescription from your attending physician. A baby should be kept in bed as long as he coughs much or until his temperature has been normal for at least two days. He should not go out-of-doors for a week or more after a bad attack of bronchitis. Give baby a warm sponge-bath under a blanket every day, but omit the tub-bath until all bronchial trouble has cleared up.

Older children are to be put to bed *at once* if they cough or have a temperature of one-hundred degrees F. or over. They should have broths, cocoa, milk, and fruit-juices while they have fever, with plenty of water between meals. As they become better, thin cereals, soft eggs, jelly, milk-toast, and junket may be gradually added to the diet. Mustard-pastes are valuable for them also, but these may be made stronger, using one tablespoonful of mustard to four tablespoonfuls of flour, and leaving the paste on a little longer, until the skin is well reddened. Usually children can be made to inhale the steam from a pitcher, with a towel thrown over the head of the child and pitcher; if not they will have to be put in a tent as advised for babies.

They must be given castor-oil or magnesia in some form to keep the bowels open, and not be allowed to get up until they have had a normal temperature for forty-eight hours at least. Depend on the family doctor to prescribe any cough-medicine for them, if he thinks they need it.

BEGINNING next month, every devotee of the "pictures" will find Pictorial Review's great series, "Behind the Screen," by Samuel Goldwyn, the most fascinating film story ever printed. In the March Pictorial Review will appear a wonderful close-up of Mary Pickford.

P.N. Practical Front

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Easy-laced over Flat Hooks

The custom-corseted look.

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CORSETS

Now For a Girlish Figure as Lovely as Your Smile

WHEN you smile they call you young. There is radiance in your smile—realness and the spirit of youth. But have you stopped to think that there is something very like a fascinating smile in the chic vivacity of a well-kept figure? A something that lays a silent, subtle claim to girlishness? A "body smile" as you might call it.

Freshness of form smiles forth from the figure corseted in P. N. Practical Front. Buoyancy and elation in the Inner Elastic Vest* which holds the front steels right at the center of the body. No riding up. No off-center steels to prod the bust as in the ordinary front lace corset. A delightful ease of embrace which soothes the active body while supporting it. Great ease, too, in the lacing of outer flaps over Flat Hooks*—shoewise—with no vexatious lacing readjustments. Easy laced and daily laced to "rest" the corset and renew the perfect fitting every day.

With P. N. Practical Front the body dons that which dawns upon the joyous smiling countenance—the expression and very actuality of youthfulness.

At Stores and Departments where right corseting is viewed as vital you may select your suitable style, in a variety of fabrics, at $5.00 upward to $12.00.

If not obtainable at your favorite dealer send us his name and you will receive our New Corset Style Book

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Better Babies

All baby's future depends on your care today. Healthy, happy babies make strong men and women, fit to fight life's battles, as you want yours to become.

Medical authorities, experienced nurses, always recommend Rubens Infant Shirt because of its double-thickness-across-the-chest. Protect baby at this vital point against coughs and colds, the chills and drafts you would not notice yourself, but which may be deadly to baby's delicate organism.

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Rubens Infant Shirt always fits snugly the growing body. Easier for you to put on and take off. Slips on and off like a coat. Fastens with adjustable safety pin. No tapes or buttons to worry you or fret baby at the dressing hour.

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There is only one Rubens. Always look for the word "Rubens" on the infant shirts you buy. Knitted in 12 fine soft materials, all sizes, birth to 4 years.

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This comfortable baby in your druggist's window says: "Bring baby home a tin of Johnson's."

Baby is Counting on You

CAREFUL Mothers never compromise on quality where baby is concerned. That's why JOHNSON'S is the largest selling Baby Powder in the world. One of JOHNSON & JOHNSON'S famous Red Cross products. Wonderfully soothing to baby's tender skin. Get the best for baby.

Your Druggist is More than a Merchant
Try the Drugstore First

Johnson's Baby Powder
Best for Baby—Best for You

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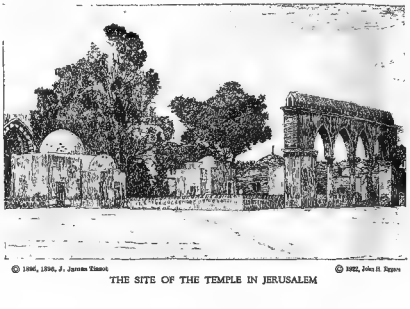

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THE SITE OF THE TEMPLE IN JERUSALEM

THE STORY OF CHRIST

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13

sure of her conversion. From now on He could speak with her, even according to the most rigorous, pharisaic precepts. "Thy faith hath saved thee; go in peace."

Simon could think of no answer; but from the side of the disciples a rough, angry voice was raised well known to Jesus. It was the voice of Judas: "Why was this waste of the ointment made? Why was not this ointment sold for three hundred pence and given to the poor?" And the other disciples, so the Evangelists say, approved the words of Judas, and murmured against the woman. Judas was the man who held the purse, the basest of them all had chosen the basest element—money.

Money was pleasing to Judas, pleasing in itself and pleasing in its possibility of power. He spoke of the poor, but he did not think of the poor, to whom Jesus had distributed bread in the country solitudes as well as to His own companions, too poor as yet to conquer Jerusalem and to found the empire of the Messiah where Judas hoped to be one of the masters. And he was envious as well as grasping; envious as all meters are. That silent anointing which was the consecration of the King and the Messiah, those honors offered by a beautiful woman to his Leader, made him suffer; the everlasting jealousy of man against man, when a woman is concerned, was mingled with the disappointment of his cupidity.

But Jesus answered the words of Judas as He answered the silence of Simon. He did not affront those who had affronted Him, but He defended the woman at His feet. And Jesus said, "Let her alone; why trouble ye her? She hath wrought a good work on Me. For ye have the poor with you always, and whensoever ye will ye may do them good; but Me ye have not always. She hath done what she could; she is come aforehand to anoint My body to the burying. Verily I say unto you, Wheresoever this Gospel shall be preached throughout the whole world, this also that she hath done shall be spoken of for a memorial of her."

The inexpressible sadness of this prophecy escaped perhaps those who sat about Him. They could not be persuaded that Jesus, to overcome should be overcome, that in order to triumph eternally He must die. But Jesus felt the day drawing near. "But Me ye have not always. She is come to anoint My body to the burying." The woman listened in terror to this confirmation of her presentiment, and another burst of tears rained down from her eyes. Then she went away as silently as she had come.

The disciples were silent, not convinced, but subdued. To hide his chagrin, Simon filled the guests' cup with better wine, but in the yellow light of the lamps the silent table seemed a banquet of ghosts, among whom had passed the shadow of death.

THIS is the third of five chapters from Giovanni Papini's celebrated "Story of Christ," translated from the Italian by Dorothy Canfield Fisher. The remaining chapters will appear in our March and April issues. Each chapter deals with a different episode in the life of the Master and is complete in itself. The instalments need not be read in sequence to be understood.

THE WOMAN WHO CAN'T SAVE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 44

decreased as their incomes increased, as it should, when based on the following groups:

$1,500 to $2,500 income, 14 per cent., or an average of $285 yearly.
$2,000 to $1,000 income, 18 per cent., or an average of $220 yearly.
$600 to $900 income, 24 per cent., or an average of $190 yearly.
$500 or less income, 27 per cent., or an average of $105 yearly.

(This included laundry, dry cleaning, and repair.)

But the actual amounts they were spending were often quite a different story, as these figures, taken at random, will show:

Miss A. had an income of $1,000, spending $310 for clothes.
Miss B. with an income of $673, spent $315.
Miss C. out of an income of $1,350, spent $225.
Miss D. spent out of an income of $625, $250.
Miss E. had an income of $1,200, and spent $230, while
Miss F. with an income of $2,400, spent $290.

As a matter of fact this inquiry showed that often it was the woman on the larger salary who was the more economical in her clothing expenditures, probably because she was usually older and more interested in saving money.

WHILE working women often spend too much money on their clothing, there are other leaks. Habitual eating of candy and visits to the soda-water fountain are often almost as great extravagances among women as cigaret-smoking is among men. The "movie" habit is another thing which may develop into an extravagance.

However, the most important reason why so few women are able to save any money is that they never plan definitely for it. We can not eat our cake and have it too, neither can we spend a dollar twice, except in imagination, so it is well to decide at once whether some future larger satisfaction is worth denying oneself the smaller extravagances of the present.

Having decided that a savings-account is not only a good thing to have in case of sickness, or for travel or additional training, but that it is worth denying oneself for, considerable progress has been made. But in order to acquire this savings-account three things are necessary—a living wage, a spending plan, and self-control. Without the living wage, of course, saving is impossible. But most women on fair incomes are very much in need of both a spending plan and self-control in buying. The question might be asked, "On what income, under average conditions, can a woman begin to save money?" Of course this would depend upon a great many factors, but it is safe to say that below eighty dollars a month at the present time a savings-account is practically out of the question.

Sickness and accident insurance, while a good thing for any one is particularly desirable as a protection for women. The endowment-insurance policy is also a good form of protection for women. These policies are of various kinds, maturing in ten, fifteen, or twenty years, of which the twenty-year policy is perhaps the most economical. Some advantages of this kind of an insurance policy are that it may be used for collateral, acts as life insurance, and after being held a certain length of time is readily converted into cash if desired in an emergency. But generally speaking, no woman should enter upon an investment without the advice of her banker or other competent person.

While nothing could be worse than the cultivation of miserly habits for the mere sake of saving money, it is quite another thing to invest the money one saves through intelligent thrift, in a carefully considered manner.

THE first practical measure for marriage and divorce reform brought forward in the United States is Pictorial Review's bill for a Uniform Marriage and Divorce Law, appearing in this issue (page 2). Indorsed by the great organizations of women.

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20 MULE TEAM BORAX SOAP CHIPS

Actually Prevent Woolens from Shrinking and Colors from Fading

Soap alone won't do it, but 20 Mule Team Borax, Nature's Greatest Cleanser, combined with fine soap will wash woolens clean without fading or shrinking. 20 Mule Team Borax Soap Chips do everything in washing clothes. They soften the water, prevent delicate colors from fading, prevent any fabric from shrinking.

Your clothes will be *clean* and fresh-smelling and your washing more economically and more quickly done when you use 20 Mule Team Borax Soap Chips.

Remember, it's the Borax with the soap that does the work. At your grocer's.

20 MULE TEAM BORAX DISH WASHING POWDER

Good for the Hands—Quick—Economical—Safe

Wash your dishes the modern way—clean, sparkling china, glasses and silverware without effort and without red, coarsened hands.

20 Mule Team Borax Dish Washing Powder—the most important household development in recent years—will wash your dishes quicker, better, more economically and it will not hurt or redden the skin. Your grocer has it—ask him.

20 MULE TEAM BORAX WASHING MACHINE SOAP

Protects Your Fabrics, Your Colors and Your Machine

A soap scientifically and carefully made especially for use in washing machines. The large percentage of 20 Mule Team Borax it contains supplies the necessary cleansing and protecting action that is needed.

20 Mule Team Borax Washing Machine Soap will clean your finest and coarsest fabrics perfectly and at the same time prevent shrinking and fading. *It is ready to use in your machine.* Get it from your grocer.

THREE of the 20 MULE TEAM BORAX PRODUCTS

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...Review for February, 1923

Brighten Up Your Home

Ideal Polish for Furniture

Johnson's *Liquid* Wax is the perfect furniture polish. It imparts a hard, dry, oil-less polish which will not finger print or collect dust and lint. It takes all drudgery from dusting.

A Preserver of Linoleum

Johnson's Polishing Wax prevents cracking and blistering—brings out the pattern and color—protects linoleum from wear and makes cleaning easy.

Rejuvenates Floors & Trim

You can easily keep your floors and woodwork in perfect condition by polishing occasionally with Johnson's Wax. The Wax cleans and forms a thin protecting finish coat.

JOHNSON'S POLISHING WAX

Paste - Liquid - Powdered

EVERY room needs the brightening touch of Johnson's Polishing Wax. It will rejuvenate your furniture, woodwork, floors and linoleum. It imparts a beautiful, durable polish which will not gather dust or lint—or show finger marks. Johnson's Prepared Wax cleans, polishes, preserves and protects.

Use Johnson's *Paste* Wax for polishing floors—wood, tile, marble, linoleum, etc.

Use Johnson's *Liquid* Wax for polishing your furniture, woodwork, linoleum, leather, shoes and automobile.

Johnson's *Powered* Wax makes perfect dancing floors.

Insist on Johnson's Polishing Wax—For Sale at all Good Stores.

Our Book Tells 100 Ways to Brighten Up Your Home. Use the coupon below.

Book on Home Beautifying FREE

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, Dept. P. R. 2, RACINE, WIS.
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Please send me free and postpaid your book telling how to make my home artistic, cheery and inviting. I understand that it explains just what materials to use and how to apply them—includes color card—gives covering capacities, etc.

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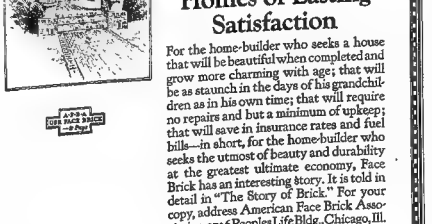

SIX-ROOM HOUSE No. 610
Designed for Service Dept., American Face Brick Association
"This is one of the ninety-six designs in 'Face Brick Bungalow and Small House Plans.'"

Homes of Lasting Satisfaction

For the home-builder who seeks a house that will be beautiful when completed and grow more charming with age; that will be as staunch in the days of his grandchildren as in his own time; that will require no repairs and but a minimum of upkeep; that will save in insurance rates and fuel bills—in short, for the home-builder who seeks the utmost of beauty and durability at the greatest ultimate economy, Face Brick has an interesting story. It is told in detail in "The Story of Brick." For your copy, address American Face Brick Association, 1726 Peoples Life Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

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OUR FACE BRICK
—Is Fine

Send for these booklets

"The Story of Brick" is an attractive booklet with beautiful illustrations of modern homes, and discusses such matters as Comparative Costs, Basic Requirements in Building, The Extravagance of Cheapness, and kindred subjects. Sent free.

"Face Brick Bungalow and Small House Plans" embrace 96 designs of Face Brick bungalows and small houses. These houses are unusual and distinctive in design, economical to build, and convenient in floor plan. "Face Brick Bungalow and Small House Plans" are issued in four booklets, showing 3 to 4-room houses, 5-room houses, 6-room houses and 7 to 8-room houses. The entire set for one dollar; any one of the books, 25 cents.

We can supply complete working drawings at nominal prices.

"The Home of Beauty" contains fifty designs of Face Brick houses, mostly two stories, representing a wide variety of architectural styles and living arrangements. The houses were selected from 350 designs submitted in a nation-wide Architectural Competition. Sent for 50 cents. We also distribute complete working drawings for these houses at nominal cost.

"Orienting the House" is an illustrated booklet, with a sun dial chart and explanation for placing a house with reference to light and shade. Sent for 10 cents.

THE LIVING MEMORIAL TO ABRAHAM LINCOLN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

THE Four Seasons Hotel had "failed." Some one has said that a thing is not a failure simply because it has failed. This heavily financed institution had not only rediscovered a lost empire, but because of it the railroad was running through the Gap! The echo of the locomotive-whistle broke the silence of time in those marvelous valleys! The light of a new hope was flooding through that historic but forgotten mountain pass! It was that light and that hope that made the beginnings of the Lincoln Memorial University possible.

Just as the church has so often led the way down many a "wilderness road" and just as the heart of woman has so often kindled a spiritual fire in the hearts of men, so the church and a woman opened the door of opportunity in this, the great heart of America.

Nine of the counties that clustered about the junction of these three States had been so poor that such a thing as a school tax was unknown, almost unthought of. And to this day in Tennessee county adjoining that in which Lincoln Memorial is located there is not a foot of railroad or a foot of macadamized road.

"NO ONE CAN DOUBT THE SINCERITY OF THEIR RELIGION WHO HAS HEARD THEM SING"

Into a tiny village of such a county nearly thirty years ago there came a preacher-teacher from Hillsdale, Mich., and it was he who made the small beginning by creating an "academy." Lady Paunceforte, wife of the then British Ambassador, christened it, after the English fashion, "Harrow Academy," and it thrived under the militant but benignant influence of the Reverend A. A. Myers. The handsome Four Seasons Hotel property was for sale for a song, and it was Mrs. Myers who put down the only thousand dollars she had in the world as a pledge of faith upon the property. Thus she began to express a great and living idea.

General Howard had long cherished an ambition to carry out Lincoln's expressed desire to help these, his own people, and he spent the last years of his life in an effort to place the institution where it rightfully belongs, among the great living memorials of a great nation.

During the years that have passed since Mrs. Myers gave her last dollar to make that feeble beginning, much has been accomplished. Here and there people have heard that cry that rings up from the mountain fastness: "Not charity, but a chance." To the group of buildings taken over from the Four Seasons Hotel Company others have been added from time to time, notably a modern boys' dormitory erected by the Tennessee Daughters of the American Revolution. The institution owns a valuable tract of land, and great plans recently made, if consummated, will place the institution where it deserves to be. Eight hundred boys and girls are enrolled there all the year round.

Men and women more consecrated and more selfless in their tasks I have never met than members of the faculty and administrative staff of Lincoln Memorial University. Among them are graduates of Harvard, Wellesley, Amherst, Wooster, the universities of Chicago, Tennessee, Indiana, Massachusetts State Normal, and Michigan State Normal College.

That the crying needs of the institution are now being so vividly met is largely brought to the attention of the American public is in a large measure due to the untiring energy and the burning zeal of Mrs. R. B. Parker, executive secretary of the Woman's Board, of which Mrs. George Washington, of Nashville, Tenn., is chairman. The Tennessee Daughters of the American Revolution have enthusiastically lent their support to the plans, and now Miss Parker has made possible the establishment of the Industrial School for Girls as a memorial to the mother of Lincoln. What a fine and comforting thought it is that women have had such a vital part in making Lincoln's dream come true!

Nothing stands out more vividly in my mind when I think of my visit to Lincoln Memorial than a picture of an attractive cottage set like a tiny jewel against the emerald mountainside. I had been asked to speak to a group of women with a view of organizing a woman's club, and more than fifty women had come—no one day's notice, to that meeting. They had gathered in the great little sitting-room, then sat in a fringe on the edge of the porch, and finally scattered to the lawn. Never have I spoken to a more absorbed and interested audience. How eager they are—these inspirited women of the mountains, to get a little breath from the big world outside! And how quickly they responded and how enthusiastic they were at my suggestion that we call the little club the Nancy Hanks Club and that we make it national right then and there!

So here is our chance to do a real service. We should have a hundred thousand members of that national association. Then indeed no little girl of the mountains would have the door of opportunity shut in her face, no tired mountain mother would have to plead in vain for a fighting chance for her children.

We have got to stop thinking of these mountain people in terms of feuds and moonshine. However cruel and unjust and unsound the background of the mountain feud may be, it was the feud spirit we have had to cultivate in order to make war. It was men like Alvin York, well grounded in the feud "ideal," that took the Stars and Stripes over the trenches. But the feud spirit has got to go—not *only* in the *mountains, but among the nations*. We can not consistently believe in war and denounce the mountaineer for continuing his family feuds.

And in the Southern mountains the feud *is* going—and going rapidly. The younger generation has seen the light of better things. Nothing could be more sharply drawn than the line between the older generation there and the new. The visitor will see picturesque costumes, quaint characters, customs dating back to the Old World, conditions of life unbelievably primitive, and ignorance that is appalling.

Sanitary conditions in some of the rural schools in so progressive a State as Tennessee are inexpressibly bad. In many of these, little children sit on hard, backless benches, their little legs dangling, with their feet six inches or more from the floor. A visitor, appalled at this equipment, said to a "prominent citizen" who was showing him around: "My God, man, these children will have spinal curvature! Why don't you shorten the legs of these benches?" The answer was: "We have no money." "Money," said the visitor; "it's not a matter of money. Have you got a saw and five minutes of time?" They hadn't thought of that.

I saw one small cabin in which thirty-seven people had lived, the children all sleeping in the loft, which was without a window or ventilation of any kind. The sanitary inspector closed that house when a case of contagious disease was found there.

The life of the mountain woman is particularly hard. Water must be frequently carried long distances up the mountains, and in many places simple home comforts are unknown.

And yet one sees in those mountains also young people who look and act and feel as other young people look and act and feel everywhere in the world.

THE new generation is the white hope in the situation. And we have got to give them a chance. From their unspoiled ranks may well come the leaders of the future. They live close to God down there; they are thinking straight and feeling deeply. If you think ill of the people of the mountains are ignorant and shiftless and immoral, go down and see for yourself.

Ask about Jennie Burke, a young girl of the mountains who has been urged to run for Congress because she has demonstrated sheer ability in public office.

A few years ago Jennie Burke was elected Superintendent of Schools for Claiborne County, Tennessee. School taxes were raised because of her indomitable courage to pursue the campaign. She rode horseback over the rough mountain roads, and talked personally with the women in every district in the county, telling them the need of better schools and the necessity for sending their children to school. Miss Burke has turned a deaf ear to the call for higher honors and the political spotlight. "My own people need me most," she told me. She is in her twenties, pretty,

"JENNIE BURKE RODE OVER THE MOUNTAINS AND TALKED WITH THE WOMEN"

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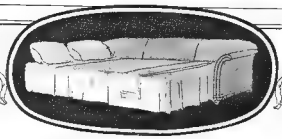
THE INVISIBLE BEDROOM



NIGHTTIME. The big Kroehler davenport before the open fire. Beauty in its flowing, graceful lines. Elegance in its rich, subdued colorings. Lazy, luxurious comfort in its deep, soft cushioning.

Flickering light and dying embers. The closed book and the sleepy yawn. Then sleep. Deep, restful, refreshing slumber. In a wide, soft, luxuriously comfortable bed. A bed entirely concealed by day within the Kroehler davenport.

Ready at the moment's need. Opening with a single easy motion. Its sheets and blankets, its pillows, all in place. Yet completely hidden when the Kroehler is folded into a daytime davenport.

Plenty of room to stretch out comfortably in this *real*, full-size bed. Surprising comfort in its strong, yielding, sagless bed springs—its thick, soft, removable mattress.

Daytime luxury—nighttime comfort—and day-after-day economy in this distinguished piece of living-room furniture, that makes an extra bedroom unnecessary, and that subtracts from the family budget the extra rental which that room would cost.

What style in furnishings do you prefer? There are Kroehler davenport beds in overstuffed, colonial and period designs, in any wood finish, with chairs to match. What type of upholstery would you have? Kroehler davenport beds have upholstery of mohair plush, tapestry, velour, genuine leather or leather substitute. Have you set a price limit? You can find a Kroehler to meet your requirements. Leading furniture dealers everywhere sell them for cash or easy payments.

Ask for a demonstration. Look for the Kroehler trade-mark; do not accept a substitute; Kroehler davenport beds cost no more. Write for illustrated booklet and the name of the nearest dealer.

KROEHLER MADE CHICAGO NEW YORK STRATFORD, CAN.

KROEHLER MANUFACTURING COMPANY, CHICAGO and NEW YORK
Factories at KANKAKEE, ILL., NAPERVILLE, ILL., BINGHAMTON, N. Y. *Canadian Factory.* STRATFORD, ONTARIO

KROEHLER

Davenport Bed

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THERE IS something enticing, something strangely enchanting in the delicacy of these wafers. To taste one is to make the second quite irresistible.

Whatever the occasion, show the daintiness of your taste by serving Anola, Harlequin, Ramona and Nabisco Sugar Wafers at your table. There is nothing more delicious or more exquisitely dainty that you can serve your guests.

N B C
Uneeda

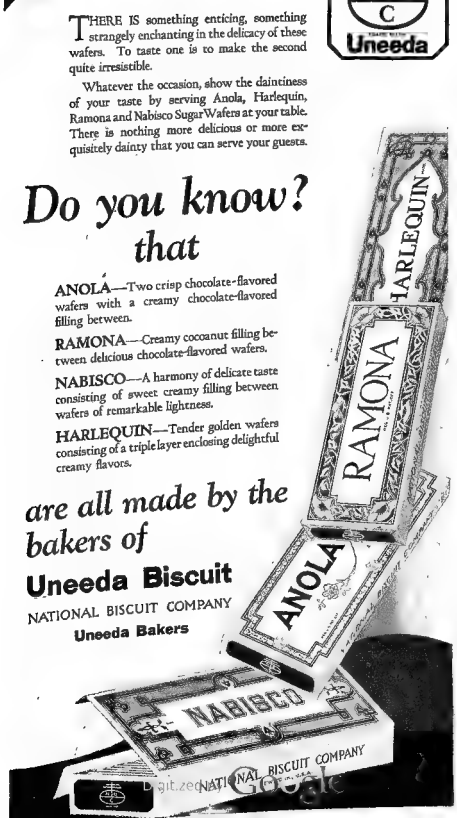
Do you know? that

ANOLA—Two crisp chocolate-flavored wafers with a creamy chocolate-flavored filling between.

RAMONA—Creamy cocoanut filling between delicious chocolate-flavored wafers.

NABISCO—A harmony of delicate taste consisting of sweet creamy filling between wafers of remarkable lightness.

HARLEQUIN—Tender golden wafers consisting of a triple layer enclosing delightful creamy flavors.



are all made by the bakers of

Uneeda Biscuit

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

Uneeda Bakers

THE LIVING MEMORIAL TO ABRAHAM LINCOLN

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well dressed, charming of manner, and extremely well informed on all matters of public concern.

Jennie Burke is a product of a typical mountain home, and she is the product of Lincoln Memorial. She is proud of her family record, which goes straight back to Jamestown. Her home is what you might call "typical" of the old days and the old ways, but the young people in that family are as bright and as attractive and as ambitious as any young people in the world.

And then get them to tell you about "Shakespeare," a slender mountain youth who could recite pages of Shakespeare offhand and who knew many of the classics by heart. Everybody loved "Shakespeare," and many are the stories they tell of how he recited "Julius Cæsar" in the log cabins during the long Winter evening. "Shakespeare" went to France and never came back.

The mountain folk are innately refined. Their characters are strong. Their natures are kindly. As they see right and wrong there is no compromise between them. The religion of the mountain people is primitive in the extreme, but no one can doubt its sincerity who has heard a congregation of Hard-shell Baptists in the Tennessee mountains sing "The Little Brown Church in the Wildwood." The only aristocracy there is the aristocracy of religion.

Neighborliness is an outstanding characteristic of the mountain people, but there has been little to stimulate it. The only community life is furnished by the post-office and the funerals.

Perhaps it is not intended that one shall finish a great work within the short span of a single life. The most that those who have received the light can do is to bear the torch aloft until the hand fails and then pass it on to other and stronger hands.

Mrs. Myers, General Howard, and many of those who struggled so nobly with them to make this school a permanent and adequate memorial to Lincoln, have gone. But they have passed the torch on to us.

Shall we not bear it aloft and resolve to keep it glowing during our generation that it may shine with even greater glory in the next? Shall we not resolve that we will neither falter nor fail until no American boy or girl shall feel impelled to plead, "Give us not charity, but a chance"?

DO YOU want to help these mountain girls? If you do, write and ask the author of the foregoing article what service you can render the organization which is looking after their needs—The Nancy Hanks Association of Lincoln Memorial University, Cumberland Gap, Tenn.

THE MAN AFRAID OF WOMEN

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know I had nothing to eat after that for twenty-four hours?"

It was such an extraordinary, unexpected accusation that I expected Terhune to explain or refute it. He had moved to the window and stood staring out of it, as if he had not even heard!

"We were crossing by the afternoon boat, and Oswald said we would not have anything to eat until we were in France. At Calais there was no time, so he said! This hotel does not serve meals, and we wandered about for hours looking for a restaurant. Oswald said he wanted, where he had determined years ago that he would have his wedding breakfast. When we found it he ordered snails and frogs' legs, strange food, and I could not eat any of it!"

I could imagine Terhune proud of his acquaintance with those delicacies, but it scarcely explained why he starved his bride because she didn't eat them.

"The next morning we tramped all over Paris," continued the girl, "to find some restaurant where the food was English, but we never found it. That night I ate snails and frogs' legs because I was starving. They were delicious."

I fancied a slight movement from Terhune. Was it of triumph? Petty and childish, surely.

"Oswald wanted me to say they were delicious, and I wouldn't——"

She turned away, and I only heard the next words murmured over her shoulder, but perfectly clear in that quiet room:

"Afterward, he made me."

I do not consider I am sentimental, tho maybe I am, but the idea of that girl having to put all her shamed disillusion into words because it must be to every man, tho he may never hope to possess it. I don't pretend, you see, that my attitude toward Kathleen was fraternal. Love is service and self-sacrifice, with or without reward. If she loved me, that would be bad luck for Terhune; but tho she didn't, I was bound to try to preserve her happiness, because that part of her, her beauty which belongs to me and all men, would be lost if she were not.

I want to make it clear why I felt called upon to interfere between a man and his new wife, uncomfortable as it might be. And I don't pretend that I should have felt the same if she had been plain.

THE girl continued very quietly, her voice almost expressionless with effort, so that it seemed as if she were repeating a lesson. She had conned it over, I expect, again and again, waiting for me:

"I should have left him, I think, the following day. But how could I tell my friends, how could I go back and tell them that my marriage had been a mistake! And I should have to tell them. There was nothing else to do. I do not speak French. I haven't a penny. Everything I had I spent buying my things. Then I thought of you. Oswald had spoken of you. You seemed to be the only man—or woman in the world whose opinion he respected! I had to see you. It seemed the only chance I should have run away if he had not consented to telegraph for you, and to let me write."

She turned suddenly upon me with hands outstretched:

"For Heaven's sake, can you help me? I am at my wit's end."

I stole a glance at Terhune. I should not like my wife, beautiful and impulsive and at her wit's end, appealing to my best friend. He stirred, but he did not turn round. Having declined to leave us, I suppose he had some queer idea that it would be honorable to behave as if he weren't there.

AND the poor child was in a foreign country without a penny-piece in the world with a man who was behaving like a bully. She was married to him, but I imagine at the moment she felt that made it worse.

"Surely, old man," I hazarded carelessly, "you make your wife an allowance." I wondered if "your wife" is as annoying to a husband as "my wife" to his friend.

"She never asked for any," he retorted heavily.

"And I never will," broke in the girl. I could see she was white and sick with the shame of squabbling with a man about money, his money, being compelled to beg for it!

"I have bought you anything that pleased you, that we could afford," continued Terhune.

"Yes. There was a Summer frock I admired in the *Grand Magasin*. We went into the shop, and I tried it on, and then he said it was ten francs too much, and we couldn't have it. Ten francs! Five shillings—and I hadn't as much in the world! I could have begged or stolen it to escape those women's looks, as they took that frock off me again."

"You know I didn't grudge it to you," growled Terhune, aroused at last. And I believed him! He wasn't mean to the point of disappointing his bride for a mere matter of five shillings. "Why must women always misrepresent things? The price was marked in the window, and they put it up when they saw how you wanted it." That, however, did not convince me. It was an excuse! Then what was the man up to! Had he some mad scheme for breaking the girl's spirit?

She recovered herself from that sudden outburst of passion. It was not a matter of francs for which she was fighting, and she would not squabble about them:

"To-day I asked him to take me out and buy me some more delicious snails. Oh, yes, I humbled myself. So he gave me something else. Oh, I know I could order what I liked in a restaurant, and he would have to pay for it. But how could I make a scene in public, where everybody is strange and foreign, drag waiters and shop assistants into our quarrel? I humbled myself to-day for a meal because you were coming, but it can't go on. Can't you make him see that it can't go on? In his queer way, I believe he loves me. He has some strange scheme for breaking my spirit once and for all, and then I shan't oppose him ever any more; but I'll kill myself first. I won't endure it. It's absurd! For years and years I've earned my own living and been free. You must make him see reason."

She was leaning toward me, vivid and

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French Dressing

6 tablespoonfuls Wesson Oil
2 tablespoonfuls vinegar or lemon juice
⅓ teaspoonful salt
Few grains each paprika and pepper

Stir Well

A Salad

is the most appetizing way to serve "left-overs."

French Dressing

made with Wesson Oil is delicious on lettuce or tomatoes and adds a piquant flavor to any cold vegetable

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In Beauty Land not far away
Two little Cre-Maids met one day,
And Disappearing Cream said, "See,
Our Queen of Beauty Land loves me."
Cold Cream replied, "That may be true
But I am sure she loves me too."

Just then a voice said, sweet and clear,
"Please don't forget that I am here;
Cre-Maid of Honor I should stand
Throughout the realm of Beauty Land,
The favorite of our Queen, I deem
Must be Hinds Honey and Almond Cream."

These Pictures are taken from our new Booklet "In Beauty Land"

The story of all the dainty Cre-Maids and their Queen is told in jingles with fascinating pictures in color. We are sure it will delight all mothers and the kiddies.

Write to-day for your copy of this artistic booklet. *Free.*
Actual size 3¾ x 5¾ inches.

All druggists and departments sell Hinds Honey and Almond Cream in bottles, 50c and $1.00. Cold and Disappearing Cream, tubes, 25c. Jars, 60c. Traveler size, all creams, 10c each. We mail a *sample* Honey and Almond Cream for 2c, trial size 6c. Cold or Disappearing *sample* 2c, trial tube 4c.

A. S. HINDS CO.
Dept. 42
Portland, Maine

These are the Creams that comfort and refresh the skin;—fragrant, delightful, easy to use, yet always sure in yielding most gratifying results. In midwinter, when frigid winds are injuring unprotected complexions, Hinds Honey and Almond Cream is preventing roughness and chapping, and is adding to the attractiveness of those women who are using it daily. The hands should be moistened with this cream to overcome the slight drying effect of some kinds of soap.

Among its other valuable qualities, this pure liquid emollient forms a wonderfully effective base for face powder and, because it is so simple to apply, the habit of using it is rapidly extending throughout all communities, particularly in women's college towns.

This same Hinds Honey and Almond Cream for years has been recommended as an aid in manicuring because it so agreeably softens the cuticle for removal and prevents soreness; also, as it adds to the lustre of the nails. Altogether, it is a success for the entire manicuring process.

Hinds Cold Cream is semi-greaseless, cleansing, healing, and perfect for massage. Hinds Disappearing Cream quickly vanishes; adds charm to the complexion by its refining influence. Relieves catchy fingers.

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THE MAN AFRAID OF WOMEN

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quivering with eagerness and emotion. And she was beautiful enough to begin with! How Terhune was able to withstand her when she was his, given to him by the law and the church and her own free will, beat me completely!

And he stood in silence, watching her with a heavy, impassive, inscrutable expression. I could understand her hopelessness of ever being able to argue with him. I had known him for thirteen years, and was bothered if I could think of anything to say.

"Look here, Terhune," I began. "You asked me to come, so I suppose you won't mind if I say what I think. Don't you know women aren't all the same?"

Terhune smiled grimly:

"You and your sort have pampered and fooled women till they have got right out of their senses. I'm not going to stand for it. When I and my wife understand each other we shan't have any more trouble."

THERE you have it! Terhune had apparently determined to set back the world a century or so, or set it forward, anyway, make it different, and this unfortunate girl was to be the subject of the experiment. Men may be able to live happily out of their period, but I never met the woman who could. But what was I to say that would have any effect with Terhune? He would drive the girl to suicide or insanity before he had finished.

He turned upon her, apparently content that I was silenced if not convinced:

"You undertook to obey, Kathleen. What have you to complain about?"

She gave me a glance of hopeless reproach from her velvety brown eyes. I suddenly realized what gave the arresting note to her beauty: her eyes should have been blue with her coloring! She dropped down on the little settee behind her in helpless dejection.

I didn't misunderstand her. She wasn't cowed. But short of a miracle, she had finished with Terhune. And in that case, where did I come in? As the play was staged there was no one else to comfort her. For the life of me, I couldn't see any other way of it; or wish any better. She was more than beautiful. A woman who could show the self-control and sweetness she had in that delicate situation, when her heart must be almost breaking, was a pearl above rubies. And she loved him! That was the pity of it. All she wanted me to do was to give her back to him.

I wanted to call him all the names for foolishness and insanity I could put my tongue to!

There he stood, a travesty of the strong man, well pleased with himself, heavy, slow, bull-like and thorough! How could one ever get a new idea into him in time to make life endure for his wife? I believe he was smugly self-satisfied with his understanding of women. Heavens, he was probably prating himself on his skill in managing the sex, never letting them forget that he was their master.

That was the solution of the conflict of sex. He had thought about it, and knew next to nothing. He was a regular Don Quixote of a martinet, mad as a hatter!

AS I stood watching him I had a sudden inkling what was the matter with him. Deep down in his heart, the man was afraid, devoutly, unreasonably afraid, as a child might be—afraid of women! Of course, he always had been. Afraid of their power over him, afraid of merging his will and spirit, his identity, lest the woman he loved should prove the stronger, and he should never quite recover himself! He was in mortal fear for his Ego, in a sheer funk. If he would admit that he loved him could give him back his soul triple-bronzed, temper his personality, he did not believe, or he was too humble to think it!

But he stood there, self-satisfied as a mountain; and Kathleen was breaking her heart because he would not take all she had to give, all she felt was worth while giving him.

I could have kicked him. And I could see every chance of him crying to break my neck—because I could not let his wife cry.

He began to hum faintly, unconsciously, I believe, in satisfaction that the girl had appealed to Cæsar, and Cæsar had taken his side. Can you see him? The most beautiful girl I ever saw, in love with him, married to him, and in two days he had crushed her into hopeless rebellion, and was proud of it! Never had a bridegroom behaved so fantastically since—since—

Then suddenly it dawned upon me, and I began to smile. As I told you, Terhune has no sense of humor, and Shakespeare is worshiped—blindly by some good people, both in and out of season. Can't you imagine Terhune studying women and how to manage them in Shakespeare, and concluding there was a pound philosophy in Petruchio's handling of Kate? Can't you see it? The Taming of the Shrew staged in the sunlit, red-curtained, polish-smelling *salon* of a French *appartement*.

How could you ever convince him now that Shakespeare's fantastic trifle was not a text-book on marriage!

There he stood silent, brooding, massive, seeing himself so patently the strong, wise husband who knew how to manage women, when he was behaving like a half-baked hobbledehoy who won't let a girl imagine too much that she matters, dreadfully afraid lest he should become the puppet that he imagined any man who worshiped a woman must be! It was grotesque, as it was pitiful. He was strutting, magnificently pleased with himself, over a tragedy, vain of the last thing on earth for which he had any claim to vanity!

I began to laugh. Nothing I could do or say would help them, and I was as much exasperated as amused. I saw Terhune draw himself up, dark with anger at my levity, and the poor little girl wilt as if her last faint hope had vanished, tragical in her disappointment!

But once I had begun to laugh, I couldn't help it. The delirious fantasy of Terhune's behavior! I sat down on the sofa beside Kathleen, laughing helplessly, careless that he made a step toward me as if he meant to throw me out. There were many steps—I had climbed up them, and Terhune is a hefty brute; but the humor of him was beyond my self-control.

To laugh over the mess your friend has made of his marriage is pretty brutal, I suppose; but suddenly, laughing into Terhune's face, I realized that it had been an inspiration, the one possible argument that might bring him to his knees.

Kathleen was regarding me thoughtfully. If I could only make her see the humor of it, too; and I went on laughing till the tears ran down my face. Had she been so much in love with him that she had taken him seriously—was that the trouble, too much in love to perceive that his most outrageous errors were deliciously funny?

As she watched me she seemed to get a glimmer of understanding, and began to laugh, too, dryly! And having let herself go so far, she had no strength to stop. Soon the two of us were laughing helplessly, like idiots; laughter was running in it, laughing that drew forth the bitterness and unshed tears and hopelessness in the girl's heart, and saved her spirit. I guessed then, what Terhune would never understand, how near she had come to desperation. The clumsy fool!

BUT the effect upon him was perfectly astounding. He turned upon her, then glanced at me, dark with shame now as much as anger, then back again at her, bewildered, writhing. He might try to simulate anger, but laughter set his very inmost soul on edge. It made him uncertain, almost apologetic, pricked the bladder of his self-satisfaction and withered him.

His collapse was so sudden and so funny that my sides ached with laughter. One minute he could not see what any man could have to say to *his* wife, or *his* wife to any man, and the next he was overwhelmed by the sense of his insignificance. It may be true that a breath of laughter makes the whole world kin, and Terhune, knowing he had no sense of humor, felt shut out of it, a restless, unhappy, wandering spirit on the edge of things; there was a world Kathleen and I could enter, forever barred to him. He was mortally afraid, do you see, really, and our laughter hurried him.

If Kathleen could understand that, poor old Terhune would be wax in her hands, and happier than he knew—no doubt. She was the sort of woman who could be trusted to pity a man when she has found his Achilles heel, and how to make him suffer. Most good women do!

But at present in the relief of pent-up distress and fear she had just given me a woman hysterical before. I don't know if he was afraid she was going mad, but in forgot all resentment he might have been feeling against me, and turned to me for help.

Only by seeing him could you realize the rich humor of that figure, bulky, almost leonine, physically a king of men, an amateur philosopher who had taken hold of me, shifting from one foot to the other in his eagerness and terror, imploring me to tell him what to do.

"I can't tell you anything, my dear chap," I said when I could get my breath, and, standing up, I made for the door. "If ever there was a man who understood women, studied them—in books, surely you are."

He caught at my arm in a frenzy, his forehead beaded with perspiration, and his face gray:

"But what am I to do? Tell me what I ought to do. Ought I to get a doctor? Will you stay here while I get one?"

I shook him off:

"Down on your knees, you idiot, and cry, if you can't think of anything better. I'm off to order the wedding breakfast. Meet me at the *Rat qui n'est plus mort* at nine."

THEY dined with me. They were grateful, I assume. But they hadn't much time for me. Terhune watched Kathleen like a dog, almost palsied lest he should discover the beginning of a smile, and the girl was far too busy weaving her silken chains.

She did once glance at me in intimate understanding as she opened her purse, and let me see a bundle of notes in it. But I was not misled. She will never forgive me for laughing at Terhune.

This Kitchen Designed by Wm. Berg, New York City

Don't Let Kitchen Work Wear You Out

YOU don't notice the extra steps you take and the needless motions you make in your kitchen, because you only take them one at a time. But —unless you own a HOOSIER—you walk over two miles a day in the stuffy kitchen atmosphere. You do much needless stooping and reaching. No wonder the average woman is too worn out to enjoy her evenings.

HOOSIER

Will Make Your Work Easy

When you own a HOOSIER you get through your work in half the usual time.

You are saved miles of steps each day. Needless backaches are eliminated, because there is not nearly so much stooping and lifting to do—and because the HOOSIER is the one kitchen convenience which adjusts your work-table to suit your height.

All your necessary tools and utensils are scientifically arranged about a big uncluttered work-table. You do your work seated before this big, clean working space, entirely at your ease.

There Is No Substitute For the HOOSIER

HOOSIER'S most important conveniences are protected by patents. It is these exclusive improvements which make the HOOSIER so superior to anything else that you could buy or build.

And because of the tremendous economies effected in the HOOSIER factory, which is the largest plant in the world producing nothing but labor-saving conveniences for the kitchen, you are able to secure a genuine HOOSIER at much less than the cost of any substitute which a carpenter or contractor might attempt to build into your kitchen for you.

A HOOSIER For Every Home

No matter what kind of a kitchen you now have—there is a HOOSIER to fit it. Special models have even been designed to fit in under the kitchen window.

The HOOSIER HIGHBOY, illustrated in this ad, and the latest addition to the HOOSIER line, was especially created for use in the kitchen which is equipped with built-in storage cupboards. It harmonizes particularly well with such an environment, and adds to the usefulness of mere storage-equipment the greatest labor-saving conveniences that can be put into any kitchen.

HOOSIER Is Available On Such Easy Terms You'll Never Miss the Money

There is no longer any reason to go on doing your work in the difficult old-fashioned way.

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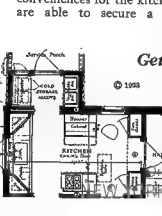

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TAKE STOCK OF YOURSELF

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16

was, and will probably remain so for yet a very long time, but my energy is not and can not be what it was, and it will gradually dwindle."

This represents the frame of mind in which the man who would make the best of life must approach the second part—the moral part—of his stock-taking. It sounds rather solemn, and it emphatically is; but the man who can not face solemnities in a serious spirit will not make the best of life. A cheerful optimism is an everything. It is necessary sometimes to stand up to facts and look them straight in the eye and find out for certain whether they are pleasant or unpleasant.

You will want no doctor for this branch of stock-taking. You have to do it for yourself, tho you may get a little help indirectly from friends who express their opinions without being asked and from reserved and judicious friends whose hints and apparently casual remarks have far more significance than the chatterings of those who always have inexhaustible quantities of advice to offer. But you can not do it for yourself unless you are honest with yourself; and, except in the middle of the night, it is not easy to be honest with yourself.

The following questions have to be asked and answered:

"I am on a certain path. Where is it leading me?" Many are apt to get so used to a path, so accustomed to looking only at the daily ground under our feet that we lose sight of the direction of the path, which indeed for all we know may have ceased to have any direction at all. There are men who think they are moving straight onward whereas in truth they are going round and round like a traveler straying in a dark forest.

"I had ambitions. I still have them. Are they any nearer attainment than they were? Is there a reasonable chance of me attaining them before the attainment is worthless to me?" There are men who in the intense preoccupation of the struggle lose the sense of practical possibilities, just as others lose the sense of direction. They grow blindly obstinate, and their own obstinacy is to them the dearest thing in the world.

IMAGINE an athlete who is determined to run the hundred yards in ten seconds. He tries and tries. He will not leave off trying. He reaches forty years of age. The ambition is perfectly hopeless, but he is still trying. A fool, of course! Plucky, persevering, but obviously a fool in the matter of his ambition! Well, there are men who in the pursuit of braver ambitions are precisely as foolish as that aging athlete.

"I am advancing, but have I advanced as far as I ought to have advanced? If not, is the failure to do so due to my having expected too much or is it due to wrong methods?

"Am I rendering reasonably happy or unreasonably unhappy the fellow creatures who share my journey?" There are men whom ambition transforms into monsters of selfishness, heartless midfference, and even cruelty; and they are convinced that ambition justifies everything. Nay, they regard themselves as the salt of the earth.

"Is my conscience clear? Nobody's conscience is clear, but is it tolerably clear? If not, what is the first step toward clearing it?

"Am I happy? Nobody is or should be entirely happy, but am I fairly happy? If not, why not? Is it because my instincts are being continually thwarted, or because I don't make an endeavor to be happy, or because of any mortal thing whatsoever that I can indicate?

"I am far off old age, but old age is approaching daily. The terrors of old age are solitude, neglect, boredom, lack of suitable activity, utter dependence on others, and the consciousness of wasted opportunities, of having achieved less than one might have achieved. What am I doing now to destroy those terrors, or even to minimize them? Am I sufficiently providing for the final years? Am I keeping my old friendships in repair and constructing new ones? Am I in the intervals of satisfying my greatest interest creating minor interests which will serve me later? Am I digging my groove so deep that I shall never be able to climb out of it? Am I slacking?"

Plainly to ask these questions and to answer them honestly and truly involves an enormous feat of standing outside yourself and looking at yourself as if you were someone else. The feat must be accomplished if life is to be lived fully. The right replies having been given, it should not be impossible to discover and apply such remedies as may be required. The man of middle age has a tremendous advantage over the young in any crisis. He has experience.

THE case of women is different, and it is very much harder.

Certain instincts are more profound and more imperious in women than in men. Women want to be admired. Men also want to be admired; at least they like being admired, but not to the same degree as women, nor for the same qualities. A woman wants to be admired for youth, beauty, and charm; and she is not fact admired more for such qualities than for any others. If this state of affairs is wrong, the blame attaches quite as much to men as to women, to the admirers as to the admired.

A man appreciates admiration chiefly of his energy, brains and protective power. He stands as good a chance of being admired at fifty as at twenty-five—perhaps a better chance. He contemplates with comparative equanimity the onset of the years. A woman regards time as her enemy, for it steadily robs of two of the admired qualities, and at best it impairs the third. Beyond doubt, other things being equal, a man will turn to a woman of twenty-five rather than to a woman of thirty-five, and to a woman of thirty-five rather than to a woman of forty-five—even tho the one is by miracle as attractive as the other. You may protest that this is unjust. It may be, but it is so.

The average woman will spare no pains in the daily struggle to strengthen her forces against the relentless adversary. And the apparatus which has gradually come into being to assist her is immense, complicated, and very impressive. Go into no matter what important city, and you will find in the center of that city that the most important buildings are wholly or mainly devoted to the business of helping women to enhance their attractiveness, to appear younger than they actually are, to appear more beautiful than they actually are, and to hide or disguise the more glaring mistakes of nature. The very term "the shops" has now been specialized to mean shops for women's clothes and toilet. No other meaning is seriously cont.

Do not suppose that this condition of things is due wholly or mainly to the woman's desire to marry, and to the fact that as women outnumber men a keen competition exists among women for men.

In the first place the relative scarcity of men is greatly exaggerated in the public mind. There are, roughly, nineteen men to every twenty women of marriageable age; the disproportion is not sufficient to account for the size and prosperity of "the shops." I grant that women are more anxious to marry than men, but that is not really an argument against my position, because the desire to remain young and beautiful persists intensely in a woman after she has obtained all the man she wants. The strange and unnatural condition of things is due to an elemental and unchangeable ordinance of nature; and it requires no other justification.

The ordinance is so influential that women will sometimes continue to obey it to the best of their ability when obedience to it becomes not merely futile but tragic. Look at that wrinkled lady whose face is covered thick with rouge and powder and brown with sunburn. Look at her absurdly youthful costume; watch her imitation of a youthful walk. The spectacle is terrible. What is she hoping for? She will tell you what she is hoping for. She is hoping that seen at a little distance she may be mistaken during two seconds—two seconds—for a woman half her age. And to win those two seconds of attention and admiration she will spend hours of ingenuous and expert toil. Such is the astounding dominion of a basic instinct.

The case is of course extreme. But the majority of women go down into middle age fighting to keep that which they know they can not keep. And no matter the supreme symbol of womanhood is the *danseuse*. She is admired, wooed, feted spoiled, applauded, worshiped. But within her heart is the cankerous knowledge that beyond a certain age she can not dance in public and will not be allowed to dance, and that the time is surely coming when she will cease utterly to get applause, and near but a few faithful friends will look twice at

CONTINUED ON PAGE 84

Meet Mary!

IN PICTORIAL REVIEW for March begins Samuel Goldwyn's great story of the "movies" "Behind the Screen."

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KRUMBLES are delicious—with the full-flavor of whole wheat for the first time in food history! They delight every one—you never tasted more appetizing cereal! And KRUMBLES are ready to serve—they do not have to be prepared.

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Roasts all kinds of meats, fowls and fish, a 5-pound roast uses electricity about 20 to 25 minutes.

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Boiled dinner complete—using electricity about 40 minutes.

Fries—Toasts—Stews Makes Coffee, Boils Tea Kettle. No other stove needed.

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An Electric Fireless Cooker Saves 50 to 75% Fuel Cost

HERE is the easiest, cheapest method known to prepare the family meals. With the same electric current that lights your home you can do all your cooking at one-fourth to one-half the cost of any other method. It is a new, simple, practical invention that gives you every cooking, baking, roasting, frying, boiling and toasting facility of the expensive electric range, plus every advantage of the fireless cooker, at less than you would pay for even a good gasoline or oil cook-stove.

Better Meals Less Cost

Use Electricity, ¼ to ½ Cooking Time

You prepare the entire family meals with less effort and less cost than ever before. High priced cuts of meat can be discarded for lower priced cuts and inexpensive food made equally appetizing, more nutritious and healthful. No "pot-watching." No worrying about burning.

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TAKE STOCK OF YOURSELF

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 82

her save in pity, and that she will be reduced to teaching others younger and more beautiful than herself to take the place which she once held.

Nevertheless the fate of the average woman need not be pictured in colors too dark. We do not in fact see ladies over forty going about in weeds for their departed physical charms, or weeping softly in motor-busses because the sight of them will never again brighten the raiding eye of unknown men. Somehow or other they do accustom themselves to their changed situation in the regard of the curious world, and they do find compensations which in a greater or less degree reconcile them to the permanent loss of very precious satisfactions. This is notorious and within the knowledge of everybody.

At the same time let us not dismiss a grave matter too lightly nor ignore the fact that in certain instances a woman's arrival into middle age is a tremendous tragedy from which she never during the rest of her life fully recovers. Let us note also that men are generally far too indifferent to the scarcely spoken sufferings of women whose mirrors tell them awful truths—messages reenforced by the casual disdainful glances of passers-by in the street.

How does a woman contrive without secret disaster to cross the bridge between the period of physical attractiveness and the second and unexciting period of her existence?

We can reach the answer to the question by inquiring into the case of the woman to whom the years bring tragedy. Such a woman has lived for admiration; she has depended on admiration and depended on nothing else. She has, in practice, assumed that the qualities which give her power and joy would last forever. She has done worse than, in the ordinary sense, live on her capital. She has lived on a sort of treacherous capital which, besides producing no interest whatever, was steadily dwindling into utter valuelessness. She has based her claim to the affection and attention of society exclusively upon the perishable part of herself. She has been content to receive without giving because society was ready to give without receiving. She has put herself to be purchased. She has presumed upon the present. She has put all her eggs into one basket. She has refused to learn from the universal experience of other women. She has shut her ears to the approaching footsteps of the future. She has persisted too long in the pretense that things are not what they are. She has believed in miracles. There are no miracles.

The unequal fight is protracted, but it has an end. Defeated, she looks round for a support. But every human being has to provide his own support in the supreme moral crises, and she has provided none. Her life is over, and her doom is to go on living, if only in the semblance of an old malicious cat.

THE case is fortunately exceptional, tho by no means extremely rare. The average woman has some sense, and either out of the kindness of nature or out of her own self-interest she starts in time to insure herself against total loss. She discounts the worst kind of admiration and seeks to cultivate the better kind. She is not content to *be*; she sets forth on a course of *doing*. All this comes without effort, she realizes that the ability to please without effort is transient, and she learns a new and lasting ability. She creates interests for herself which are independent of time. She provides against the advent of the lean years. She makes herself indispensable to some individual or group of individuals. She comprehends that time can not wither the fruit of a kind smile, and that unselfishness and devotion exercise an enchantment that nothing can impair. She tries to please. It is an endeavor that, honestly made, can not fail. For the desire to be pleased she substitutes the desire to give pleasure. As fast as she loses ground on one side she gains ground on another side. She treats the future with respect, as one respects a formidable enemy. She defies time by the sole method by which time can be defied successfully—by putting against it those powers of mind and heart that are as immune from its touch as gold is immune from rust. She may not do these wonderful things consciously, or quite selfishly, or quite unselfishly, or perfectly, or according to a prearranged plan; but she somehow does them.

The result is not always, is very seldom, entirely satisfactory to the feminine part of her, but it is as satisfactory as most results are in this interesting and inexplicable world. Without women of middle age the said world would be much more lugubrious than it actually is.

MANY women need not take stock on the man's scale or at his period. They marry, have children, their way of life is appointed for them, and they can not alter it. What is more, they have little desire to alter it. Their existence is full; they are interested, even absorbed; and they have as much happiness as destiny has decided to vouchsafe to the average individual. But they can rarely avoid stock-taking in the end. For children grow up and depart, and although children usually display a forbearing anxiety about their mothers they do not usually make any serious attempt to fill the gap which their departure has created. The mother must therefore take stock in time of her relations with her children's father, who too often until it is too late is treated as a mere inevitable but no-longer-necessary human adjunct. She must also take stock of her own provision for filling the gap. Of course grandchildren may partially fill it, but grandchildren are not so sure as they were

A woman of forty or sixty may wake up one morning to discover that she has nothing, or not enough, to live for, because when the present absorbed her she yielded too fully to its attraction and forgot the future. She is bored. Boredom is generally a fatal disease, and has killed more middle-aged people than phlebitis, bronchitis, or arthritis.

Other women, the women who seem likely to have to depend exclusively on their own resources for the rest of life, must take stock earlier than men—much earlier, for they mature and fade earlier, and their direction is taken earlier. A single woman who leaves her stock-taking till forty may have left it too late.

A professional woman must examine realistically what her prospects are, and she must satisfy herself that her profession will not ultimately disappoint her, filling her with regrets instead of with satisfactions. Few women stay in love with a profession. Most of them love a profession violently for a while, and then passion turns to hatred.

The single woman with private means is menaced with dreadful dangers. You can see her wandering all over the continent of Europe trying to evade those dangers and not succeeding, because they can not be evaded by flight. They can only be defeated in a straight fight by dint of cultivating every feminine attribute that the situation has left available for her. The European hotels are largely inhabited by secret tragedies due to early negligence in taking stock.

The single woman who is absolutely dependent for food, clothes, and shelter on the life or the whim of another being is in the worst pass of all. She may indeed be so helpless that she has no stock to take. But such women ought not to exist, and their mere existence is a reproach to those who had charge of their youth.

THE ANGEL OF ACCOMPLISHMENT

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23

Valliery brought Wray the libretto, and probably discussed it a little. He was profound ignorant of the technical side of music. Wray wrote the music and the lyrics. His partner was clever enough to see that these were good, and there was little for him to criticize. They may have discussed joins, and turns, and intervals, but there were no great points of cleavage over which they would be likely to fall foul.

During the succeeding five years four Wray-Valliery pieces were staged in London and New York, and companies went on the road with them. By that time they had established their reputation as a unique combination. They were beginning to make money and to be big people in the theatrical world. And Timothy and I were still awaiting the great quarrel.

I had by that time joined my friend Dr. Brill in West Kensington, so that I was able to indulge occasionally in the society of Timothy's friends and to visit the theater.

The Wray-Valliery plays were a constant delight to me. I really believe that Timothy was more interested in the men than in their plays. But then he was fond of that. He would come and report to me the latest scandal concerning them, and indeed their behavior was always open to criticism of some sort.

One evening Valliery was arrested for assaulting the head waiter at the Amalfi restaurant because he was not walking-restaurant because he was not walking-restaurant because the corner of the room to an attick from which the only exit was a fire umbrella-stand. He escaped with a fine and a little gentle lecturing from the press. The more successful he became the more overbearing became his manners. He hardly troubled to speak to any one, unless it was a pretty woman, or some one to whom it paid him to be polite.

Upon Wray the effect was almost as disastrous. Success touched him in a different way. His manners in some ways

CONTINUED ON PAGE 87

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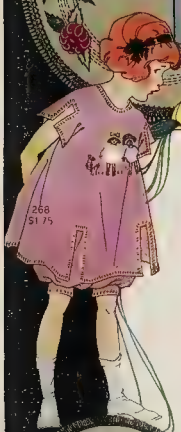

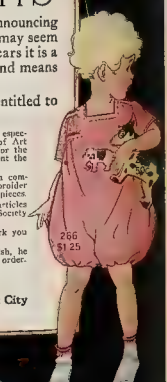

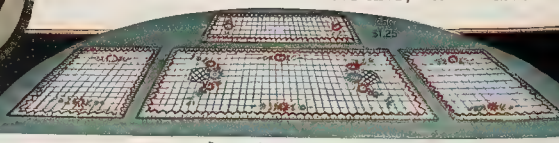

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THE ANGEL OF ACCOMPLISHMENT

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 84

improved; that is to say, he was more sociable and amenable. On the other hand he became more shallow and insincere, more of a poseur. He adopted the garb of the eccentric genius. He was wildly extravagant, and took parties of girls to the Café Royal, and to an ornate bungalow he had hired at Maidenhead.

He became less self-opinionated, but it was done as the opinion—no one's opinion—was of any consequence. It was as tho he had lost something and the knowledge of it made him desperate. It was a known fact that during those early years of their association Wray and Vallery sometimes quarreled, but the quarrel never reached an open rupture. Once Wray appeared in my consulting-room. He was looking haggard and ill. When I asked him the trouble he said:

"I'm not sleeping, Parsons."

I advised the usual remedies, recommended a complete rest and change, but as I watched the restless movements of his features I realized how inadequate is the authority of a medical man. We may sometimes make a shrewd guess at the basic cause of a disaster, but no medicine or advice will cure a megalomaniac. Just as he was about to go he turned to me, and with one of his quick, appealing looks he gasped:

"I hate that man—Vallery!"

So you see the old faith in the fetish does not die. What did Wray expect me to do? Possibly he would have been better advised to have gone to a priest; that is, if he could have found a really nice impressive priest. Any one would have done if he had only had sufficient strength of character to change Wray.

I thought of his rather futile old mother, and I felt sorry for him. I said what I could. I tried to persuade him to give up his association with Vallery. I pointed out that his health was more important than his material success. He had quite a decent private income (inherited from his father in the seventies of last line). Then what was it? Wray was quite incoherent. He went off late in the evening, and I noticed after he had gone that he had left on the table in the hall the prescription I had given him!

On discussing the matter afterward with Timothy I said:

"What is it that keeps these men together?"

And for all it may be worth I will quote just what Timothy replied. For Timothy at that time had just married a charming girl, a former typist to a dental surgeon in Kilburn, and he was becoming something of a philosopher. This is what Timothy said:

"It is the angel of accomplishment, old man. When people are working, doing things together, especially if they are doing them in the face of difficulties, there is always some queer jinnee which presides over their affections. Comrades in battle, however opposed they may be temperamentally . . . chaps who row in the same boat, play in the same team at cricket or football, are up against things together. The angel of accomplishment presides over their fate. It's afterward for . . . or when they lose that united sense of conflict that the trouble sometimes comes."

IN THE light of what followed I found Timothy's remarks interesting. It was during the production of their sixth success, "The Apple-pie Bed," that the biggest cloud that had so far gathered over the Wray-Vallery combination made its appearance. And as one might expect, it came in the form of a woman. Lydia Looe played the part of the ingénue, Wanda, in "The Apple-pie Bed." She was a pretty girl, not quite so ingenuous as she appeared upon the stage, but in any case good for either James Wray or Francis Vallery, who were both approaching a rather dilapidated middle age.

How their rivalry over the charms of this new discovery never reached a crisis is a mystery to me. I spent a Sunday evening at Wray's flat when all concerned were present, and the look of venom that passed between the two men at the slightest success of either upon the lady's favor was positively frightening. The competition lasted eight months, and Vallery appeared to be winning.

"If the matter is really settled," I thought, "I shall dread to pick up my newspaper." Let me add that all this time the two men were working on a new play, "The Island in Arabia." Timothy said he had seen the figure of Wray, all muffled up, hanging about outside Vallery's house in Knightsbridge late at night, "looking like an Apache." The crash was surely about to come; but in July the Gordian knot was severed by Lydia Looe running away with the business manager of a jam and pickle factory.

"The Island in Arabia" was produced the following month and was one of the biggest successes of the series. We all hoped that the episode of Lydia Looe would tend to reconcile the two men, and so apparently it did. But the following year Vallery publicly accused Wray of swindling him. There was a fearful disputе between principals and their lawyers, and the matter came into court. I forget the details of the case, but it principally concerned the royalties on the songs published separately from the score. I know that Wray lost the case and that it cost him thousands of pounds. He went to the Continent and married a wealthy Hungarian widow, and we all believed that England had seen the last of him.

But as the not to be outdone even in this, Vallery also married. His marriage was about as disastrous an affair as ever disgraced the records of a divorce court. It lasted eighteen months, and when Mrs. Vallery was eventually persuaded to appeal to the courts she had a most pitiable story to disclose. Not only had she no difficulty in proving Vallery's guilt of faithlessness, but she recorded a distressing series of cruelties. He had struck her on innumerable occasions. He had thrashed her with a belt, locked her in a cupboard, thrown her out into the garden on a wet night, and many times threatened her with a revolver.

A few months after the divorce, news came that Wray's wife had died suddenly, under rather mysterious circumstances, in Budapest. He returned to London, and three years after their last case Wray and Vallery were again at work together on a play which was called "Wine, Woman, and Mr. Binns." It was one of the most amusing, most lyrical plays seen in London for a decade, and ran for four hundred and fifty odd nights.

THE Wray-Vallery combination then seemed to take a most surprising spurt They both settled down and worked hard. Wray's experience in Hungary, whatever it had been, quieted him. He became less eccentric, less depraved in his appetites. On the other hand he was rapidly becoming more self-centered, more shrewd, more mercial. He appeared to be obsessed with the idea of making a huge fortune. Vallery was also not without ambitions in this direction. And between them they undoubtedly succeeded in grinding the commercial ax to good purpose.

There is no question but that the series of plays that they composed during this latter phase were artistically inferior to the earlier ones, but on the other hand their sureness of touch was more apparent. To use a hackneyed phrase, they knew just what the public wanted and how to give it to them.

At that time Timothy and I had quite lost touch with them. Timothy was the proud father of three girls. He had written several successful novels and stories, and was a reader to an eminent firm of publishers. I myself had a son and daughter and an increasing practice. We met frequently and indulged in little social distractions, but we felt no great desire to seek further the companionship of these two notorieties. "They're getting a bit too thick," was Timothy's comment after reading the details of Vallery's divorce.

Nevertheless we still followed the details of their careers with considerable interest, and there often came to us stories of their violent differences, of scenes at rehearsals, ugly threats and recriminations. On one occasion Wray wanted to have the whole of their interests put in the hands of a well-known agent, but Vallery objected. The dispute went on for months and, as usual, Vallery had his way. It is said that they wrote "The Girl at Sea" when they were not on speaking terms, and the score and libretto were passed backward and forward through a lawyer.

Still they went on from success to success. Together they wrote some twenty-odd variably successful plays. In one Newyear's honor list we found the name of James Wray, the eminent composer, under the knighthoods. The forces which control the distribution of honors are as mysterious as the forces which control the stars, and rather more inexplicable. How Sir James Wray managed to obtain his title over the heads of many distinguished other artists it is impossible to say. These things are usually accepted with a smile or a shrug, and a man's friends are not often perturbed by them.

But in the case of Vallery the affair reacted disastrously. He was knighted. He took the whole thing as a royal affront to himself. If Sir James Wray, why not Sir Francis Vallery? It is said that the powers that be have a prejudice against people who have shown up badly in the divorce court. This was true, but on the other hand was Wray's private life above reproach?

His colleague's title broke Vallery up, and it certainly did no good to Wray. They were both now prematurely old men, worn out, and embittered. They never wrote another play together.

Nestling in a hollow among the gentler slopes of the Pyrenees is a little village called Cambo-les-Bains. One hears winds ever come to Cambo. Even in the few months of Winter the air is soft and tender. In February the hedges are aglow with primroses and violets. In March rhododendrons and magnolias raise their insolent heads.

Thither Rostand, the famous French poet, laid out a dreamy garden on the proceeds of the success which was to come to "Chanticler." Alas, poor Chanticler! Some things survive more readily in a sturdier clime. Thither come people whose lungs are not quite the thing—"just for a month or two, old boy." And they lie there in camp-beds out in the open under

CONTINUED ON PAGE 88

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THE ANGEL OF ACCOMPLISHMENT

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 87

the trees—waiting. It is a good place to die.

Thither one day came Francis Vallery, old and broken in health. He took the ground floor of the Miramar Hotel, with his own valet, and cook, and secretary. And thither one day—strangely enough—came Sir James Wray. It seemed curious that after a life's enmity they should have been drawn together in the end. It was Vallery who invited Wray.

It appears to me less remarkable that Vallery should have invited Wray than that Wray should have accepted. Vallery was completely friendless. The vicious associations of his youth were snapped. People of interest had deserted him. Friends had betrayed him. Wray?—no, Wray was not his friend, but in any case they had worked together. They knew each other's families. There were a thousand things they could talk about, discuss . . . memories. Ah! perhaps the old inspiration might once more spring forth—just one more play. It was seven years now since the curtain had rung down on "The Picador."

But why did Wray go to Cambo? He had friends of a sort, society people, artists. He was still a figure at dinner parties, first nights. *His* lungs were still all right. His hatred of Vallery was not assuaged. Perhaps he went because he feared him. All through their association he had been under the spell of the stronger party. At every great crisis he had been given way. Vallery had him under his thumb from the first. Wray had sworn never to write again, for the stage, even a line." He would go abroad, and then he stayed for seven months.

FOR the account of the tragic dénouement of this visit Timothy and I are indebted to an American gentleman named Scoble. Scoble had been to Cambo to visit his sister, who was herself suffering from pulmonary trouble.

On his way back through London he had dined at Timothy's one evening at Chelsea, and I was the only other guest. Mr. Scoble was a lean-faced New Englander, with small keen gray eyes beneath shaggy brows. He had long, thin hands, the first fingers of which he had the habit of shaking at us alternately as he spoke. He was not anxious to talk about the Wray-Vallery affair. He said he would rather forget all about it, but as Timothy had investigated it there with the express purpose of pumping in the matter, we were cruel enough to insist. Mr. Scoble had certainly had enough of it. He had had to give evidence in a French court through an interpreter, and he had no great opinion either of French courts, their dilatory methods, or their sanitary arrangements. You see, he was the sole witness of the actual tragedy.

It appeared that his sister's suite of rooms was in the Miramar Hotel annex. From her balcony he had a complete view of the south veranda, where Vallery spent most of the day. He had spoken to Vallery once or twice, but finding that he was a "bear with a sore neck" he desisted, and devoted his attention to other hotel guests.

Then he explained: The other old boy with the squeaky voice turned up."

"Sir James Wray?"

"Sure. I didn't take much stock of him at first. I used to hear him pipping away below, and the other occasionally barking back in a voice that couldn't be a bear. But at last that voice began to get on my nerves. You see, I could hear just what he said, but I couldn't get the reply. It was like listening to a man on the phone. My! it was a voice. I was almost always on the point of sending to call out to him to quit. But you know how it is. If you listen to any one you kind of can't help wanting to hear what he is going to say next."

"What sort of things did he talk about?"

"Most every kind of dither, like old men will—the weather, a girl's frock in some show put across when he was a young man; the best place to buy overshoes; the retail price of whisky. He was a pretty good hand at whisky too. He arrived with two cases. The other man sat watching him. I didn't like them. I got to get my sister moved, but the hotel was full. I was away in Paris during the Fall and didn't return for some months. I got back to Cambo three days before—the thing happened."

I don't think Mrs. Timothy took the interest in this incident that we did. In any case she made some excuse about packing up Christmas presents for the children, and left the room. Mr. Scoble, Timothy, and I drew our chairs up round the fire.

"How did you find things when you got back, Mr. Scoble?" I asked.

"Identically the same, sir. There were those two old boys still on the veranda below, sitting some way apart. Squeaky Voice, with the whisky-bottle in front of him, letting on about the difference between merino and cashmere. Bear Voice in No. 1 Home rails, or the name of the girl who used to sell programs at some God-forsaken theater. There was the other man, kind of vague in the background, growling yes and no or be darned if he knew or cared. It was November, and the weather was heavy and overcast for those parts. It's a dandy place, except for the sick people."

"What happened on the day?"

"It all grew out of the same thing, if you'll believe me. It was early in the afternoon. I'd been out for a stroll. When I got to my sister's room I heard Squeaky Voice going strong. The other man was asking him where some place was hard by. 'Yes, sir, I recollect exactly now how the thing came through. Squeaky Voice said, 'You remember that villa next to Madame Josselle's fashionable establishment. There's a flower-pot in the window about the size of a stone ginger-beer bottle— Well, it's just opposite—' This seemed to satisfy the big man, except that he growled, 'Oh, it's there, is it?' Then he added rather savagely, 'I know the place you mean. I noticed the flower-pot myself, but it's a good three times the size of a stone ginger-beer bottle.'

"Then, believe me, the trouble began. It beats me why the argument got them like that. Squeaky Voice began to scream that he had taken particular notice of the flower-pot at the time, and he'd swear it wasn't an inch higher than an ordinary stone ginger-beer bottle. And each time he said that the bear got angrier and growled, 'It's three times the size.' The argument raged for an hour. Squeaky Voice pointed out that the other was every kind of walleyed, bone-headed thruster, and the bear rolled about the veranda, beating his fist and using language that would have made a Milwaukee bartender hand in his checks.

"The exhibition tired me, and I went in. I think they slackened up too after a bit. Somewhere away in the big rooms a meal was cooked. The night came on quick, and the moon broke through the clouds. After dinner I'm darned if I didn't hear them going it again hammer and tongs. 'I'm a judge of size,' Squeaky was saying. 'There isn't an inch to it.' 'It's nearly four times the size,' roared the other, who, you see, had raised his figures. I was near to getting the hotel management on to quelling the disturbance, but it slackened off. At least I thought it had. About ten o'clock I went to my room, which was right at the corner. I went on to the balcony to take a last breather, and then I saw the whole darn thing happen.'

"'Have a little whisky, Mr. Scoble?' said Timothy.

"I will, sir, thank you. It seemed dead still. I've thought they had given us but suddenly I saw Wray—that's the man's name, sure, Wray—he was crouching in the corner of the veranda, just beneath me, and he had a bottle in his hand. I thought at first it was a last carouse, then by the light of the moon I noticed he was holding it by the neck and the bottle was empty. His thin voice came up to me like a husky wail, 'Blast you, it is the same size!' I could just see the shadowy form of the other man lying back near the window at the end. He was mumbling, 'Five times as big!' Wray went toward him like a cat.

"I called out, and I think the effect of my cry was to get the big man alert to trouble. He was on his legs by the time Wray reached him. I saw the bottle swing in the air. Then they came to grips. Gosh! I've seen men fight, but—tables and chairs and glasses were scattered and broken. I heard the bottle break, but one of them was still holding it by the neck. Up and down the veranda they rolled and fought and bit. Just like madmen. Then there was a scream. A man and a woman rushed out. I went below. The big man Vallery was lying in a heap—dead—his throat cut from ear to ear. Wray was writhing by his side. He died the next morning—blaspheming.

"Like a gump I gave out that I'd seen the whole thing. They asked me for the inquest. Those French courts of justice—I wanted to forget the whole damned ugly business, but my memory—but there I was nailed, made to go over and over it again. I never thought it possible to see such passion—just savage beasts they were—and all over the size of a flower-pot. Thank you, Mr. Ralfish; just a finger."

THE fire glowed in the warm security of the room, the curtains shut out drifting against the windows. In the drawing-room across the passage Mrs. Timothy was running her hands over the keys of a piano. Timothy smiled wistfully.

"Neither Wray nor Vallery ever liked me," he remarked, apparently irrelevantly. Then by way of explanation, "I'm going to have my revenge upon them. I often cut that a writer of fiction has things like that left at his door—"

Mr. Scoble nodded, and shook his long first finger at them.

"I see your point, sir. Provided you leave me out, the goods are yours. I've another small side issue might be useful to you. It wasn't a flower-pot at all. I verified the fact the next day. It was a child's red stockinet ball. Just think of it. They only had to stroll ten minutes up the village street. They could have saved the trouble, each other drinks, laughed the thing off. Instead of that they thought it more amusing to fight with broken whisky-bottles. What do you think of it?"

We sat there staring at the fire. Timothy was sucking at an empty pipe.

"I can see the explanation," he said at last.

"I should be entertained to hear it, sir."

"You see," said Timothy slowly, "the angel of accomplishment had deserted them."

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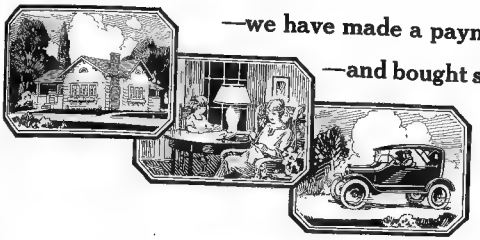

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Besides, we are planning to have an automobile. We can easily make payments on one now."

Mrs. Henry Bender

By MRS. HENRY BENDER

EVER since the war I had tried to find some home work to do, but with my house and two children to care for, it seemed hard to find any worth-while occupation that I could work at, just in my spare hours, without leaving home.

Before the war we got along fine and I didn't need to think of doing anything to make extra money, for my husband had a fine position. But he enlisted, and when he returned after two years' service, his position was filled and he couldn't get another as good.

Then came high prices and unemployment, and we both saw the need of my doing something at home to help.

At last we heard of the Auto Knitter and it appealed to us, as my husband could use it in spare time during the evenings, while I attended to the children.

After a careful study of the Auto Knitter literature we sent for the machine, but I must confess that I was fearful that we had made a mistake—until the machine actually arrived.

Then my apprehensions vanished, for when the box arrived and was opened, the wonderful Auto Knitter looked so neat and business-like, with work already started in it, that we were both eager to start using it.

We spent a couple of hours studying the instruction book, which makes everything very plain. Then we started knitting. When we had finished our first pair of socks there were a few mistakes, but they were ours, not the machine's. Then I made another pair, which were all right.

The beauty of this work is that you can knit just a few minutes at a time and continue your work just where you left off. After doing housework it is a pleasure to sit down with such nice work and know that you are making some real money.

The first two dozen pairs of socks I made I sent to the Auto Knitter Hosiery Company, and received my wage check by return mail. I was so encouraged, for I knew we need not worry over high prices any longer.

After sending several shipments to the company, my friends started buying socks from me. I received $1.00 a pair for men's socks, and during the winter I sold many dozen pairs, just to friends and their friends.

Next I started to make ladies' fancy wool hose and children's school stockings. I received $1.50 to $2.00 a pair for the women's and 75 cents for the children's. They were bought as fast as I could make them, so I was kept busy all the time I could spare.

With this extra money, earned at home in spare time, we have made a payment on a home of our own, bought some new furniture, and many other things we couldn't have obtained otherwise.

I know we will make more money next year, as we are now used to the work and like it better every day. We are planning to have a small automobile this summer to enjoy on Sundays. We can easily make monthly payments on one now, for we have a steady income that we are sure of. There is nothing like Auto Knitting. I can't say enough for the Auto Knitter.

Mrs. Henry Bender.

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You, too, probably have quarter-hours, half-hours, or often whole evenings that might be used profitably to make money for clothes, shoes, hats and other personal needs, or for dishes, furniture and other home comforts.

If you have spare hours, and want to turn them into money, you can follow the example of Mrs. Bender and many, many others—right at home—with the assurance that your work at Auto Knitting will pay you *in proportion to the time and care you devote to it.*

Auto Knitting is a pleasant home occupation — making Olde Tyme All-Wool Socks on the Auto Knitter. The Auto Knitter Company gives a Five Year Contract to every Auto Knitter purchaser, binding the company to accept and pay for every pair of socks made in accordance with the simple standard described in the instruction book. Many Auto Knitter workers send their entire output to the company and receive payment as provided in their work agreement, besides having the yarn they use in the hosiery replaced pound for pound.

You are at perfect liberty, however, to dispose of your output locally or to private trade—or you may send a portion of your work to us if you choose, as Mrs. Bender has done.

Auto Knitter Workers Sending Over 1,000,000 Pairs of Socks to Us This Year.

This year Auto Knitter owners are sending us over 1,000,000 pairs of wool socks for which we pay them in wages alone over $100,000. Later these socks are sent out to over 9,000 stores, where they are sold under the trade name "Olde Tyme All-Wool Socks." Wouldn't you like to have a part of this money we pay Auto Knitter owners for making them? Whether the time devoted to the work be large or small, Auto Knitting will reward you for the time and effort you put in.

A Wonderful Work Record Less Than 5% Rejections.

The Auto Knitter is for workers—for those who are serious in their desire to make money in their spare hours. The Olde Tyme Socks that are sent to us under the Work Contract come from everywhere—from new workers, who are just beginning their work and from old friends of long standing. There are socks from novices as well as the experienced, socks from careless as well as painstaking.

And yet, out of the huge total sent in to us, less than 5% have to be laid aside and returned to the worker as not being up to the standard set for Olde Tyme All-Wool Socks.

We believe it to be a great tribute to the general all-round efficiency of the Auto Knitter and the Auto Knitter worker that rejections on this home work, performed in thousands of different homes, are so small as to be almost negligible. If these folks learned from the instruction book to make socks that average less than 5% rejections, can you not do it, too?

Write Today for FREE Information.

If you are seeking some way to turn spare moments into money, then we would like to send you all of the facts about the Auto Knitter. We want you to know all about this new, pleasant occupation that can be conducted right in your own home as a means of earning dollars in spare hours. You do not place yourself under the slightest obligation by signing and mailing the coupon—or write a letter if you prefer. The full details which we send you are absolutely free. The Auto Knitter Hosiery Co., Inc., Dept. 22, 630-638 Genesee St., Buffalo, N. Y.

The Auto Knitter Hosiery Co., Inc.
Dept. 22, 630-638 Genesee St.,
Buffalo, N. Y.

Send me full particulars about Making Money at Home with the Auto Knitter. I enclose 2 cents postage to cover cost of mailing, etc. It is understood that this does not obligate me in any way.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State.....

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The Correct *type of* Tooth Brush

As evolved by modern experts and adopted by modern authorities

A world-wide crusade is being conducted for better tooth protection. This new-type brush is a vital factor in it.

It is made to the specifications agreed on by leading dental authorities. Dentists in general, the world over, now advocate this type.

It does more than remove food debris. It attacks the coats, the cause of most tooth troubles. It is adapted to the rolling method, now generally advised. One should always brush from the gums toward the tooth points.

Its correct separations let the bristles penetrate between the teeth. Its correct shape adapts the brush to all tooth surfaces, to combat film, tartar and other deposits. Its use massages the gums—a great factor in dental hygiene.

Careful people everywhere, under dental advice, are adopting this type of brush. It is known as the Decoater.

Pocket Style

The Decoater also comes in this pocket style. Thus travelers, motorists and others may always have a well-kept tooth brush with them. But the time is coming when all careful people will carry a pocket brush.

Folds into a case like this

Wherever you are, teeth should be brushed immediately after meals. With people who eat away from home, this is the only way.

With the pocket style the handle-case is permanent. You simply buy refills as the brushes wear out. It fits the vest pocket or a woman's bag.

Decoater Brushes cost 50c; Pocket Style, $1; Refills for Pocket Style, 50c.

Most druggists now sell them. If you fail to find them, remit to us.

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY
Decoater Tooth Brush Dept.
1104 S. Wabash Ave. Chicago

Do You Need Money?

WRITE TO ME NOW

and I will tell you an easy way to have *more money to spend!*

Are you one of the thousands who have a vital need for more money—to properly bring up your family—pay off a mortgage or buy a home—to educate your children—to properly clothe yourself? We have helped thousands and can help you. Have money to spend and a permanent assured income by becoming our representative and selling our

World's Star Hosiery and **Klosed Knit Underwear**

—to your friends and neighbors. We will show you—as we have shown thousands of others—how to obtain a comfortable income and have your own money to spend.

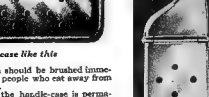
We've Helped More Than 27,000

Hundreds of our representatives earn from $100 to $250 each month. Thousands of others have modest but steady incomes for part time work. You can do the same. With our help you can quickly and easily build a permanent, profitable business.

Complete Line of Hosiery and Underwear

Write today. We will send you our beautifully illustrated catalog showing how easy it is to become a World's Star Money Maker. Protected territory—prompt deliveries.

WORLD'S STAR KNITTING CO.
DEPT. 100 Bay City, Mich.
We have been in business for 26 years



AMAMI SHAMPOO

"My hair feels so clean; looks so well. I never believed a home shampoo could be so little trouble.

Amami lathers more abundantly than ordinary shampoos, cleanses thoroughly, rinses away with surprising rapidity, hair dries quickly. No alcohol or heavy oil.

15c a package at first-class toilet departments.

PRICHARD & CONSTANCE, Inc.
Dept. 201 46 Warren St., New York
There are 104 Amami Products—all good

Corns?

Just say

Blue-jay

to your druggist

The simplest way to end a corn is Blue-jay. A touch stops the pain instantly. Then the corn loosens and comes out. Made in a colorless clear liquid (one drop does it!) and in thin plasters. The action is the same.

Pain Stops Instantly
By Physicians and Druggists

How to Reduce your Weight

YOU NEED not carry *one pound of excess fat.* You can reduce in a dignified, sunpleasy in the privacy of your own home. I KNOW you can because I have helped 50,000 women from 20 to 200 pounds each, and what they have done YOU can do.

Don't endure by drugs or ruin your health; nor by diet alone—you'll look old if you do. By my system the pounds come away and you enjoy every step. *Individual Instruction* I attribute my marvelous success to my individual instruction. Each pupil is a study. Instructions sent for duplicated ones. I build your ideal figure, correct, conform, as you write. Tell me your weight, age, and I will send you FREE my illustrated booklet. Write me today.

Susanna Cocroft
Dept. 1203 1600 Broadway New York

Read What One Pupil Writes:
"Last year I weighed 216 pounds—this year 146. Can't tell you how glad I am for I feel 10 years younger and very much stronger."

THIS WAY TO HEALTHLAND!

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 53

Running Order"; "Don't Let Your Baby's Engine Overheat."

Mother wanted to stay and talk with the lady in charge for a few minutes, so the children ran across the street to see Ye Old Treasure-Chest, a beautiful little house that looked just like an old pirate's chest, its soft old blue sides being set off by the heavy dark-blue handles and nails which held it together.

Every child who enters here is told that he is a precious jewel which has to be examined, measured, weighed, keenly scrutinized for flaws, and finally appraised. While they were in Ye Old Treasure-Chest looking at all the pictures of the chubby babies on the walls and seeing the doctor examining and weighing the other children, they heard a dog barking outside. Bobby ran to the door to see what it was, and came back to get Betty.

"Come, let's find the dog," he said; "I hear it barking."

They picked up mother on the way, and when they came around the next corner they found the Healthland Zoo. There were puppies and pigs and chickens and little rats. In each cage was one little runty animal, and with it another one just about twice the size, looking well and full of life.

"Oh, look at the big pig," said Betty, "and its baby brother."

"That isn't its baby brother, little girl," said the man who was in charge of the Zoo. "They're just the same age, only the big pig has been fed with milk and the other one hasn't. The same thing is true about the other animals; all are exactly the same age, and have been given the same care and have been fed exactly the same food except that the big ones have had milk and the others haven't had any at all."

"Oh, Mother," said Betty, "let's go over and buy some milk for the little pig, and maybe he will grow to be as big as his brother."

Mother laughed, and said she guessed the man wouldn't let them feed any of the animals because no one was allowed to do that in a zoo, and also that if Betty and Bobby wanted to have time to go over and play a while in Milky Way Park they would have to hurry.

Milky Way Park was just alive with children all playing and having one last good time before taking the train back. There were seesaws and rocking-cows just like the rocking-horses of the nursery, and a bowling-alley where the balls were Edam cheeses. They had just ten minutes to play, and then get the train for home. Betty chose one of the rocking-cows, and Bobby and another little boy climbed aboard a seesaw for a last high view of Healthland.

Milky Way Park was not far from Play Meadows, so when the time was up mother started the children toward the station. They found the first train they could make was the Supper Express, so read the timetable to see what route would take them home. The stations read Milky Way, South Omelet, Brown Bread Woods, Butterwell, Baked Potato Hills, North Stewed Prune, and Bookland. Soon the little train pulled in, and it was a happily tired crowd of children that clambered on board for the trip home around the foot of Long Sleep Mountain.

Bobby and Betty were both so full of fresh air and so sleepy that they could hardly keep their eyes open until they reached the house. After supper they wanted to tell father all about their wonderful trip to Healthland, but he said he thought bed was the best place for two such sleepy children and that in the morning they could tell him everything.

"If you are going to be real Health Crusaders you must get your baths and brush your teeth," said mother. "Then I'll come up and open the windows and say good night when you are in bed."

Bobby and Betty kissed their father good-night and started up the stairs.

"Good night!" he called. "Don't forget that passengers on the train to Dream Town may occupy sleeping-cars from 8 P. M. to 7 A. M.!"

HEALTHLAND was unique in many ways. It brought together in concrete form the new ideas of health education for children which are being used in the schools and other health classes throughout the country. In addition, each organization co-operating contributed one special phase of the health program rather than showing a complete exhibit of that agency's many activities. This gave a unity to the whole exhibit and simplified it in such a way that the messages to the children was not confused.

The exhibit was designed by Clifford Goldsmith of the Child Health Organization and was held in a mammoth building covering more than a city block. It was under the general direction of the National Dairy Council, with Miss Louise Fitzgerald, Director of Women's Organization Work in the Council in charge. Representatives of the following National Health Organizations Cooperated:

Child Health Organization of America—The Healthland Railroad.
The Agricultural Extension Service of the University of Minnesota—Prince Fortune's Weighing Tent.
National Tuberculosis Association — Ye Health Crusaders' Castle.
United States Public Health Service—Ye Keep-Well Tavern.
National Child Labor Committee—Healthland Bank.
American Red Cross—Healthland Art Gallery.
National Child Health Council—Healthland Theater.
National Organization for Public Health Nursing—Ye Olde Book-Shoppe.
United States Bureau of Education—Healthland Radio Station.
American Child Hygiene Association—Baby Garage.
United States Children's Bureau—Ye Old Treasure-Chest.
Dr. E. V. McCollum, Johns Hopkins University—Healthland Zoo.
Parent-Teachers Associations—of St. Paul and Minneapolis—The Milk Bar.

Mary, "Quite Contrary"

IN PICTORIAL REVIEW for March a fascinating feature—one of many—will be a masterly character study of Miss Pickford. This appears in the first article of our series "Behind the Screen," by a pioneer picture-producer, Samuel Goldwyn.

The incomparable Mary may prove, close up, "quite contrary," in some ways, to your conception of her.

"Behind the Screen" is the first adequate story of the evolution of the American photo drama, brilliantly told, largely through the individual careers of the great stars.

"Behind the Screen" begins in the large and varied Pictorial Review for March.

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"No other woman is half so lovely"

AT the beginning of Jack's and Sally's engagement, all their friends rejoiced, while the envious others wondered, "How long will it last?" For Jack was a man of rare magnetism, whom all women liked.

Tonight they had been married five years, and his every glance, his every thought, was for her alone.

"There's no one like you, Sally," he said. "You're as pretty now as the day I met you!" She only smiled at him out of tender eyes, while he watched a little dimple fade—and deepen.

Presently his eyes wandered over the soft flushed cheek, the delicate texture of the skin on nose and brow, the creamy softness of her throat. "No other woman is half so lovely," he thought. "She is so sweet and fresh and glowing. It's her complexion that is her greatest charm. And she belongs to *me!*"

Quite true, she was his; but then, too, you see, he *still* belonged to *her*.

"You're as pretty now as the day I met you!"

The way to make mere prettiness bloom into beauty

The Pompeian Instant Beauty Trio, consisting of Pompeian Day Cream, Beauty Powder, and Bloom, gives the magic touch that transforms mere prettiness into real beauty.

The Day Cream is truly a vanishing cream; being thoroughly absorbed by the skin, it does not reappear after application in the form of tiny beads. It softens, protects, and gives a perfect foundation for powder.

The Beauty Powder has, to an unusual degree, the property of adhering to the skin despite the perspiration attendant upon mild exercise, such as dancing. It makes frequent repowdering unnecessary and avoids awkward disappearances for that purpose, or the use of powder in public, always in questionable taste.

The Bloom is a rouge that will not break nor crumble, and is absolutely harmless to the skin, no matter how often used. In all needed shades, the medium being wonderfully popular.

Use these three Pompeian preparations—Day Cream, Beauty Powder, and Bloom—together, for Instant Beauty. The effect is better if they are used in combination—not indiscriminately mixed with preparations of other brands—for great care has been taken that all Pompeian preparations blend perfectly, to give the most natural effect.

"Don't Envy Beauty—Use Pompeian"

Pompeian Day Cream (*vanishing*)	60c *per jar*
Pompeian Beauty Powder	60c *per box*
Pompeian Bloom (*the rouge*)	60c *per box*
Pompeian Night Cream	50c *per jar*
Pompeian Lip Stick	25c *each*

The MARY PICKFORD Panel
and five Pompeian samples sent to you for 10 cents

Mary Pickford, the world's most adored woman, has again honored Pompeian Beauty Preparations by granting the exclusive use of her portrait for the new 1923 Pompeian Beauty Panel. The beauty and charm of Miss Pickford are faithfully portrayed in the dainty colors of this panel. Size 28 x 7¼.

For 10 cents we will send you all of these:

1. The 1923 Mary Pickford Pompeian Beauty Panel as described above. (Would cost from 50c to 75c in an art store.)
2. Sample of Pompeian Day Cream (vanishing).
3. Sample of Pompeian Beauty Powder.
4. Sample of Pompeian Bloom (non-breaking rouge).
5. Sample of Pompeian Night Cream.
6. Sample of Pompeian Fragrance (a talc).

POMPEIAN LABORATORIES, 2277 Payne Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio
Also Made in Canada

Pompeian

Day Cream Beauty Powder Bloom

USE THIS COUPON
For Mary Pickford Panel and five samples

POMPEIAN LABORATORIES
2277 Payne Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio

Gentlemen: I enclose 10c (a dime preferred) for 1923 Art Panel of Mary Pickford, and the five samples named in offer.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

Write plainly. Print name and address. Do not send stamps. Print name and address. Do not send stamps. Print name and address. Do not send stamps

The penetrating warmth of Sloan's brings comfort the moment you apply it!

Why chest colds "hang on"

Now-*a method that breaks congestion brings quick relief*

EXPOSURE, then a hacking cold that hangs on and on. This is the kind of cold that develops so often into grippe, bronchitis, influenza, pneumonia—the dangerous cold.

What *is* a cold? Why are such colds so difficult to break up?

A cold is congestion. When the blood gathers in a membrane and does not circulate freely, that membrane becomes inflamed or—congested.

With a cold in the chest these congested tissues are the bronchial tubes or the delicate lung membrane. They cannot be reached in the same way as a sore throat or a cold in the head.

That is why these colds are often so hard to get rid of.

Thousands of unsolicited letters of testimony and gratitude have been received. They come from people everywhere—England, Brazil, India, Australia, even China—truly Sloan's is "The World's Liniment"

For dangerous chest colds

Sloan's Liniment gives almost instant relief to the most dangerous colds—the colds that settle in the chest and in the bronchial passages. It does this because it is uniquely effective in breaking up congestion.

Apply Sloan's to the chest and neck. Immediately you notice a warm glow. Sloan's draws the blood away from the congested tissues and restores normal circulation. The cold is quickly relieved.

Just apply Sloan's—don't rub

Don't rub Sloan's in. Don't bandage. Just apply it. Its grateful relief is so immediate it will surprise you if you have never used Sloan's before.

Furthermore, Sloan's Liniment will not stain your skin. Keep a bottle always handy.

Wherever congestion causes pain

Much muscular and nerve pain is caused by congestion. For rheumatic pains, neuritis, neuralgia, sprains, backache — use Sloan's. Sloan's draws out the inflammation and breaks up congestion. It gives instant relief.

Get a bottle of Sloan's today. Don't wait for the occasion to arise when you will need it badly. You'll find more practical, everyday use for Sloan's than for any other item in your medicine cabinet.

Such warm welcome relief it brings to backache and all muscular aches.

Sloan's Liniment

Wherever congestion causes pain—use Sloan's

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BEYOND THE CROSS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 28

into the station. Then he asked me where I was going to stay in Paris. I told him that I had engaged rooms in an old house in the Rue Daguerre, on the left bank of the Seine. He took down the address and said he would come to see me.

We shook hands on the station platform, and I saw him wander away into the crowd pouring through the gates.

I HAD been in Paris two weeks or more and was deep in the rehearsals of my play, when next I saw James White. It was a fine August evening. I came out of my rooms in the Rue Daguerre and found him standing on the narrow sidewalk, looking in at the courtyard upon which my windows faced.

"Well, here I am," he said. "I was just trying to make up my mind whether to go in or not."

"You promised to come and see me," I reminded him.

"Yes, but I've nothing particular to tell you."

"Never mind. I'm glad you've come. How are you?"

He looked at me blankly, then smiled. "Oh, I'm all right. I'm always the same."

"I was going to dine at the Café d'Orléans around the corner here," I said. "Will you join me?"

"Yes, thanks."

The Café d'Orléans was on the boulevard. It consisted of a single, long, narrow room insufficiently lighted by small windows in the daytime and by candles at night. There was a gas-jet over the bar at the rear; it whined a little, and brushed ineffectually at the shadows. But it made no impression on the general gloom. None the less, to my mind, there was a certain charm in this shabby interior. Its dinginess was in no sense premeditated. One felt it to be the result of a natural process; the fine accumulation of all the nights that had sifted through its square-paned windows.

We passed M. Druot sitting in his chair by the door. When the weather was fine, as now, he sat on the sidewalk, with his chair tilted back against the wall. When the weather was impossible he sat just inside the entrance. But Winter and Summer he sat there, close to the door, stroking his glossy-black beard and mentally cataloging his guests as they came in.

We sat down at one of the smaller tables, and I ordered dinner for two. I noticed, as the meal progressed, that James White scarcely tasted food, tho he drank a glass of wine. He refused cigarets with an absent-minded shake of the head.

"Where have you been?" I asked.

"I've been to Trainor's grave."

"You have! Well——?"

"He's buried at Soucy-le-Bois, just north of Reims. I went from here to Reims by train. Saw the Cathedral. What a beautiful shell! I couldn't help thinking what a monument it was to the futility of all religions. It'll be much better when we substitute knowledge for religion."

HE CAME back to his story. "The next day I walked to Soucy-le-Bois. It had been fought over a good many times and was pretty well smashed up. But the villagers had come back and were busy rebuilding it. A jumble of brick mounds and wooden huts with corrugated iron roofs.

"The cemetery was outside the village, on a hillside. It wasn't large; I believe the only bodies there were those of aviators. At the entrance was an airplane-propeller set up in the shape of a cross.

"Trainor's was one of three American graves. It was marked, like the others, with a wooden cross on which were printed his name, his rank, and the words '*Mort pour l'Humanité.*'

"I can't tell you all I felt as I stood looking down at that mound of earth. Chiefly I think I felt the impossibility of containing so fine and variable a thing as the human spirit in such a crude trap. I hadn't so much the sense of death as of life. If I could have looked down through the earth—and I'm not sure but I did!—I'd have seen nothing but a shell within a shell. The man himself was not there. He was gone out of his flesh into some other plane.

"That night I met Trainor in the fog. I had rather expected to meet him."

"You mean, of course, in your dream?" I interposed, feeling somehow a necessity to protest his calm tone and his choice of phrase.

"Yes. But it wasn't the same. For the first time I dreamed that I myself was Trainor and that the thing he had to tell me was something in my own mind. It was I who walked in the fog."

"Well—what do you make of that?"

"I've developed a theory. I'll tell you in a moment," He took a sip of wine and continued, "The next day—I had stayed overnight in the village—I went back for a last look at the grave. As I was standing beside it a man came into the cemetery from the road. He had driven up in an automobile—a big, husky man in a white duster. He was an American, the father of one of the other aviators buried with Trainor. He spoke to me after a bit—we were standing facing each other across the two graves.

"'Are you a relative?' he asked.

"'A friend,' I said for the sake of brevity.

"He came over and looked at the name on the cross. 'Philip Trainor. Why, my boy knew him. They were in the same training-camp at Balincourt.'

"Then he began to cry and turned his back to me.

"I decided at once that I would go to Balincourt. It's in the valley of the Meuse, near Domremy, where Joan of Arc was born. I go from here to Chaumont, then strike north. I mean to start in the morning."

"What do you expect to find there?"

"I don't know. But I'm going. It's a queer thing. Whenever I think 'Balincourt' I get excited and—happy."

I looked at him. His mild blue eyes, usually so vague and distant, were actually glowing. I felt excited on my own account.

"Let's go back to my rooms where we can talk," I said.

He nodded. I paid the check and we went out past M. Druot sitting in his chair by the door. The proprietor looked at us with his little bright eyes that saw everything, and, apparently checking us off his mental tables, wished us a pleasant good night.

MY APARTMENT consisted of a studio and a bedroom. There was an oil-lamp on the center-table. I lighted this and sat down in a chair beside it. James White sat on the couch, just beyond the radius of the lamp's glow.

"You say you've developed a theory. I'm interested to know what it is."

For a moment or two I was afraid he was going to beg off or change the subject. But at last he said, "You remember our conversation about spiritism?"

"Yes."

"You admitted the possibility of a continuation of personality after death?"

"Yes."

"Well, in that case don't you think, under given circumstances, that a spirit might try to return across the—across the void?"

"I think it likely. In fact, if the evidence is trustworthy, that's what a good many spirits try to do."

"They must have a medium to accomplish it."

"A medium! You think then——"

He interrupted me. "Let's take Trainor's case. So far as we know he's lying on a hillside north of Reims, under a little wooden cross with his name on it. But let's assume that he has gone on to some finer state of consciousness. Now suppose he had done something, or left something undone, on earth, that meant a great deal to him. Don't you think he would make an effort to set that thing right, whatever it was?"

"So far as mere credulity goes I'm prepared to believe anything," I said, with a secret sense of shame at my inability to rise above fundamental doubt.

"Yes, he would make an effort," mused my visitor, "and he would be ruthless about it. He would take whatever medium offered——"

He was silent, his thin body bent forward, hands clasped between his knees. He was no more than a shadow sitting in my room.

"You?" I blurted out.

He raised his head and gave to the shadow a pale face. "I was not, if I happened to be useful to him? Who am I—?" Again he paused, and his words repeated themselves, mockingly, in the still air of the studio. "*Who am I? Who am I?*"

"Why you rather than a million others?" I asked.

"I can't answer that. Possibly I knew him—possibly we met here, in France. I'm sure I've been here before. I—recognize things."

"You do?"

"Yes. Bits of landscape—the look of the country—the way the clouds mass up in the sky— Oh, there's no doubt but I've been here before."

"And you think that Trainor—?" I stopped. My impulse had been to resist so bizarre a supposition. But preposterous as it seemed, I realized that to him it was serious, perhaps vital. "You think that Trainor's spirit may have possessed you—granting that you are a suitable medium—for purposes of its own?"

"I guess that's it."

"You really believe this?"

"I don't know what to believe," he said, and got up from the couch. "I only know I'm going to Balincourt." He put out his hand. It was evident that he was tired of talking; tired, I think, of the futility of words. "You've been most kind. If ever I find the answer to this riddle I'll come back and let you know."

MY PLAY opened the last of September. I had expected to return immediately to New York, but the rehearsals had been pretty strenuous and I stayed on an extra two weeks. My only purpose was to loaf and invite, not my soul, of which I was heartily tired, but my capacity for passive enjoyment of those mellow Autumn days. Nevertheless, at the bottom of my mind, was the hope that before I left Paris James White would come back from Balincourt with news of his search.

I had a strong premonition that I would see him again, and instinctively, without

CONTINUED ON PAGE 94

Mothers Do This

10,000 miles away

Mothers of fifty nations send for Quaker Oats.

The high and the lowly want this supreme food in its most delightful form.

Lovers of oats, wherever they live, have been won by the Quaker flavor. All the world over, this is the dominant brand.

Consider that when you order oats.

Here is matchless flavor without fancy price.

Here is the utmost in an oat food, at one-half cent per dish.

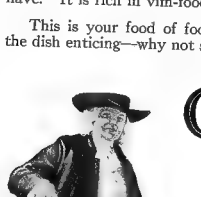
Do that because oats are important.

This is the greatest food that grows. It is almost a complete food, nearly the ideal food.

Every pound yields 1810 calories of nutriment—twice as much as meat.

It is rich in minerals, which growing children must have. It is rich in vim-food which grown-ups need.

This is your food of foods. Then why not make the dish enticing—why not serve the best?



Quaker Oats

Only ten pounds in a bushel

Flaked from queen grains only—just the rich, plump, flavory oats. We get but ten pounds from a bushel.

The puny, under-flavored grains are all discarded.

Packed in sealed round packages with removable covers

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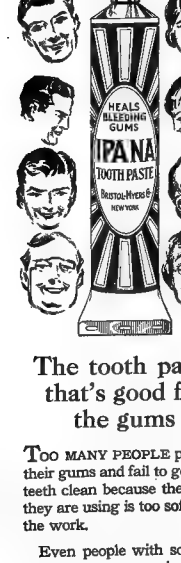

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BEYOND THE CROSS

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particularly intending to do so, held myself in readiness for his coming. But when he did appear it was unexpectedly.

I was dining alone at the Café d'Orléans. The candles, scattered among the tables, gave a yellowish tinge to the accumulated dusk of years. There were perhaps twenty-five people in the room, mostly inhabitants of the quarter, men and women, artists and their mistresses, a few "pretty ladies," quieter than the others, and a number of respectable couples come to relieve the monotony of their virtuous lives with a taste of Bohemianism.

I looked up and saw walking toward me through a mist of cigaret smoke the tall figure of James White. He was smiling. I noticed that as he gave me his hand.

"You weren't in your rooms, so I came here."

"I've been hoping you'd turn up," I said. "But I hardly expected you so soon. Have you had dinner?"

"Thanks, I'm not hungry." He sat down opposite me, and I was aware of a new serenity in him. His face, on which I was accustomed to see an unresting beneficent, was composed and tranquil. It was the calmest face I have ever seen a man wear.

"When did you get in?"

"Just now."

"You've come from Balincourt?"

"Yes."

I wanted to ask him at once how he had made out, what his experiences had been (I knew by the look of him that he had met with some moving experiences), but I couldn't find words to ask his confidence. He must have appreciated my difficulty, for he said, simply, "I've come to tell you what happened to me."

"Do! I want to hear."

"I'll have a glass of wine first, if you don't mind."

I poured him the wine and he drank it. He began to talk. I have no recollection of the language he used. I remember only himself. But the incidents themselves are vivid in my mind. I have put down his story in substance, if not literally.

"I REACHED Chaumont late in the afternoon of the day I left here," he commenced. "The next morning I started to walk to Neufchâteau. I got on better than I had expected. There were a good many tourists on the road, and one or two of them gave me a lift.

"From Neufchâteau I struck north, walking up the valley of the Meuse. On the evening of the third day I reached Balincourt.

"It was a typical village of that part of the country, which had been untouched physically by the War. It lay in the valley, with the Vosges Mountains rising on either side of it. On the crest of the ridge, directly overlooking it, was an old château, with turrets and towers standing out against the sky. On the other side was a high plateau where had been located, in the last eighteen months of the War, an American aviation camp.

"I took a room at the inn. It was kept by a woman known as Mme. Julie, who had lost her husband and two sons in the War. Another son had been blinded, and went groping about, doing odd jobs and carrying hot water for the tourists. He was quite cheerful about it, but I discovered that his cheerfulness was the complete cynicism. 'Anything will do to pass the time till death,' he said.

"His mother, Mme. Julie, told me that he had been a sensitive, romantic boy who had worshiped—entirely at a distance—the daughter of the wealthy family who lived in the château on the mountain. It seemed that the château, which had belonged for centuries to the Counts of Lorraine, had fallen into the market some years before the War, and had been bought by M. Bosanquet, a wealthy Englishman. Geneviève, the daughter, was a beautiful girl, proud and deeply religious.

"She attended mass in the village church every Sunday. Édouard, the blind boy, used to sit and adore her. Apparently he never had spoken to her; she did not know of his existence. His whole happiness had been merely to look at her, and now that he could no longer do that he waited for her.

"It was Édouard's tragedy that led me to ask questions about Mlle. Bosanquet. I was told that she came to the village to mass on Sunday, not to confession. She had cut herself off from the village and from the church. 'The War has touched her, too,' said Mme. Julie, with a certain grim satisfaction. (Édouard's mother evidently nursed a grudge against the rich girl: it was unreasonable, no doubt, but it existed.) 'Her father was killed at Verdun—he was a colonel of artillery. Her mother died—a broken heart, some have strange rumors about Mlle. Bosanquet—that she was married and lost her husband in the War; that she had an illicit love affair. Certainly she has a child. At least there is a child in the garden up there— One hears that it is hers.'

"I heard Mlle. Bosanquet's name mentioned frequently in the village. But no one seemed to know anything definite about her present circumstances, not even the curé, whom I met one evening when he came to the inn to play backgammon with the Mayor. The Mayor was detained and we had time for him to turn up, the curé and I, before the Mayor arrived.

"I mentioned the château on the hill. The curé shook his head. '*Hélas*, Monsieur! It's a sad case. Mlle. Bosanquet was a gentle soul and a devout Catholic. She attended mass regularly. She helped nurse the wounded during the War. The château up there was practically a hospital, you know. Then, all at once—it was just before the armistice—she disappeared. When she came back she brought with her a young child—a baby. She was entirely changed. She withdrew from the church and from the world. I went up to call on her. In fact, I went several times. On each occasion she sent word that she had nothing to say to me. A very sad case, yes. One feels it. A lost soul, in short.' One would think she'd go and live in Paris.'

"The curé, I understood, was secretly not out that he should have lost a soul within his jurisdiction. The place for lost souls was Paris. But Mlle. Bosanquet obviously preferred her château in the Vosges, possibly because of her child."

James White paused for a moment. I said, "Then she actually had a child?"

"Oh, yes. A darling little boy. I saw him the first time I went up the hill.

"I CAN'T remember having any particular desire or impulse to go to the château, but one bright afternoon, when the whole valley was flooded with sunlight, I found myself climbing the slope. The road wound back and forth, like the stairs in the *Eiffel*, and I followed it. As I got near the castle I saw that it was surrounded by a stone wall, higher than my head. I walked along this wall till I came to an iron gate, half of which had rusted off its hinges.

"The gate led into a garden. I stopped and looked in. The flower beds were overrun by weeds, moss covered the stone figures of a silent fountain, and grass grew in the gravel walks.

"I heard little scuffling sounds in the rank growth and saw a child about three years old—a little boy—running about, looking for flowers. He had a wilted bunch of them in his hands. After a while he saw me and began to move toward me, a step at a time, his finger laid against his cheek.

"I spoke to him in my poor French. 'Good day. Is this your garden?'

"'Yes,' said the child. 'Who are you?'

"'I'm an American. A traveler. I've come a long way, across the sea, in a ship as big as your castle there.'

"The child was interested. He smiled. He had the sweetest smile imaginable.

"'Americans are brave soldiers,' he informed me. 'Almost as brave as us.'

"'Who told you that?'

"'*My maman.*'

"I had a great curiosity to see the mother of whom he spoke. 'Well,' I said, 'I'm pretty tired, traveling all the way across the sea. Will you let me come into your garden and rest a while?'

"He stood first on one foot, then on the other. He stooped and picked a flower. I thought he was going to run away. But suddenly he looked up at me with his charming smile and said, 'You can come in if you want to.'

"He had decided that I was no one to be afraid of. He took my hand and led me into the garden. Plainly he regarded me as a find of some sort.

"We had gone a few steps along the path when I saw sitting on a bench under a barren rose bush a woman in white dress. Her head—it was a dark, graceful head—was bent over some sewing she had in her lap. I knew at once that she was Geneviève Bosanquet— The child was going to exhibit me to her.

"A curious pain came over me. I tried to stop, to hold back. I felt as if I were treading on sacred ground. But the little boy was pulling me forward.

"'Come along, Monsieur. I want to show you to *maman*.' He called to the woman. '*Maman*, look! I've got an American by the hand.'

"The woman raised her head. We were quite near the bench then. She looked at me. She had great brown eyes set in a face on which seemed to fall continually the shadow of her hair.

"I felt a pain go through my heart. I moved forward, stammering excuses. 'Madame—I beg your pardon. Your little boy—'

"She had risen slowly as I spoke. Her face became pale. 'Monsieur!' she said. 'Monsieur—' Then her voice gave out. She sank down on the bench and put her hand to her eyes. I was greatly moved.

"'Madame, forgive me! I've startled you. I had no intention— I assure you I'm nothing but a tourist, a passer-by—'

"'He's an American, *Maman*,' put in the child, running to his mother and stroking her hand in an adorable gesture. She seemed to revive at the child's touch. Her hand fell into her lap. She looked at me again, with an effort. Then she spoke it was in a low voice, in English.

"'No one ever comes here, Monsieur. I beg you to go.'

"I tried to think of something to say to her. The feeling of panic had returned to me, but now it was combined with a sense of overwhelming loss. I felt that I had gained some precious foothold which I must

CONTINUED ON PAGE 96

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BEYOND THE CROSS

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not lose. In spite of her request I stood there a moment, helpless and fearful.

"She sat motionless, holding the boy against her knees, her head bowed above his. She seemed unconscious of my presence. I turned and walked out of the garden."

AT THIS point in his story James White stopped to pour himself another glass of wine. The smoke of my cigaret, hanging heavily in the air, made a little cloud between us. I watched him raise the glass to his lips—the gesture of a man in a mist. Then I said, "But you went back? You must have gone back!"

"Yes, I went back. I couldn't help it. Her face haunted me. I couldn't get it out of my mind. Finally I presented myself at the door of the château itself. An old man servant answered the bell. 'Tell Madame,' I said, 'that the gentleman who was here yesterday has come again and asks to be allowed to speak with her.'

"He showed me into a great, somber salon with red hangings. I can't seem to remember anything about the room except that it had red hangings and a fireplace.

"The man servant came back and said that I was to go into the garden. I followed him out-of-doors and down the path. At a distance I could see the white figure seated on the bench under the rose-bush.

"She watched me as I came toward her. Her head was lifted, as if it cost her an effort to support the dark mass of her hair. There was in her manner always a suggestion of slight strain; she had an air of carrying a burden. I stopped in front of her and said, 'I've come, Madame, to apologize for breaking in on you yesterday.'

"She looked at me steadily and calmly, but rather blankly, as tho she had expected more of me than that. 'It is nothing, Monsieur.' She spoke in English. 'I, too, ought to apologize. I fear I was abrupt in asking you to go.'

"'You were quite right.'

"'I was startled. It is so long since I've seen any one.'

"There was a silence. I had exhausted in a few words my excuse for coming; I hadn't realized till then how feeble the excuse had been. Yet I had made up my mind to stay and talk to her. I think she understood my hesitation and unconsciously gave it some measure of sanction.

"But she left it to me to invent the necessary grounds for continuing the conversation. I said, 'I'm not exactly the ordinary sort of tourist who goes poking about in the assumption that all Europe is public property. My poking about is for a special reason. I'm looking for something I've lost.'

"'Something you've lost, Monsieur?'

"'My memory.'

"She gave me a puzzled look; then her face cleared. 'Ah, yes, I see! You were in the War, perhaps?'

"I said 'Yes' to save explanation, and added that I was walking up the valley from Chaumont, where the headquarters of the American Expeditionary Force had been, in the hope of refreshing my mind with incidents and landmarks that I had forgotten.

"IT WAS some time before she spoke. She had a habit of falling into little silences, during which she appeared to detach herself completely from her surroundings. Finally she said, with a good deal of forcefulness, 'It is not unusual. We had many such cases in the hospitals.' Then, 'Won't you sit down, Monsieur?'

"I sat down on the bench beside her. She was looking off across the valley to the plateau on the opposite heights. 'I remember when the Americans came. We used to see them riding by in their brown automobiles, or marching along the roads in their tall yoked boots—and later in their steel helmets. You are staying in the village, Monsieur?'

"'For the present. But I'll be off again soon.'

"'To the battle-fields, no doubt?'

"'I don't know. Yes, I suppose so.'

"She said with forced lightness, 'Certainly you did not expect to find your memory in my garden, Monsieur?'

"'No. And yet the War wasn't confined wholly to the battle-fields, was it? I dare say it came even to your garden.'

"'You are right,' she said slowly. 'The War came to this garden—and to this house. My father was killed at Fort de Souville, in the defense of Verdun. My mother gave her life in nursing the wounded who filled our château. As for myself—' She broke off as tho frightened at what lay in her mind. The next moment the little boy, who evidently had been playing in another part of the garden, ran down the path in pursuit of a yellow butterfly. When he saw me sitting beside his mother he stopped, put his finger to his cheek, and smiled.

"'Hello, Monsieur American!' he shouted, and came toward me.

"His nurse, an old woman with a short, stout body, appeared puffing behind him and captured him at the bench. 'What a child! Come now. It's time for your nap.'

"The child protested. 'I don't want to go to sleep, Flechy. I want to stay with the American.'

"'Hush. Don't be rude. Don't cry now. Come along.'

"She took him by the hand, grinning toothlessly at me, and they went off up the path toward the house. The little chap turned once and looked back at me, his fist in his eye. It made my heart ache.

"Mme. Bosanquet (under the circumstances one could hardly think of her as Mlle. Bosanquet, tho they still called her that in the village) had watched this scene without saying a word. Now she rose, and I understood that she had had enough of me for the time being.

"'You've been very kind,' I said. 'I should like to come again, if I may.'

"She considered this, standing before me with her head bowed, her hands clasped loosely in front of her.

"'Yes,' she said at last. 'Come to-morrow—and I will give you a cup of tea.'

"She had tried to qualify her decision by giving it a casual turn. I think she felt the need of bolstering up acquiescence with conventionality.

"THAT night I had an unusual dream. I dreamed that I was an aviator fighting with an enemy plane. My machine was hit. It caught fire, and to avoid being burned to death I unhooked my belt and jumped. I remember falling. I fell slowly and lightly toward a village. It was Soucy-le-Bois. I could see the wrecked houses and the graveyard beyond, with its even rows of crosses. I could see Traisne's grave, with his name on the arm of the cross.

"I was falling into his grave.

"I lay for some time in the dark earth. I knew that I was dead, and yet death didn't end my consciousness. Then I remembered that I was going to have tea the next day with Mme. Bosanquet. That was something I must say to her. I couldn't think what it was, but there was something. I got up out of the grave.

"In reality I must have got out of bed, for I found myself standing by the window of my room at the inn. There was a moon, and I could see the château outlined dimly against the sky.

"I didn't go back to bed, but sat till morning by the window, wondering what it was I must say to Genevieve Bosanquet.

"Late that afternoon I went up to keep my appointment with her. She was prepared, this time, for my coming. She had put on a dress of some light color—heliotrope, I think—and wore about her throat a string of pearls. The change in her was surprising, yet it thoroughly suited her. It was in key. I understood that this lovely creature was Genevieve Bosanquet as she had been before the War. The reincarnation was hauntingly familiar. I had the feeling—it's not uncommon, I believe, in human psychology—of a repetition of events previously experienced.

"We had tea in the garden. She talked charmingly, and was vivacious and gay.

"She asked me questions about America, but they were all generalities. Never a word about herself or about me. She didn't even ask what business or profession I was in. I couldn't make out whether she avoided personalities out of politeness or whether there was some deeper reason. However, she seemed to find a certain pleasure, a certain excitement in talking to me.

"While we were sitting there a thunderstorm came up. Mme. Bosanquet invited me into the château. We went into the great, dingy salon with its red draperies and the old man servant lighted a fire. The rain began to beat against the windows. It grew dark. There were sharp flashes of lightning and the thunder rumbled against the walls.

"Mme. Bosanquet's mood had changed. She was no longer gay. She sat before the fire in a huge armchair that seemed to swallow her slight figure. Occasionally she held up to me a face pale and troubled, with questioning eyes.

"It was not till her child came running in—with the nurse, as usual, in pursuit—that she recovered her poise. The little fellow had been frightened by the storm and flung himself against his mother's knees.

"'I'm afraid, *Maman*. It makes such a noise.'

"'Come, come!' panted the stout Flechy. 'He's quick as a rabbit.' She took his arm. 'Monsieur the American,' he wailed.

"Madame Bosanquet put her arms around him and kissed him.

"'There's nothing to be afraid of, darling. You must pretend you're a soldier and that the thunder is the sound of the enemy's cannon.'

"'Come off to bed,' put in the nurse. 'I'll stay by you.'

"THE child finally was induced to leave his mother's arms.

"'Say good-night to Monsieur, Raoul.'

"He came to me and presented his cheek to be kissed. 'Good night, Monsieur American. I'm going to be a soldier when I grow up.'

"He disappeared through the wide doorway, not without several backward glances, dragging at Flechy's hand.

"'His name is Raoul?' I asked.

"'Yes. He was named for my father—his grandfather.'

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Won't shrink woolens

Lux contains no harmful ingredient to attack the sensitive wool fibres. The pure, gentle suds preserve the soft texture of *all* your woolens. You can wash them as often as you like and be sure they will not shrink or lose their color. Anything that water alone will not harm is safe in Lux.

Keep the children's woolly things, their scarfs and stockings, their little suits and underwoolens always soft and fluffy with Lux. Your own sport things, your stockings and combinations—don't let careless laundering shrink and thicken them. Washing them in these pure flakes actually makes them wear longer.

How to keep them soft and unshrunken — sweaters, stockings, flannels — anything made of wool

Whisk two tablespoonfuls of Lux into a thick lather in half a washbowl of very hot water. Add cold water until lukewarm. Dip garment up and down, pressing suds repeatedly through soiled spots. Do not rub. Rinse in three lukewarm waters. Squeeze water out—do not wring. If suds die down in washing, too much water has been used in cooling, and more Lux should be added to restore suds.

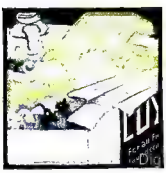
For colored woolens make suds and rinsing waters almost cool. Wash very quickly to keep colors from running. Lux won't cause any color to run not affected by pure water alone.

Woolens should be dried in an even temperature. Heat increases shrinkage. Do not dry woolens out of doors in cold weather or on windy days. Woolens should never be dried in the sun.

Send today for booklet of expert laundering advice—it is free. Address Lever Bros. Co., Dept. 23, Cambridge, Mass.

These manufacturers recommend washing woolens in Lux

Ascher's Knit Goods
Carter's Knit Underwear
Jaeger's Woolens
North Star Blankets
The Fleisher Yarns



LUX

For washing dishes

Three times every day your hands are in the dishpan. Don't let them get that tell-tale in-the-dishpan look.

Wash your dishes in pure Lux suds. Lux won't redden your hands; won't coarsen them even gradually.

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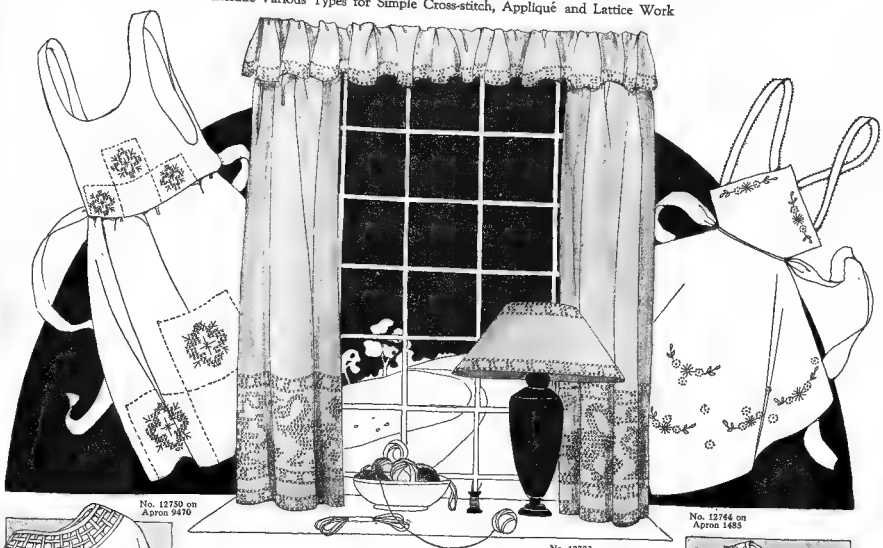
Fancy-work Designs to Delight the Heart of Every Needlewoman

Include Various Types for Simple Cross-stitch, Appliqué and Lattice Work



No. 12750 on Apron 9470

No. 12773—Peasant Cross-stitch Design

No. 12744 on Apron 1485

No. 12777—New Fabric Trimming

No. 12778—Showing Use For New Fabric Trimming

No. 12776—Scalloped Towel with Cut-work

No. 12737—Fascinating Indian Design for Pillow in Simple Embroidery Stitches

No. 12776—Border Design in Cut-work for Towel

No. 12740—Effective Appliqué for Pillow

No. 12776—Towel With New Cut-work Border

THE Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12750, blue or yellow, 35 cents, furnishes 2 yards of 16¾-inch border and 2 yards of 6¼-inch border for cross-stitch. Shown on apron 9470, 30 cents. Sizes 36, 40 and 44 bust.

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12773, blue or yellow, 40 cents, provides a peasant design for cross-stitch, consisting of 2 yards of a 5¾-inch border and 4 yards of a 3¼-inch border, to be used for curtains, table runners, bedspreads and children's clothes.

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12744, blue or yellow, 20 cents, contains many attractive floral sprays, some of which are used to give a quaint decorative touch to the apron 1485, 25 cents, sizes 36, 40 and 44 bust, illustrated above.

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12777, blue, 40 cents, is a new type of lattice-work trimming having an extensive vogue as a dress and blouse decoration this season. Included is the design and shape for 3 collars in sizes 36, 40 and 44, also 2½ yards of 4¾-inch border, 1 dozen motifs 3¾ inches square, and 1 dozen motifs 2¾ inches square.

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12778, blue, 40 cents, furnishes 2 yards of a 5¾-inch border, transfers of 3 collars in sizes 36, 40 and 44, 2 dozen motifs 3½ inches square, for fabric trimming to be worked with bias strips of self or contrasting material.

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12776, blue, 25 cents, furnishes three charming designs for towels measuring 15 inches with cut work as their principal feature. Scallops are supplied for both ends of the towels. Two of the designs are shown on the towels directly above and the other is illustrated on the towel at extreme right. On the latter, one finds a new pointed edge.

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12737, blue or yellow, 25 cents, contains 2 Indian designs for pillows measuring 12½ by 18 inches and 22 by 7 inches respectively. The stitches best suited to these designs are long-and-short and long feather stitch worked close together. Monk's cloth, burlap or heavy linen crash may be used with four-fold Germantown wool.

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12740, blue or yellow, 25 cents, furnishes design for an oblong pillow measuring 13 by 21½ inches which may be most effectively worked in appliqué. The original was worked on heavy crash with the appliqué of black felt and the wool stitching in henna. If desired the pillow may be made of satin or sateen.

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Every ScotTissue Towel contains millions of soft Thirsty Fibres which absorb four times their weight in water. They make ScotTissue the quicker-drying, more satisfactory towels made.

ScotTissue Towels encourage clean hands

They provide the pleasure of a perfectly fresh, clean towel for each person every time; a towel that's yours first and yours only; never touched by other hands; always soft, fresh, pure white.

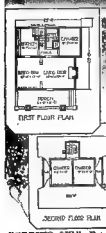
Millions of soft "thirsty" fibres in every ScotTissue Towel, leap to their work of draining dry every drop of moisture from your skin and leave a refreshing sense of cleanliness.

Druggists, Department Stores and Stationers sell ScotTissue Towels at 40c. per carton of 150, and even less by the case (50c per carton in Canada.)

for "Clean Hands in Business"

Don't confuse ScotTissue Towels with harsh, non-absorbent paper towels. Look for the name on every towel.

SCOTT PAPER COMPANY, CHESTER, PA.
New York Philadelphia Chicago San Francisco
Also Makers of ScotTissue Toilet Paper



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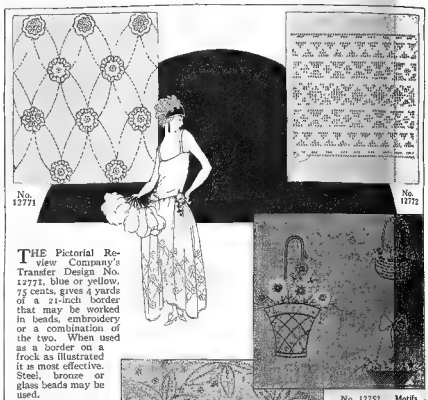
FREE—Book of Plans

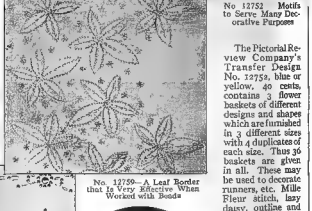
The Decorative Note To-day Forms an Integral Part of One's Frock

New Borders, Motifs, and a Bedspread Design



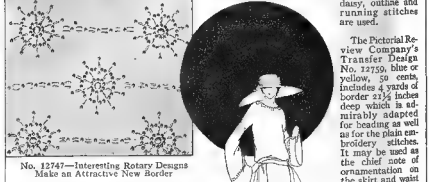
THE Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12771, blue or yellow, 75 cents, gives 4 yards of a 21-inch border that may be worked in beads, embroidery or a combination of the two. When used as a border on a frock as illustrated it is most effective. Steel, bronze or glass beads may be used.

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12772, blue or yellow, 50 cents, contains 4 yards of a simple cross-stitch design that is 12¾ inches wide. One of the ways in which it may be employed is shown on the frock in the center of the page.



No 12752 Motifs to Serve Many Decorative Purposes

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12752, blue or yellow, 40 cents, contains 3 flower baskets of different designs and shapes which are furnished in 3 different sizes with 4 duplicates of each size. Thus 36 baskets are given in all. These may be used to decorate runners, etc. Mille Fleur stitch, lazy daisy, outline and running stitches are used.

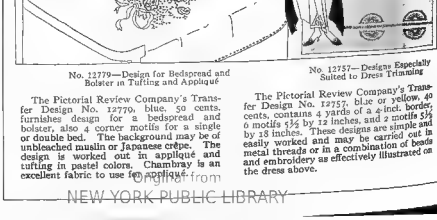


No. 12759—A Leaf Border that is Very Effective When Worked with Beads

No. 12747—Interesting Rotary Designs Make an Attractive New Border

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12747, blue or yellow, 40 cents, contains 2½ yards of a 12-inch border, and 5 yards of a 1¾-inch border, both of which are appropriate for beading, and may be used on frocks, blouses, etc.

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12759, blue or yellow, 50 cents, includes 4 yards of border 2½ inches deep which is admirably adapted for beading as well as for the plain embroidery stitches. It may be used as the chief note of ornamentation on the skirt and waist of a frock or on the side panels which are so much in vogue at present. A combination of beads and embroidery would also be effective—the beads and silk floss harmonizing with the color scheme of the dress.



No. 12779—Design for Bedspread and Bolster in Tufting and Appliqué

No. 12757—Design Especially Suited to Dress Trimming

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12779, blue, 50 cents, furnishes design for a bedspread and bolster, also 4 corner motifs for a single or double bed. The background may be of unbleached muslin or Japanese crêpe. The design is worked out in appliqué and tufting in pastel colors. Chambray is an excellent fabric to use for appliqué.

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12757, blue or yellow, 40 cents, contains 4 yards of a 4-inch border, 2 motifs 5½ by 12 inches, and 2 motifs 5½ by 18 inches. These designs are simple and easily worked and may be carried out in metal threads or in a combination of beads and embroidery as effectively illustrated on the dress above.

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Attractive Designs for the Clever Needlewoman

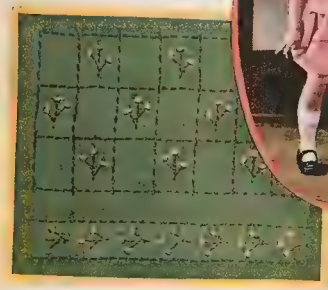
No 12786—Beading Design

No 284—A Charmingly Youthful Knitted Sweater Especially Designed for Sports

THE Pictorial Review Company's Knitting Directions No. 284, 15 cents, require 9 balls of yarn, 2 pair each of knitting needles Nos 3 and 5, 1 bone crochet hook No 2 and any three-letter monogram in 4¾ inch size, 6 cents for the new Balkan style sweater shown for size 36.

No 12629—Applique Design Shown on Rompers No 1084 above

No 12781 Rabbit and Dog Bib Design Shown on Suit No 1105 at right



No. 12787—An Attractive Border Design for Silk, Beads or Ribbozine

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 12787, blue or yellow, 40 cents, contains 3 yards of an 8½-inch and 6 yards of a 2-inch border to be worked in ribbozine or silk. The circles may be solid and the lines in bugle beads or entirely in floss and ribbozine. These make suitable trimmings for frocks and blouses adding a decorative note both pleasing and smart.

No 12 84—Something Different in Needlework

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 12784, blue or yellow, 30 cents, contains 3 yards of a 14½-inch border. This is a conventional type of border that is new and interesting.

No 12781—Appliqué for Bib

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 12781, blue, 20 cents, furnishes outline and design for 2 bibs consisting of faces of dog and cat for appliqué and a rabbit face which is to be embroidered. Shown on suit 1105 35 cents, sizes 2 to 6 years.

No. 12781

No 282—Misses' Silk Crocheted Sweater

The Pictorial Review Company's Crochet Directions No 282, 15 cents, require 5 balls of silk wool and 1 steel crochet hook No 7 for sweater in size 34 in short sleeves, slip-over style

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 12786, blue or yellow, 50 cents, has 3 yards of 18-inch border.

No 12783—Designs for Silk and Ribbozine

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 12783, blue or yellow, 40 cents, provides 3 yards of a 7¾ inch and 6 yards 1¾-inch border appropriate for dress ornamentation

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 12629, blue or yellow, 30 cents, furnishes 24 motifs. Illustrated at left above on Rompers 1084, 30 cents, sizes 2 to 6 years.

No. 12 85—Something New in a Beading Design

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 12,85, blue or yellow, 50 cents, contains 2 borders, 2 motifs, 1 panel motif and 1 large motif with reverse.

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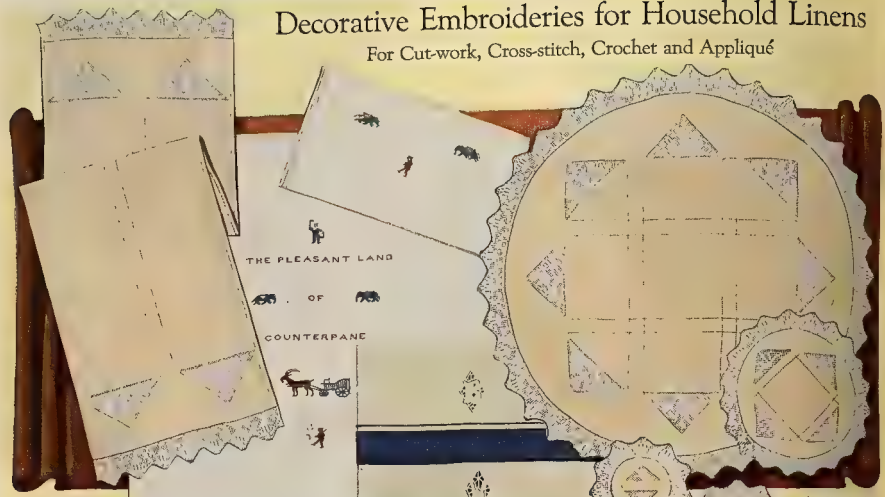
Decorative Embroideries for Household Linens

For Cut-work, Cross-stitch, Crochet and Appliqué



No. 283—An Artistic Scarf

THE Pictorial Review Company's Crochet Directions No 283, 15 cents provides instructions for making the scarf above and the luncheon set at the right.

No 12780—Cross-stitch for Crib Set

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 12780, blue, 30 cents, supplies a cross-stitch design for a child's crib set.

No 691 Monogram in Roman Cut-work for Towels

No. 283—Crocheted Luncheon Set

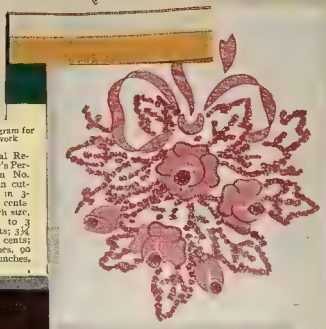
The Pictorial Review Company's Crochet Directions No 283, 15 cents. A very effective design for set above and scarf at left.

No. 12782 -For Linen Markers

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12782, blue, 20 cents, contains cross-stitch designs for 5 straps for household linens measuring 3 by 14 inches. The straps may be bound in bias gingham, hemstitched, crocheted or edged with rick-rack braid with the wording and baskets worked in cross-stitch. A piece of tape is placed at both ends to tie the linens in place. The baskets are worked in brown, the flowers in two shades of pink, leaves in green and the wording in blue. Unbleached muslin is suggested as a suitable material for the straps.

No 691 Monogram for Roman Cut-work

The Pictorial Review Company's Perforated Design No. 691 for Roman cut-work initials in 3-inch size, 60 cents For 1- to 2-inch size, 50 cents; 2¼ to 3 inches, 60 cents; 3¼ to 4 inches, 75 cents; 4¼ to 5 inches, 90 cents; 5¼ to 8 inches, $1.00

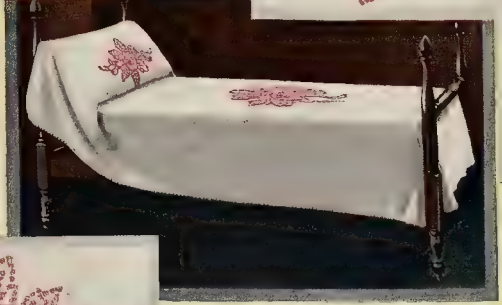


No. 693

No. 695

No. 694

The Pictorial Review Company's Perforated Designs Nos. 693, 694, 695 for cut-work monograms in sizes from ¾ to 8 inches. Sizes 2¾ to 3 inches, any style, 60 cents.



No. 12779—Design for Bedspread and Bolster

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No 12779, blue, 50 cents, furnishes design for a bedspread and bolster, also 4 corner motifs for a single or double bed. The background may be of unbleached muslin, union linen or Japanese crêpe. The design may be tufted with colored knitting cotton No 2 or candlewicking cotton and a couching needle No 14 or a large-eyed darning needle The flower motifs were appliquéd to the foundation material in a pretty shade of rose chambray The centers of the roses were tufted and the appliqué put on with blind stitch then outlined in a darker shade of rose. The embroidery being worked in strand cotton. Detailed illustration of two motifs shown at large views.

No. 692

No. 690

The Pictorial Review Company's Perforated Design No 692, Italian Cut-Work monogram in sizes ½ to 8 inches. Sizes 2¾ to 3 inches, 60 cents.

The Pictorial Review Company's Perforated Design No. 690. An effective monogram for embroidery or cut-work in sizes ⅝ to 8 inches. Sizes ⅝ to 2 inches, 50 cents.

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Just the Little Daytime Frocks You'll Like for Spring

1477—Emphasizes the Vogue for the New Shoulder Yoke
1483—Exploits the Basque as a Chic and Smart Style

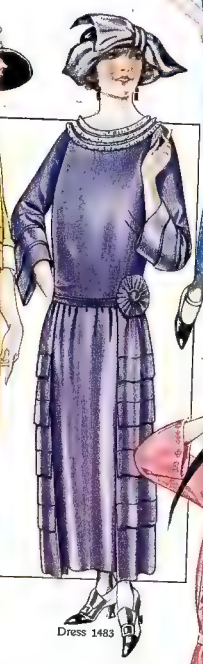
Dress 1471
Monogram 563

Dress 1463
Appliqué 12564

Dress 1475
Cross-stitch 12745

Dress 1477
Appliqué 12671

Dress 1482



Dress 1483

Dress 1464

Dress 1472
Embroidery 12715

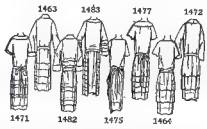
1471—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 4⅛ yards 36-inch tarragon (green) silk poplin — ¼ yard 40-inch Georgette crêpe for collar —3⅝ yards Georgette frilling. An individual touch is given to this frock by the monogram, design 563, which is embroidered in raised satin stitch in mercerized cotton or silk floss. The graduated applied bands give a tiered effect to the dress.

1468—Ladies' One-piece Slip-on Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 3⅝ yards 40-inch plain crêpe de Chine—3¾ yards 40-inch check crêpe de Chine—3⅛ yards ribbon for sash. The dress has a deep open front filled in with a vestee which is framed by a convertible collar of check crêpe de Chine. The appliquéd motifs, design 12564, may be cut from colored crêpe de Chine, silk, or satin and couched down in buttonhole, outline, and blanket stitches.

1464—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 36 to 44 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 4¼ yards 36-inch navy blue dotted foulard—¾ yard 36-inch satin for bands—5⅝ yards frilling—1¾ yard 36-inch lining for slip. The dress consists of a slip-on blouse closing on the shoulders and a slip with attached straight gathered flounces. Elastic is inserted through a casing below the waist-line to hold in the fulness and give a blouse effect. Three rows of frilling trim the round neck and one row trims the short kimono sleeves which are cut in a scalloped outline.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 118

1472—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅓ yard. Size 36 requires 5½ yards 40-inch mayflower (rose) Canton crêpe—⅝ yard 40-inch white crêpe de Chine for collar, vestee, and piping —1 yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Embroidery, in design 12715, trims the collar and lower edge of flowing sleeves. The design may be worked in raised satin and outline stitches in silk floss matching the shade of frock.



Patterns may be purchased from any Pictorial Review Agent in the United States and Canada or by mail, postage prepaid, if you address the Company, 222 West 39th Street, New York City. Prices 20c to 35c.

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Distinctive Frocks that Herald the Coming of the Season

1421—Ladies' One-piece Dress. Designed for 34 to 52 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¼ yard. Size 36 requires 3⅝ yards 32-inch yellow and blue check gingham—¾ yard 40-inch white voile for collar and vestee—2¾ yards frilling. A neat little hemstitched vestee of voile fills in the V opening which is framed with a two-piece collar, also of voile, trimmed with a frilling. The sleeves are short and finished with turn-back cuffs. An appliquéd motif, design 12720, gives a smart touch to the dress, and may be cut from colored scraps of chambray or linen and couched down in buttonhole, outline, or blanket stitches. A narrow sash of self-material holds in the fulness at the waist-line and ties in a bow at the back.

1397—Ladies' Long-waisted One-piece Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 2 yards. Size 36 requires 4⅛ yards 36-inch mignon (lavender) silk poplin—½ yard 40-inch white crêpe de Chine for collar and binding cuffs. This smart street or afternoon frock is in coat effect, crossing and closing at the left side-front. The sleeves are of the three-quarter length type finished with turn-back cuffs edged with the material used for the collar. Elastic is inserted through a casing adjusted underneath the dress to regulate the fulness at the waist-line and give a bloused effect—a smart and distinctive fashion note. A narrow belt, closed at left side, is worn to conceal the stitching.

1474—Ladies' Apron Dress. Designed for 36 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 3¼ yards 36-inch cress (green) linen—7⅛ yards bias binding. To wear on the porch, in the garden, or for morning wear this apron dress would be ideal. Bias binding is much in vogue this season for trimming aprons, house and afternoon dresses, and in this case it is combined with blanket stitching. The appliqué motifs in design 12671, are cut from contrasting linen and couched down in blanket, outline, or buttonhole stitches.

Dress 1421
Appliqué 12720

Dress 1397

Dress 1381

Apron Dress 1470
Appliqué 12720

Apron 1457
Monogram 563

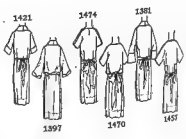
Apron Dress 1474
Appliqué 12671

1381—Ladies' One-piece Slip-on Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 4 yards 36-inch Venetian rose (red) linen—⅝ yard 36-inch white linen for collar and binding. The dress is slashed each side of the center-front and finished for a closing. A hemstitched collar of white linen conceals the closing.

1470—Ladies' Apron Dress. Designed for 36 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 3⅛ yards 36-inch black sateen. Blanket-stitching outlines the round neck, short kimono sleeves and the upper edge of patch pockets. The appliquéd motifs, design 12720, that trim the sash and the patch pockets, may be cut from contrasting sateen or chambray and couched down in outline, running, blanket, or buttonhole stitches. The sash is drawn through straps at the sides and ties in a large bow at the back.

1397—The Coat-Dress Adopts the Jacquette Blouse Effect
1470—The One-piece Frock that Is So Simple to Make
1457—Shows the Embroidered Monogram, a New Style Note

1457—Ladies' Slip-on Kimono Apron. Designed for 36 to 50 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 1¾ yard 27-inch pebble (cream) chambray for waist and pocket trimming—3¼ yards 27-inch ceramic (blue) chambray for skirt and binding. The monogram, design 563, which is one of the new features of the season, may be worked in raised satin stitch with mercerized cotton floss. The short kimono sleeves are finished with straight bands trimmed with buttons. Buttons also trim the upper part of the front gore which extends above the waist-line. A narrow sash of self-material or ribbon holds in the fulness at the waist-line and ties in a bow at the back.



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Models that Emphasize the Strong Points of the Mode

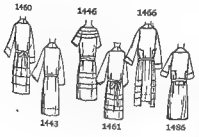
1460—Ladies' One-piece Slip-on Dress. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 3⅞ yards 36-inch harvest (orange) check silk—⅝ yard 40-inch white crêpe de Chine. Hemstitching gives a dainty touch to the vestee, which fills in the deep V opening, long collar, and the flaring cuffs of crêpe de Chine. A little extra fulness is given by slashing the waist in front from the armhole edges and gathering the lower slashed edges to the upper. Wide bands are applied to the skirt forming a deep tucked effect.

1449—Ladies' and Misses' One-piece Slip-on Kimono Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 4½ yards 40-inch anemone (orchid) crêpe de Chine—2½ yards ribbon for sash. This makes an attractive afternoon frock for informal occasions or afternoon teas. Yoke bands are hemstitched to the waist and form wide bands are applied to the skirt. An appliqued fruit motif, design 12672, gives a novel touch to the sash and may be cut from colored silks and couched down in blanket, outline or buttonhole stitches. To give just that touch of individuality milady adorns her frock with appliqué and it is charmingly displayed on this dainty dress.

1486—Ladies' One-piece Slip-on Dress. Designed for 34 to 52 bust. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 36 requires 4 yards 40-inch blue and white check crêpe de Chine—½ yard 40-inch white crêpe de Chine for collar and inserted vestee—¼ yard lace insertion—2⅜ yards pointed lace edging. A smart feature of this afternoon frock are the side panels which extend above the waist-line in a point and hang below the skirt forming an uneven hem-line. The panels are trimmed with applied bands giving a deep tucked effect. Cuffs of self-material finish the three-quarter length sleeves. A narrow belt of self-material holds in the fulness at the waist-line and closes at the left side.

Dress 1460 — Dress 1446 Appliqué 12672 — Dress 1466 — Dress 1443 — Dress 1461 — Dress 1486 Monogram 568

1446—The Drop-shoulder Yoke So Charming and Youthful
1466—Introduces the New Tiered Effect in Its Panels
1486—Employs a Two-tone Fabric Idea and a Monogram



1486—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 1½ yard 36-inch white silk poplin—2½ yards 36-inch rose silk poplin. The combination of two colors is a smart note of the early Spring fashion. The waist is slashed at the center-front and the opening held together with a bow of the rose poplin. Another new feature is the idea of embroidering one's monogram on the frock. The design, 568, may be worked in raised satin stitch with mercerized cotton or silk floss. A sash of the rose material trimmed with pearl buttons holds in the fulness at the waist-line. The acme of style is expressed in this frock for sports wear.

1443—Ladies' One-piece Slip-on Dress. Designed for 34 to 52 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 36-inch viola (lavender) silk poplin—⅜ yard 40-inch white Georgette crêpe for collar, vestee, and cuffs—3 yards pointed trimming. The few notes of trimming on this frock are supplied by the collar, inserted vestee, and narrow cuffs which are of white Georgette. Pointed edging is used effectively on this charming frock.

1461—Ladies' One-piece Slip-on Dress. Designed for 36 to 52 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 4 yards 40-inch eucalyptus (green) Canton crêpe—½ yard 40-inch satin crêpe for collar and vestee. The front panel is cut shorter than the dress which is trimmed with applied bands. The sleeves are in pointed outline at the lower edge. A novel belt holds in the fulness at the waist-line.

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Showing How Modishly the Elderly Woman May Be Gowned

1461—The Vestee Effect Is a Smart Feature of the Mode

1480—Adopts Tiered Side-Panels as Its New Style Note

1469—Chooses Tucks in Three Tier Effect to Add to the Frock's Attractiveness

1466—Achieves Perfect Poise and Dignity Through Its Long-line Paneled Skirt

Dress 1209

Dress 1361

Dress 1461

Dress 1480

Dress 1469

Dress 1262
Beading 12612

Dress 1466

1361—Ladies' Long-waisted Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅞ yard. Size 36 requires 6¾ yards 36-inch navy blue foulard—6⅝ yards frilling—1 yard 36-inch lining for underbody. This model of foulard, which will be so popular for afternoon frocks this Spring, is given a touch of contrast by the frilling of Georgette crêpe which trims the oval neck and long flowing sleeves. The side panels extend in points below the skirt.

1461—Ladies' One-piece Slip-on Dress. Designed for 36 to 52 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 40-inch gray Canton crêpe—¼ yard 18-inch lace for vestee—1¼ yard 4-inch lace for collar. The dress closes at the left side of the lace vestee. Embroidery may be used to form a deep border on the lower part of the dress and may be worked in darning or outline, or flat satin combined with darning stitches. Rope silk may be used for carrying out the design. Beads could also be substituted, using chalk, crystal, jet, or colored glass beads.

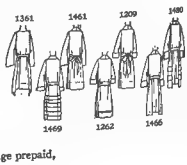
1480—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 36 to 50 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 5⅝ yards 40-inch black charmeuse—¼ yard 18-inch vesting—¾ yard lace for collar—1 yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Side panels with applied bands are a smart new feature of this afternoon frock. The deep V opening is filled in by a dainty Georgette vestee.

1209—Ladies' Long-waisted Dress. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 3⅞ yards 36-inch brown dotted foulard—⅛ yard 18-inch net for vestee—2⅝ yards edging. The dress closes at the left side of the vestee. The comfortable three-quarter sleeves boast of turn-back cuffs finished with edging. This frock is so simple that even the most inexperienced dressmaker would have no difficulty in making it. A dainty net vestee fills in the open front.

1469—Ladies' Long-waisted Dress. Designed for 36 to 50 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 5¼ yards 36-inch blue figured foulard—¼ yard 18-inch vesting—⅝ yard 40-inch white Georgette crêpe—1 yard 2½-inch ribbon for trimming-pieces—1 yard 36-inch lining for underbody. This makes a smart afternoon frock for the mature woman introducing applied bands on the skirt, giving it a tiered effect. A panel is inserted in front which is topped with a vestee of lace finished with ribbon trimming-pieces.

1262—Ladies' Long-waisted Dress. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 4½ yards 40-inch black Canton crêpe—1⅜ yard 40-inch gray crêpe de Chine for facing panels—¾ yard 40-inch white crêpe de Chine for vestee—1 yard 36-inch lining for underbody. The panels which are faced in gray crêpe de Chine extend below the skirt forming an uneven hem-line. An allover beading design, 12612, is applied to the panels and may be carried out in jet, steel, chalk, iridescent, or colored glass beads. In place of the beading, the design could be carried out in running, darning or outline stitches in a bright shade of rope silk. Gray silk to match the facing would be attractive using the same shade for the blanket-stitching which outlines the long collar and the turn-back cuffs.

1466—Ladies' One-piece Slip-on Dress. Designed for 34 to 52 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 4 yards 40-inch otter (brown) crêpe-back satin—1⅜ yard 7-inch paisley ribbon for vestee. The dress closes at the left side of the inserted vestee. The side panels which are a feature of this charming frock hang below the skirt giving it the popular uneven hem-line.



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Appropriate Attire for Street, Sports, and Afternoon Wear

1195—Ladies' Jacket. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Length at center-back 28½ inches. No. 9905—Ladies' Two-piece Skirt. Designed for 24 to 36 waist. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. The suit in medium size requires 2 yards 54-inch velours—2⅛ yards 54-inch check velours for skirt and collar—2¼ yards 36-inch printed silk for lining. The jacket has wide raglan sleeves and a large collar rolled with the fronts of the jacket. A leather belt holds in the fulness at the waist-line and gives a blouse effect. Collaring the blouse coat with the skirt fabric brings the costume into complete harmony, and at the same time carries out the fashionable composé idea which obtains in the smartest Spring creations. The skirt closes at the left side seam and is gathered at the upper edge.

1136—Ladies' Long-waisted Jacket. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. No. 9974—Ladies' Two-piece Skirt. Designed for 24 to 38 waist. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. The suit in medium size requires 1⅝ yard 40-inch satin matelassé—2¾ yards 40-inch Canton crêpe—2 yards 36-inch pussy willow taffeta for lining jacket. The jacket of this early Spring suit is gathered to straight bands giving it a jacquette effect. Deep button-trimmed cuffs of Canton crêpe finish the three-quarter length sleeves. Suits with these brocaded jackets are among the newest and jauntiest models of the season, and there is a wide selection of Oriental fabrics, in all silk, silk and wool and all wool, from which to make a selection. Soft colorings, preferably in browns and and tans picked out in a high color that gives tone to the more somber shades are a modish choice. The skirt is a gathered two-piece model, closing at the left side seam.

Jacket 1195
Skirt 9905

Jacket 1136
Skirt 9974

Coat 1227

Jacket 1320
Skirt 1051

Dress 1426

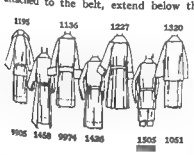
Jacket 1505
Knickerbockers 9883

Dress 1458

1227—Ladies' Coat. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Length at center-back 48 inches. Size 36 requires 4¾ yards 54-inch cheviot—4¼ yards 36-inch satin for lining. This makes a serviceable coat for everyday or sports wear. The patch pockets are covered with deep flaps. A narrow belt of self-material holds in the fulness at the waist-line and is fastened with a steel buckle.

1320—Ladies' Jacket. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Length at center-back 32½ inches. No. 1051—Ladies' Two-piece Gathered Skirt. Designed for 24 to 36 waist. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. The suit in medium size requires 2⅝ yards 40-inch matelassé—1⅝ yard 54-inch Poiret twill—2¾ yards 36-inch figured silk for lining jacket. Smartness is the keynote of this suit which combines matelassé and Poiret twill. Novelty is given to the jacket by the fastening which consists of seven link buttons. Matching buttons also trim the wide flaring sleeves. The jacket hangs free from the neck, has a pointed collar of twill and large patch pockets. The skirt is a plain two-piece affair, slightly gathered, and closes at the left side seam.

1488—Ladies' One-piece Slip-on Dress. Designed for 34 to 52 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 4¼ yards 40-inch crêpe-back satin—¼ yard 18-inch vesting—⅜ yard 40-inch Georgette crêpe for collar—3¼ yards narrow frilling. A narrow panel is inserted at the center-front of the dress meeting the vestee which fills in the deep V opening. A dainty Georgette overcollar matching the vestee is worn over the convertible collar. The button-trimmed side panels, attached to the belt, extend below the hem-line in deep points. The sleeves are long, flaring, and are slashed up almost to the elbow, and button-trimmed. A bakalite or steel buckle fastens the belt. All the quirks of the coming new season are embodied in this smart afternoon or street frock, including the straightline silhouette, the panel drape, the long shawl collar, and the modish flare sleeves.



1488—Ladies' Long-waisted Dress. Designed for 34 to 52 bust. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 36 requires 2½ yards 54-inch tricotine—⅝ yard 40-inch Georgette crêpe for collar, cuffs, and vestee—2¼ yards lace insertion—3¼ yards lace edging—3¼ yards black silk braid. This practical tricotine frock closes at the left side of the inserted vestee and under the left arm. An overcollar of Georgette trimmed with lace is worn over the pointed collar of self-material and a matching vestee fills in the V neck. The sleeves are long, plain, and close-fitting finished with Georgette cuffs. A smart little street frock that will be suitable for any informal daytime occasion.

1505—Ladies' Jacket. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Length at center-back 35 inches. No. 9883—Ladies' Knickerbockers. Designed for 24 to 34 waist. The suit in medium size requires 3⅛ yards 54-inch tweed—2⅝ yards 36-inch satin for lining jacket. For taking hikes in the country, no woman feels more comfortable than when clad in a knickerbocker suit. The jacket of this tweed model is cut on mannish lines, having a notched collar, and plaited patch pockets. The knickers close at the sides and are fitted with darts at the back. Wide cuffs finish the lower edges. Besides fancy weaves of tweeds, there are a large variety of fabrics to select from, such as homespuns, suède cloth, serge, cheviot, checked suitings, and pogo cloth.

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Flattering Long Lines Are Combined with Grace of Drapery

1464—Fashion Strongly Accents the New Tiered Skirt in Embroidered Flounce Effect
1483—When the Basque Frock Adds Gathered Side Panels the Effect Is Chic

1419—Ladies' Long-waisted One-piece Kimono Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 4⅞ yards 40-inch dotted foulard—6 yards frilling. This afternoon dress of dotted foulard introduces the new trimming-bands which are applied to the side panels in a tiered effect. The panels extend below the hemline and are looped up and caught in with the hem. Georgette frilling trims the round yoke and the sleeve-bands, adding a softness to the frock.

Dress 1419

Dress 1431

Dress 1434

Dress 1464

Dress 1463

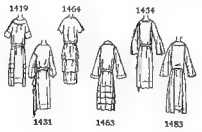
Dress 1483

1431—Ladies' Long-waisted Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 36 requires 4⅝ yards 40-inch satin crêpe—1 yard lace for collar. The flowing sleeves are attached at a dropped shoulder-line and are finished with three rows of fagoting which is also applied to the girdle. The front gore is allowed to hang free in cascade style and extends below the hem-line in a point. Style and grace are achieved in this frock, placing it among the favorites of the season.

1464—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 36 to 44 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅞ yard. Size 36 requires 5⅛ yards 40-inch bordered Georgette crêpe—4¾ yards frilling—1¾ yard 36-inch satin for slip. The dress consists of a blouse and a slip with straight gathered flounces of bordered material. Elastic is inserted through a casing underneath the dress to give the waist a blouse effect. Narrow Georgette frilling is applied to the oval neck and to the short, scalloped, kimono sleeves. Silver ribbon is twisted around the narrow girdle.

1434—Ladies' One-piece Slip-on Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 4 yards 40-inch Canton crêpe—3 yards 36-inch lining for underbody and gores. For the tall slender woman this draped model stands unrivaled. The front of the dress is draped and falls in soft folds at the left side in cascade style, while a narrow belt is arranged across the back. Fagoting trims the oval neck and five rows adorn the long flowing sleeves which are slashed almost up to the elbow. Bakalite cabochons are placed over the plaits at each side.

1463—Ladies' One-piece Slip-on Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 3⅜ yards 40-inch crêpe de Chine—2 yards 40-inch Canton crêpe for applied bands, belt, and cuffs—¼ yard 18-inch vesting—½ yard lace banding for collar. A dainty lace-trimmed vestee fills in the deep V opening. Wide bands of Canton crêpe are applied to the skirt in a tiered effect. Canton crêpe is also used for the narrow turn-back cuffs that finish the long flowing sleeves, and for the narrow belt.



1483—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 42 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 5 yards 36-inch satin—¼ yards 3½-inch braid on skirt—3 yards 3-inch braid on sleeves—¾ yard tab lace for collar. Among the new style points introduced in this frock are the snugly-fitted basque with an applied round yoke, the circular sleeve sections joined to the short sleeves, and the applied bands of braid which trim the side panels. A dainty tab lace collar gives contrast to the oval neck.

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New Frocks with the Verve and Lure of the Latest Styles

1477—The New Shoulder Yoke that Gives a Youthful, Slender Silhouette

1486—Vogue for Composé Effects Continues in the Season's Smartest Frocks

1477—Ladies' One-piece Slip-on Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¼ yard. Size 36 requires 4⅛ yards 40-inch dotted Georgette crêpe—2½ yards frilling. The front of this afternoon frock is slashed in from shoulder edges and the lower slashed edges gathered to the upper, while the back of the dress is gathered to a yoke. A tiered effect is given to the dress by applying wide bands. A narrow frilling trims the oval neck, and conceals the joining of the slashed edges.

Dress 1477

Dress 1439
Embroidery 12718

Dress 1486
Embroidery 12715

Dress 1480

1480—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 36 to 50 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 5⅜ yards 40-inch crêpe-back satin—⅝ yard 40-inch white Georgette crêpe for collar and vestee—⅛ yard lace banding—1⅛ yard edging—1 yard 36-inch lining for underbody. A dainty vestee of Georgette fills in the deep V opening and is framed by a matching over-collar. The side panels extend below the skirt forming an uneven hem-line. Beading or embroidery may be used to trim this frock and would be effective carried out in steel, colored glass beads or silk floss.

1480—Ladies' Dress. Designed for ¾ to 46 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 1¾ yard 40-inch crêpe de Chine—2½ yards 40-inch Canton crêpe for skirt and trimming collar and cuffs. The combination of two materials proves very popular this Spring. To give a blouse effect, elastic is inserted through a casing which is adjusted underneath the dress. Design 12715 forms a narrow border on the front of dress and may be worked in flat or raised satin stitches.

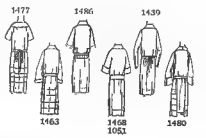
1439—Ladies' One-piece Dress. Designed for 34 to 52 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 3⅞ yards 40-inch charmeuse—½ yard 40-inch Georgette for collar, vestee, and turn-back cuffs—6⅜ yards frilling. The dress has a deep open U front filled in with a Georgette vestee, pointed Georgette collar, and long flowing sleeves finished with narrow turn-back cuffs. A narrow sash of self-material holds in the fulness at the waist-line. A deep border of embroidery, design 12718, is applied to the bottom of the dress and may be carried out in flat satin stitch combined with chain, outline or darning stitches in rope silk. If a touch of color is desired, the embroidery may be worked in a shade of silk harmonizing with the dress.

1468—Ladies' One-piece Slip-on Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 3⅜ yards 40-inch crêpe de Chine—2 yards 40-inch satin crêpe for applied bands, collar, and cuffs—¼ yard 18-inch vesting. Wide bands are applied to the lower part of the dress giving it a tiered effect. Braiding, in design 12475, adds chic to this frock and soutache braid may be used, stitched down in tiny running stitches.

1468—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust No. 1051—Ladies' Two-piece Gathered Skirt. Designed for 24 to 36 waist. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. The costume in medium size requires 1⅝ yard 40-inch plain crêpe de Chine—2⅛ yards 40-inch check crêpe de Chine. The combination of this simple blouse and two-piece skirt forms a smart costume. The monogram, design 558, may be carried out in raised satin stitch with silk embroidery floss or rope silk. The skirt closes at the left side seam and has inserted pockets.

Dress 1463
Braiding 12475

Blouse 1468
Skirt 1051
Monogram 558



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The Coming Season's Offering in the Whirl of Fashion

Jacquette Blouse 1389 Blouse 1468 Monogram 563

1389—Ladies' Long-waisted Jacquette Blouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 2 yards 40-inch satin crêpe—¼ yard 36-inch allover lace—¾ yard edging. The three-quarter length flowing sleeves are slashed up part way and are trimmed with buttons.

1490—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 1¾ yard 40-inch satin crêpe—¼ yard 40-inch contrasting crêpe for collar. Monograms are very much in vogue this season for trimming blouses and sports dresses. The design illustrated on this model, 552, may be worked in raised satin stitch with floss in self color or a contrasting shade.

Blouse 1490 Monogram 552 Jacquette Blouse 1430 Embroidery 12717

1468—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 1⅞ yard 40-inch crêpe de Chine. The collar and turn-back cuffs of this jacquette blouse are outlined in blanket-stitching. A monogram, 563, is embroidered on the center-front of the blouse in a circular design. The monogram may be carried out in raised satin stitch with mercerized silk floss. Buttons trim the band.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 118

Overblouse 1476 Embroidery 12758

Blouse 1194 Skirt 9905 Blouse 1387 Skirt 1053

Nurses' Apron 1455 Nurses' Uniform 9874 Maids' Set 1454

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Interesting Styles in Dainty and Useful Under Apparel

DESCRIPTIONS OF MODELS ON PAGE 118

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Canada:
Eisman & Co., 9 Temperance Street, Toronto

The New Panel Back Treotex Treo Girdle

The new Treotex Treo Girdle Models are designed for the heavier figure, which seeks the comfort so long enjoyed in the Treo Girdle by women of slender and medium figure.

Note the Panel Back in illustration at left—it flattens the figure at the back into the new silhouette. Ask for "Treotex" Treo Girdles if yours is above the average figure!

TREO GIRDLE

The All-Elastic Corset

The more elastic to the corset —the more grace to the figure

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Gray Hair! She Was Horrified

Then this Clean, Colorless Liquid Quickly Restored the Vanished Color

A Scientific Substitute for Natural Hair Pigmentation Found at Last

What follows here is a story of vital interest to every man and woman to whom gray hair has brought worry or perhaps even terror. It tells how Science has found a true way to restore the exact, original color to any gray hair by means of a liquid which provides a true substitute for the natural pigmentation.

It is also a frank exposure of the misleading claims which have been made for many so-called color "restoratives". It gives facts which everyone is entitled to have. They are told briefly but plainly in the interest both of the public and of the makers of preparations sold on merit, and not by means of deceptive statements. If you are already gray or growing gray, you will not want to miss a word of this article.

Plain Facts About the Restoration of Color to Gray Hair

Why Most Methods Fail to Give Satisfactory Results — How This Discovery Has Brought Joy to 100,000 People

Thousands of times the scene shown in the picture has been enacted.

A woman gazes into her mirror with dismay. Gray streaks mar the beauty of her hair. "Is my youthful appearance going? Am I to look old?" she asks.

Later she sees in the mirror an amazing change. The original color has returned. She is young again. A clean, colorless liquid applied to her hair has brought a wonderful and gratifying transformation.

Can it be possible that grayness is to become a thing of the past? Are old fashioned, inefficient ways of giving color to gray hair to be discarded?

"Yes" is the answer of more than 100,000 people who, like the woman in the picture, have perfectly restored the color to their hair with this truly remarkable liquid known as Kolor-Bak.

Scientists tell us that hair becomes gray because through age, illness, shock or disease the tiny cells in the scalp, called follicles, whose business it is to supply the pigment or coloring matter to the hair, have become inactive. They no longer produce this pigment and naturally the hair must suffer—it must turn gray.

Preparations of every sort have been and are sold for the purpose of restoring the lost color. Some are merely colored dyes or stains. Others have been represented as having the power to replace the pigment by revitalizing the follicles—but the claims put forth for these preparations have no foundation in scientific fact. They are known to be false by scientific men, who have investigated all the methods generally in use. They are known to be false by those who have used these compounds with unsatisfactory results.

The Gray Haired Man

You have seen the gray haired man, still active mentally and physically but refused employment or denied advancement on the ground that he was "too old". Kolor-Bak helps men in business by enabling them to look young.

The discovery of Kolor-Bak came as a revelation to the multitude who had turned to ordinary preparations in the hope of restoring the lost color and who so many times had found that promises were not fulfilled by performance. They realized that at last a genuine method was at their service—that a real substitute for the vanished pigmentation had been discovered. No matter what the cause of the grayness, it is simply amazing to see the results when Kolor-Bak is used.

Restores the Original Color to All Gray Hair

It doesn't make any difference what the former color was—brown, black, red, blonde—this one clean, colorless liquid will restore it. No need, whatever, for a special formula for each shade of hair. Several people whose hair was originally of different colors could use the same bottle of Kolor-Bak and each would see the color return exactly as it was in the past.

Not only does Kolor-Bak bring this amazing return of the color—it gives beauty to the hair in renewed gloss, silky texture, and luxuriant appearance. The hair does not look streaked or dyed—the color is uniform throughout. Results appear in a week.

Banishes Dandruff, Relieves Itching Scalp, Stops Falling Hair

Not only does Kolor-Bak restore the original color to the hair, it has a tonic and cleansing effect on hair and scalp. It ends dandruff and keeps the pores from being clogged with scurf and scale, and gives a delightful sense of cleanliness. Itching stops and if the hair has been falling out, the falling soon ceases. Kolor-Bak is not mussy, sticky or greasy. It is as easy to use as water.

Amazing Results Reported

Kolor-Bak has been put to the test by more than 100,000 people. It has proved its remarkable power for people of all ages and for every color and shade of hair.

From everywhere come words like these:

"It restored the natural color to my hair and has cured my little girl of dandruff." "My hair was perfectly white—now brown as when young." "My hair began to turn natural color in twelve days." "Am 60 years old. Hair was white. Now brown as in youth." "Hair was streaked with white. Now a nice, even brown and dandruff all gone." "My hair was falling out badly. Kolor-Bak has stopped it and put it in fine condition."

My Hair Was Quite Gray

Only a short time ago my hair was quite gray and becoming grayer. It was falling out. My scalp itched and dandruff appeared.

Only a few applications of Kolor-Bak stopped the itching and dandruff. My hair soon stopped coming out. Most wonderful of all, however, is that my hair is again its original color. I look ten years younger. No wonder I'm so thankful for Kolor-Bak.

(A typical letter)

Send for Free Trial Offer

To give you the fairest opportunity to learn by actual experience what Kolor-Bak will do, we are making a special Free Trial offer, particulars of which will be sent by mail to those who ask for it. No money to send, only the coupon.

No matter what you have used, unless you have already tried Kolor-Bak, you have not found the truly effective way to restore the vanished color. Of course you will want to compare this remarkable method with other preparations. We want you to see the difference between Kolor-Bak and anything else you have tried, and we want you to make the comparison at our risk. All that we can say, convincing as it may be, means nothing beside an actual test of Kolor-Bak.

Don't put this off a day. Send the coupon which not only entitles you to receive the free trial privilege, but brings our valuable book on Care of the Hair—Free.

Don't send any sample of your hair as the one clean Kolor-Bak solution is for all hair regardless of former color. Mail the coupon to Hygienic Laboratories, 204 S. Peoria St., Dept. 295, Chicago, Ill.

Canadian customers supplied from our Canada laboratory.

Hygienic Laboratories
204 S. Peoria Street
Dept. 295 Chicago, Ill.

Please send your Free Trial Offer on Kolor-Bak and your Free Book on Care of the Hair and Scalp.

Name .....

Address .....

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Fashion's Latest Ideas in Frocks for the Sweet Girl Graduate

Dress 1341

1234—Girls' and Juniors' Dress. Designed for 6 to 17 years. Size 14 requires 3 yards 40-inch figured crêpe de Chine—¼ yard 40-inch white crêpe de Chine for yoke—2½ yards narrow ribbon for yoke trimming—3½ yards grosgrain ribbon for girdle. The yoke, to which the waist is gathered, is given a lattice-effect by means of narrow ribbon. The girdle consists of ribbon having long ends at each side-front and a cluster of rosebuds matching the figure of the material is placed at the left side-front.

1456—Girls' Dress. Designed for 4 to 12 years. Size 12 requires 2⅞ yards 40-inch Georgette crêpe—1¼ yards frilling—2⅛ yards ribbon for sash. Narrow panels loop underneath the hem of the dress. This makes a charming frock for the young girl graduate. Youthful and dainty is the girdle formed of rosebuds fashioned from the Georgette. These flowers may be in a color contrasting with the costume if desired, or in a pastel shade that harmonizes with the color scheme. Either effect is equally charming.

Dress 1234 Dress 1456

1841—Girls' and Juniors' Long-waisted Slip-on Kimono Dress. Designed for 6 to 17 years. Size 14 requires 3⅜ yards 40-inch crêpe de Chine—2½ yards 4½-inch lace for collar and cuffs—⅝ yards satin ribbon for sash—7⅛ yards insertion. Many of the season's newest quirks are embodied in this attractive graduation dress. The sleeves are short, finished with turn-back cuffs of lace and are left open part way showing the arms. Panels are inserted in the side seams falling gracefully in a cascade effect and extend below the hem-line in points. Wheels of narrow ribbon trim the skirt.

Dress 1236

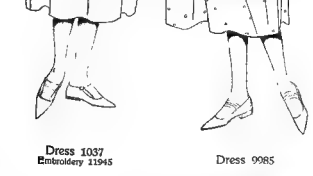
Dress 1499

Dress 1497

Dress 1247

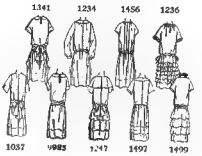
1236—Girls' and Juniors' Long-waisted Kimono Dress. Designed for 6 to 17 years. Size 14 requires 4 yards 40-inch chiffon—3¼ yards frilling—3⅜ yards ribbon for sash. Frilling trims the oval neck and the short kimono sleeves, and gathered ruffles are applied to the skirt. The satin ribbon sash is finished with loops and ends at each side-front. The ruffles are finished with picoting.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 119



Dress 1037
Embroidery 11945

Dress 9985



Patterns may be purchased from any Pictorial Review Agent in the United States and Canada or by mail, postage prepaid

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Youthfulness and Simplicity Expressed in These Chic Frocks

1467—Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 16 requires 3⅞ yards 40-inch Georgette crêpe—14 yards Georgette frilling—1⅝ yard 36-inch lining for slip. This youthful-looking frock consists of a slip-on blouse and a slip with attached straight gathered flounces. The sleeves are of the short kimono type and are cut in a scalloped outline finished with frilling. Rows of narrow frilling also trim the round neck and the gathered flounces. Elastic is inserted through a casing below waist-line, to hold in the fulness and give a blouse effect.

1478—Misses' Long-waisted Slip-on Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 16 requires 3 yards 40-inch embroidered Georgette crêpe—⅞ yard 40-inch plain Georgette for trimming—1¾ yard tab lace. The skirt of this attractive afternoon frock laps in front and falls in cascade style at the left side, extending below the hem-line. Tab lace trims the oval neck and the short sleeves. The slot pocket inserted on waist and bound with satin is a youthful, swagger style touch.

Dress 1467 Dress 1478

Dress 1488
Monogram 563

1488—Misses' Long-waisted Slip-on Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅞ yard. Size 16 requires 1⅝ yard 40-inch plain crêpe de Chine—2 yards 40-inch check crêpe de Chine. The long one-piece sleeves are gathered to narrow wristbands. The monogram, design 563, which is embroidered on this frock may be carried out in raised satin stitch with silk floss. Elastic is inserted through a casing below the waist-line to regulate the fulness and give a blouse effect.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 119

Dress 1473
Appliqué 12728

1473—Misses' One-piece Slip-on Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 16 requires 3 yards 40-inch satin crêpe—⅞ yard lace for collar. Appliqué, in design 12728, is applied to the frock and may be cut from colored taffeta or silk and couched down in running, outline, blanket or button-hole stitches.

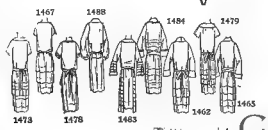
Dress 1483

Dress 1484

Dress 1462

Dress 1479
Appliqué
12720
Scallop 11694

Dress 1465



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Fetching Fancy Dress Costumes and Sports Clothes

6298—Men's Pierrot Suit. Designed for 32 to 44 chest. Size 36 requires 6⅛ yards 36-inch white sateen. The suit consists of a jacket, trousers, and a hat trimmed with large black pompons. A more elaborate masquerade suit could be made up in white satin using silk floss for the pompons.

1327—Ladies' Dutch Costume. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Width at lower edge about 2¾ yards. Size 36 requires 3¼ yards 36-inch sateen for dress—17 yards braid—1⅛ yard 40-inch voile for tunic and hat—⅝ yard 27-inch crinoline for brim and headband. The dress closes at the back, has short sleeves, and a tunic giving an apron effect.

1315—Misses' Long-waisted Masquerade Costume. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 3⅞ yards. Size 16 requires 3⅛ yards 40-inch satin for dress—1⅛ yard 40-inch satin for underwaist and trimming-pieces—4⅜ yards braid. The waist is snug-fitting while the skirt is very full.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 119

MRS. HARRY DERBY, 1100 VINE ST., QUINCY, ILL.

How I Lost 103 lbs.

This Amazing Reduction Proves That Overweight These Days is a Woman's Own Fault

A few months ago, if you had asked what I would give to get thin I should have replied without a second thought, "Everything I possess." I had tried so many times to reduce, and tried so hard! Fortunately, something made me try the music method—and life is once more worth living!

The first Wallace reducing record played off twenty pounds for me; the complete course reduced me more than a hundred in four months. Not only that, but my state of health was so improved I can never express my gratitude. No woman who had been relieved of a mountain of fat like I carried so long would wonder why I permit this to be printed."

Wallace Tells How Much He Can Reduce You

Cases of 100 lbs overweight are unusual. But Wallace has letters from many who lost 50 lbs; and from hundreds reduced 30 and 40 lbs. If you are but 10, 12 or 20 lbs too heavy for style or comfort, reducing to normal is easily and quickly accomplished. Anyone using Wallace's records can attain these weights:

Height in Inches	Age 20 to 29 Years Lbs.	Age 30 to 39 Years Lbs.	Age 40 to 49 Years Lbs.	Age 50 and Over Lbs.
60	111	116	122	125
61	113	118	124	127
62	115	120	127	130
63	118	123	130	133
64	122	127	135	136
65	125	131	137	140
66	129	135	141	145
67	133	139	145	150
68	137	143	149	155
69	141	147	153	159
70	145	151	156	165

You Can Get Thin to Music

—and it costs nothing to be convinced!

All you need do to convince yourself that you can get thin to music is to ask Wallace for a reducing record to prove it. This first lesson is free, and with it comes complete instructions for its use.

Accepting this offer does not obligate you. There is no pay-ment to be sent now, and nothing to pay on delivery. Results of this trial will make you eager for the rest of the course—but the only decision to be made now is to *try it*. Use this handy coupon:

WALLACE, 630 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago

Please send record for the first reducing lesson: free and prepaid. I will either enroll, or mail back your record at the end of a five-day trial. (113)

Name.....

St. & No.....

City.....State.....

Canadian Address: 62 Albert St., Winnipeg

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Betty's mother knew why

IT was Betty's first dip into social activity since she returned from boarding school.

Naturally, she was thrilled when the invitation came; and even more thrilled when she discovered in a roundabout way that Howard was coming back from school for the week-end to attend the same party.

Betty and Howard had been just a little more than mere good friends during their high-school days at good old Ellsworth.

Indeed, lots of folks thought they were much more than good friends. You know how a small town will jump at conclusions.

But after graduation when both went away to school—and not to the same school—things sort of changed. They wrote to each other for a while—maybe three or four letters. Then somehow or other the correspondence died off.

Betty was the last one to write, too. She never really got over that—in fact, she never really succeeded in putting him quite out of her mind.

* * *

Howard never looked more gorgeous than he did that evening. And Betty found herself more fond of him than ever. The whole party quickly focused itself around her anticipation of the first dance with him.

They did dance—but only once.

And all the rest of the evening Howard devoted to girls who were really much less charming than she.

Howard never looked more charming than he did that evening

Betty could actually feel people commenting on Howard's strange lack of attention to her. She knew what they were saying even without hearing their remarks.

Betty went home broken-hearted. She might never have known the reason but her mother, quick to perceive, and courageous enough to talk frankly with her daughter, knew why and told her.

* * *

That's the insidious thing about halitosis (unpleasant breath). You, yourself, rarely know when you have it. And even your closest friends won't tell you.

Sometimes, of course, halitosis comes from some deep-seated organic disorder that requires professional advice. But usually—and fortunately—halitosis is only a local condition that yields to the regular use of Listerine as a mouth-wash and gargle.

It halts food fermentation in the mouth and leaves the breath sweet, fresh and clean. So the systematic use of Listerine the way puts you on the safe and polite side. You know your breath is right. Fastidious people everywhere are making it a regular part of the daily toilet routine.

Your druggist will supply you with Listerine. He sells lots of it. It has dozens of different uses as a safe antiseptic and has been trusted as such for half a century. Read the interesting booklet that comes with every bottle.—*Lambert Pharmacal Company, Saint Louis, U. S. A.*

For HALITOSIS use LISTERINE

Dress 1498 Embroidery 12672

Suit 1492

Suit 1493

Coat 1503

Suit 1225

Knickerbocker Dress 1372

1498—Child's Dress. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 6 requires ¾ yard 40-inch plain voile—1¼ yard 36-inch dotted swiss. Drawnwork outlines the round neck, and the short kimono sleeves. The embroidery design, 12672, may be carried out in outline stitches or if appliqué is preferred, the motifs could be cut from contrasting voile and couched down in outline, running, blanket, or buttonhole stitches.

Petticoat 8387 Embroidery 11339

Dress 1459

Dress 1481 Appliqué 12672

1492—Boys' Suit. Designed for 2 to 8 years. Size 6 requires 1¾ yard 54-inch covert cloth—½ yard 36-inch linen for vest—1 yard 36-inch lining for jacket—⅜ yard 36-inch lining for back of vest. The jacket of this cunning suit is held together by link buttons.

1498 1492 1493 1487 1503

Bath-robe 1388

Bloomers 7256

1498—Boys' Suit. Designed for 1 to 4 years. Size 4 requires ¾ yard 36-inch China silk for blouse—1 yard 36-inch black velvet for trousers. The side-closing trousers button onto the silk blouse which has a round collar, and short sleeves.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 120

1459 1388 1225 7256 1481

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How La Mode Costumes the Young Folks This Season

1394—Child's Bloomer Dress. Designed for 1 to 4 years. Size 4 requires 1⅝ yard 32-inch chambray—1⅝ yard 36-inch cretonne. What little kiddie wouldn't want a cunning bloomer dress like the one illustrated? Chambray is used for the dress while cretonne fashions the bloomers, the collar, and the applied pointed band.

1468—Child's Rompers. Designed for 1 to 4 years. Size 4 requires 2½ yards 27-inch chambray—⅞ yard 27-inch white chambray for collar—2⅞ yards edging. Following the mode of the grown-ups these rompers display the owner's initial. The design, 12254, may be worked in raised satin stitch with mercerized cotton floss.

1404—Child's Rompers. Designed for 1 to 4 years. Size 4 requires 1½ yard 36-inch dotted percale—¼ yard 32-inch chambray for belt and binding. A cunning Dutch effect is given to these rompers by the distended sides. The rompers are sleeveless, the shoulders long and extend over the top of the arms.

1255—Child's Dress. Designed for 1 to 4 years. Size 4 requires 1¾ yard 40-inch French voile—3½ yards lace insertion—3½ yards frilling. For the little girl's party or best dress, pale blue or flesh Georgette crêpe or crêpe de Chine would be very dainty, trimmed with a fine quality of lace insertion and Georgette plaiting.

1501—Girls' Coat. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 8 requires 1⅞ yard 54-inch marvella cloth—2 yards 36-inch printed silk for lining. This coat has adopted the tiered effect following the mode of the grown-ups. A sash of the material holds in the fulness at the waist-line.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 120

The brush that fits all your teeth

THE tooth brush that cleans all your teeth except one or two is shirking its duty.

Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brushes are designed to fit all your teeth and clean every one thoroughly. The tufted bristles reach between the teeth and into depressions caused by crooked teeth.

The curved handle of a Pro-phy-lac-tic enables you without extra effort to brush the places ordinarily hard to reach. Even the inside surfaces and the backs of the back teeth are easy to clean.

Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brushes come in three sizes—adults', youths' and children's; and in three degrees of stiffness—hard, medium, and soft.

If the one you buy isn't absolutely satisfactory, return it to us and we will replace it.

FLORENCE MANUFACTURING CO.
Florence, Mass.
Sold by all dealers in the United States and Canada

"A Clean Tooth Never Decays"

Pro-phy-lac-tic

Always Sold in a Yellow Box

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The Confessions of a Well-dressed Woman

By MARJORIE DICKSON

Some people say it is not wise to be too frank and open in print. Perhaps not—for there are many who might misjudge or who might not understand.

Yet when one's life has been crowded full of sunlight and shadow, and the sunlight has come, finally, to stay, it is not easy then to keep silent. Nor is it fair and just to other women.

So I shall be very frank in this little story which I am about to tell you. And if, in uncovering my heart, I may be the means of helping other women and girls to find something of the happiness that has come to me, I shall be very glad.

My Girlhood

My girlhood was surprisingly like that of other girls. I went to school—I helped a little around the house—I was satisfied simply to play. Until I was fourteen, one day was just like another.

There were little parties in the neighborhood to which I was always invited—perhaps a boy or two that I liked a little better than the others—but it was only a fleeting fancy.

My mother made my simple, little dresses, and they seemed very nice and pretty to me then. I knew, in a vague way, that the family income wasn't large, and it seemed to me sometimes that my mother wasn't as well dressed as some other women I knew.

But it didn't worry me very much or very long. One does not have many worries when one is fourteen. The world is very kind and good to Youth.

But it was not always to be so. As I passed my sixteenth and eighteenth birthdays—I began to realise more and more the very great influence that pretty clothes have on a girl's life.

I shall never forget the days when I used to go through the shops and look at the pretty dresses. How my heart ached to have just one of them!

There they were—so trim—so beautiful—so near and yet so far. I could reach out my hand and touch them. I could picture myself wearing them—this one to a dance—this one when friends would call of an evening—this one to a theatre party.

Then stern reality would force me to read the price tags and I would turn sadly away. No—these dresses were not for me.

And because they were not for me, I began to miss many of the good things in life.

An Embarrassing Question

My friends began to grow away from me—many of them proudly announcing their engagement and marriage. My father used to ask me why Tom or Frank didn't come to see me any more and then my mother would stop him with a whispered "Hush!"

Poor soul! She knew from experience the humiliation and embarrassment I was suffering because I did not have pretty clothes like other girls.

A year ago I was nearly desperate—I simply had to have some new clothes. Yet I hadn't the least idea where I could get the money. Then Mary Allison came to see me!

Mary and I had been schoolgirls together. Then she moved away, and while we had corresponded regularly at first, the letters grew more and more infrequent, and finally we stopped writing altogether.

Once in a while, however, some mutual friend would tell me of having seen Mary—how popular she had become—of her beautiful clothes—and finally of her engagement and marriage.

And here she was, right before me!

"Mary Allison!" I exclaimed. "What in the world are you doing here?"

"Been taking a trip with my husband," she replied gayly. "He's busy with business this morning so I thought I'd run around and see my old friends. It's good to see you again. Married?"

I shook my head. "Not yet," I replied. "Guess I'll be the old maid of the family."

"Nonsense! Why, Tom used to be crazy about you!"

"That was before clothes counted as much as they do when a girl gets older," I answered. "Tom hasn't been to see me in months. If I only had the money to—"

"You don't need money—at least not much," Mary interrupted. "Do you know what this dress cost?"

I shook my head.

"Just $9.85. And I have three others just as pretty that I made especially for this trip. All four put together didn't cost me over $40. Do you really want to know how I got them?"

"Do I?" I exclaimed. "Do you think I'd be wearing this outfit if I could have one like yours?"

Mary smiled. "Just listen, and I'll tell you the whole blessed story."

She drew her chair close to mine and talked for fully half an hour. And finally, as she finished and rose to go, she made me make a promise. "You won't forget it, will you?" she asked.

"Indeed I won't," I replied warmly. "I'll write to-day."

The Turning Point

I DIDN'T know it at the time, but that promise was to be the means of changing my life. For that day I mailed a letter to the Woman's Institute.

In a few days the postman brought me a friendly reply from the Institute and a wonderfully interesting booklet that told the whole story of its new plan by which so many women and girls have learned at home to make pretty, becoming clothes. I saw at once that here was a solution to all my problems, so I enrolled for a course in dressmaking.

The Institute made everything so plain and the teachers took such a personal interest in me, that in just a little while, I was able not only to make all my own clothes, but to make them as they are made in the best shops.

For not only did I learn every detail of garment construction, but I learned the fascinating secrets of distinctive dress; what lines and colors and fabrics were most appropriate for me; how to copy dresses from the fashion magazines or the shop windows; how to plan and design and completely make clothes with the little distinctive touches that enabled me to always appear at my best.

Naturally the neighbors began admiring my clothes and asking me where I got them. They were almost too surprised for words when I told them I had made them all myself. They would have been even more surprised if I had told them how little they cost.

To me, the most important thing is not merely that I now have the pretty clothes I always wanted, but what these pretty clothes have meant to me. They have meant happiness—they have meant freedom from worry—they have even meant—love!

On my desk is a letter that I have just written to Mary Allison. I want you to read it, too—for it shows the shadows have gone and the sunlight has really come into my life to stay.

DEAR MARY:

What a difference a few months make!

Why, it seems only yesterday that I was so worried about the clothes problem that I hardly knew which way to turn. Then you came along and told me all about the Woman's Institute.

Today, I don't believe there is a girl in town who has prettier dresses than I have.

Just the other afternoon, as I was walking down the street, I heard Mrs. Morton (you remember her, don't you?) say: "There goes Marjorie Dickson. Isn't that a perfectly lovely dress? I do believe she's the best dressed woman in town these days."

I walked right along as if I hadn't overheard, but you can't imagine how good it made me feel.

Did I tell you in my last letter that I have started to plan and make dresses for other people? I have made $75 since I wrote you last.

Think of it, Mary—$75 in three weeks! You can't imagine how good it feels or how much that money has helped to buy other things I needed.

Write to me often, Mary, for I count you one of my dearest friends. I wouldn't be writing this happy letter to-day if it were not for you and the Woman's Institute.

MARJORIE.

P. S. Don't be surprised if Tom and I drop in to see you soon. We're to be married in the spring and we're planning to stop over on our honeymoon.

WHAT a wonderful story is revealed in the experiences of Mary Allison and Marjorie Dickson! What an inspiring story, too, for every woman and girl who wants pretty clothes and has been seeking a way to get them.

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Name.....
(Please spell plainly whether Mrs. or Miss)

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FASHIONS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 103

1482—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 4⅝ yards 40-inch cowslip (yellow) Canton crêpe, ½ yard 40-inch white Georgette crêpe for collar and cuffs—2¼ yards ribbon for trimming, ¼ yard ribbon for girdle.

1483—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 42 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 5⅜ yards 40-inch mignon (lavender) crêpe-back satin—2½ yards narrow frilling.

1475—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 36 to 46 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 3⅝ yards 40-inch blue crêpe satin. Cross-stitching, design 12745, is applied to the oval neck, short sleeves, and the cascade drapery. Silk floss may be used effectively.

1477—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 36 requires 4⅝ yards 40-inch sandalwood (tan) Canton crêpe. An appliqué motif in design 12671, may be cut from colored satin and couched down.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 110

1430—Ladies' Long-waisted Jacquette Blouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 2⅝ yards 40-inch crêpe-satin. Embroidery, in design 12717, trims the collar and the long flowing sleeves. The design may be carried out in flat satin stitches in silk floss.

1476—Ladies' Overblouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 1¾ yard 40-inch satin. Motifs of embroidery, design 12735, worked in running or darning stitches are applied to the lower scalloped edge and to the kimono sleeves.

1104—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 1¾ yard 40-inch voile—⅝ yard 40-inch white voile for collar and cuffs—2¼ yards edging for trimming collar. No. 9005—Ladies' Two-piece Skirt. Designed for 24 to 36 waist. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 26 requires 2¾ yards 48-inch French serge.

1387 — Ladies' Long-waisted Slip-on Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 2½ yards 36-inch batiste—1½ yard filet lace. No. 1003—Ladies' Three-piece Skirt. Designed for 24 to 36 waist. Width at lower edge, with tuck stitched in, about 1¾ yard. Size 26 requires 2⅝ yards 54-inch velours.

1455—Nurses' Three-piece Apron. Designed for 36, 40, and 44 bust. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards 36-inch linen. No. 9874—Nurses' Uniform. Designed for ½ to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 5¼ yards 36-inch linen.

1454—Maids' Set. Designed for 36, 40, and 44 bust. Size 36 requires 2¾ yard 36-inch lawn—4½ yards pointed edging.

DESCRIBING MODELS ON PAGE 111

1420—Ladies' Step-in Combination with Attached Brassiere. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards 36-inch washable satin.

1167—Ladies' Slip-on Nightgown. Designed for 36, 40, and 44 bust. Size 36 requires 2⅝ yards 40-inch crêpe de Chine—1¾ yard lace.

1257—Ladies' Nightgown. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 36-inch batiste—2¾ yards lace insertion.

1427—Ladies' Step-in Combination. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 2 yards 36-inch nainsook—⅞ yard lace insertion for straps—2¼ yards edging—3¼ yards narrow ribbon. The lower and side edges of the under drawers are outlined in scallops. The design, 11650, may be worked in buttonhole-stitching with mercerized cotton floss.

1245—Ladies' Combination Camisole and Drawers. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 1¾ yard 40-inch nainsook—⅝ yard lace insertion for shoulder straps—1¼ yard narrow ribbon. Hemstitching contributes towards trimming this dainty combination.

1487—Ladies' Apron. Designed for 36, 40, and 44 bust. Size 36 requires ⅞ yard 36-inch batiste—4½ yards lace insertion—5⅞ yards lace edging.

1355—The Nancy Hanks Apron. Designed for 36, 40, and 44 bust. Size 36 requires 2 yards 36-inch linen.

1485—Ladies' Apron. Designed for 36, 40, and 44 bust. Size 36 requires ⅞ yard 36-inch nainsook—3½ yards ribbon.

1495—Ladies' Step-in Combination. Designed for 36 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 2 yards 36-inch handkerchief linen.

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FASHIONS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 118

1494—Maternity Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 4½ yards 36-inch dotted foulard—½ yard 40-inch crêpe de Chine for sleeve sections and piping.

1489—Ladies' Step-in Drawers. Designed for 24 to 40 waist. Size 26 requires 1⅛ yard 40-inch satin—3 yards edging.

1840—Ladies' Two-piece Step-in Drawers. Designed for 24 to 38 waist. Size 26 requires 2⅝ yard 40-inch silk.

1496—Men's Slip-over Pajamas. Designed for 34 to 54 chest. Size 36 requires 3⅝ yards 36-inch madras.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 113

1037—Girls' and Juniors' Dress. Designed for 6 to 17 years. Size 14 requires 2¾ yards 40-inch French voile—2⅝ yards lace insertion—3 yards ribbon for sash. The dainty design of embroidery, 11945, may be worked in satin and outline stitches.

9865—Girls' and Juniors' Slip-on Dress. Designed for 6 to 17 years. Size 14 requires 2½ yards 36-inch dotted swiss—10¾ yards frilling—⅝ yard 40-inch organdy for collar, cuffs and sash.

1847—Girls' and Juniors' Long-waisted Dress. Designed for 6 to 17 years. Size 14 requires 4⅝ yards 40-inch Georgette crêpe—9¾ yards lace insertion—2¾ yards ribbon for sash.

1407—Girls' and Juniors' Dress. Designed for 8 to 17 years. Size 16 requires 3⅝ yards 40-inch Canton crêpe—2 yards 10-inch lace for yoke and sleeves—2½ yards ribbon—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody.

1409—Girls' and Juniors' Dress. Designed for 6 to 17 years. Size 16 requires 4⅛ yards 40-inch chiffon—5 yards grosgrain ribbon.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 114

1483—Ladies' and Misses' Long-waisted Slip-on Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years, and 34 to 42 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 16 requires 5¼ yards 36-inch black satin.

1484—Misses' Long-waisted Slip-on Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 16 requires 4 yards 40-inch crêpe-back satin—⅝ yard 40-inch Georgette crêpe for collar and cuffs—2½ yards lace insertion—2¼ yards lace frilling.

1402—Misses' One-piece Slip-on Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 16 requires 1⅞ yard 40-inch dotted crêpe de Chine—2¾ yards 40-inch plain crêpe de Chine—1¾ yard narrow edging.

1479—Misses' One-piece Slip-on Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 16 requires 3½ yards 40-inch Canton crêpe. Appliqued motifs in design 12720, which may be cut from contrasting silk and couched down in buttonhole or blanket stitch. The scallops, design 11694, outline the applied bands and the short sleeves and may be buttonhole-stitched.

1465—Misses' One-piece Slip-on Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 16 requires 2 yards 40-inch crêpe de Chine—3¼ yards 36-inch check silk—⅝ yard 36-inch allover lace for collar and cuffs—⅝ yard lace banding on vestee—¼ yard 40-inch crêpe de Chine for vestee—2¾ yards lace edging

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 115

1516—Ladies' Long-waisted Masquerade Costume. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 3½ yards 36-inch black satin—1¾ yard 36-inch white satin for underwaist and trimming-pieces.

4486—Clown Suit and Hat. Designed for 32 to 46 chest. Size 36 requires 10 yards 36-inch sateen.

9061—Men's Shirt. Designed for 32 to 52 chest. Size 36 requires 3¼ yards 36-inch madras. No. 1602—Men's Trousers. Designed for 28 to 50 waist. Size 38 requires 1¾ yard 54-inch men's wear serge—1 yard 36-inch lining.

6383—Clown Suit and Hat. Designed for 4 to 16 years. Size 8 requires 4½ yards 36-inch sateen.

1326—Girls' and Misses' Dutch Costume. Designed for 6 to 20 years. Size 12 requires 2¾ yards 36-inch sateen—2¾ yards 36-inch sateen for gulmpe, tunic, and hat.

1632—Men's Golf Shirt. Designed for 14 to 18 inches neck. Size 15 requires 3 yards 40-inch English silk broadcloth. No. 1878—Men's Knickerbockers. Designed for 32 to 50 waist. Size 32 requires 1¾ yard 54-inch tweed.

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But this new kind of clay is pure white—just as white as snow. That is why it is called Snow White Clay. Applying it is just like bathing the face with a delightful cream. There is no mussiness whatever; for this new kind of clay—triple-sifted through the finest silk—is *clean*. Furthermore a complete treatment takes only 10 minutes! You can actually acquire new beauty while you are doing up your hair!

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Stimulates and Whitens the Skin

Snow White Complexion Clay has still another great advantage. It possesses a marvelous radio activity to stimulate the skin, and in addition gives the skin a wonderful new whiteness and transparency. No other clay possesses this wonderful power to give the skin new life and health and to make it soft, smooth and white.

Snow White Complexion Clay is a distinct advance over all other complexion clays. No other clay is like it—no other *can* be like it. Already thousands of women have turned to it for new beauty, and the results are more than gratifying.

Nothing Else Like It

Snow White Complexion Clay is actually delightful in its purity and whiteness. No other clay is anything like it. Clean as it is when taken from the earth, the white clay deposits of England, it is made even purer and whiter by being sifted three distinct times through the finest Chinese silk! Compare Arctic snow with mud and you will have the difference between Snow White Clay and ordinary complexion clays. Try it once—and you will never return to old-fashioned clay treatments.

EVIDENCE

"Snow White Clay is certainly a great improvement over the dark clay. I noticed the difference just as soon as I put it on my face. When I removed it my skin was soft, smooth and fairly glowed."
Ida Heiman

"Since I have used Snow White Complexion Clay all the blackheads and blemishes have disappeared and my skin is clear and smooth."
Lillian Block

"Snow White Clay is the best product of the kind I have ever used. One application removed many of the blackheads, and left my skin beautifully white, soft and smooth."
K Lewis

"In only 15 minutes Snow White Clay had whitened my face and made it very smooth
Mary de Pater

How It Works

The skin contains millions of tiny pores, with which to expel impurities. But when dust bores deeply into these pores, they become clogged, and the impurities remain in the skin. Soon pimples, blackheads and other embarrassing blemishes appear.

Snow White Complexion Clay stirs every one of these tiny pores to life. In only 10 minutes the clay dries and hardens, and there is a cool, tingling, pleasant sensation as the powerful yet absolutely harmless clay draws out every skin impurity. Remove the clay, and with it comes every harmful impurity, every blemish. Then notice your complexion. See how clear, fresh and youthful it has suddenly become. You will be actually amazed at the improvement the very first treatment brings.

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FASHIONS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 116

1368—Child's Coat. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 6 requires 2¾ yards 36-inch taffeta—2¼ yards 36-inch satin for ll. ing. The collar is closed to the neck. Inverted plaits, front and back, are stitched down part way and the one-piece sleeves finished with turn-back cuffs. A dainty lace collar and cuff set is an added trimming.

1372—Girls' and Juniors' Knickerbocker Dress. Designed for 6 to 17 years. Size 8 requires 1⅞ yard 54-inch tweed—1⅛ yard 36-inch batiste—¼ yard 36-inch lining for pockets. The dress slips on over the head and has large patch pockets. Wide knee-bands finish the lower edges of the side-closing knickerbockers. This makes a comfortable dress for camping or hiking.

1225—Boys' Suit. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 12 requires 2⅜ yards 54-inch tweed—3⅛ yards 36-inch sateen for lining jacket—⅜ yard 36-inch lining for pockets and waist-band. This mannish-looking suit consists of a jacket and front-closing knickerbocker trousers. The jacket is box-plaited, front and back, and has a square yoke and notched collar.

1459—Girls' and Juniors' Slip-on Dress. Designed for 6 to 17 years. Size 8 requires ⅞ yard 36-inch linen for waist—1¾ yard 36-inch contrasting linen for lower part of dress and cuffs. The combination of two shades of linen is very much in vogue for Spring frocks. The belt is trimmed with roses made of organdy. Blanket-stitching outlines the round neck and cuffs.

8887—Child's Petticoat. Designed for ½ to 4 years. Size 4 requires 2¼ yard 36-inch nainsook. The little Garfield petticoat closes on the shoulders and is given a dainty touch by embroidered sprays, in design 12330, which trim the front and are also applied along the hem. The design may be worked in raised satin and outline stitches in mercerized floss.

1481—Girls' and Juniors' Dress. Designed for 6 to 17 years. Size 8 requires 1⅞ yard 36-inch linen for skirt and sleeve sections—1¾ yard 36-inch linen for waist. An applied motif, design 12672, is applied to the waist of the dress and may be cut from colored linen. Blanket, outline, buttonhole, or chain stitches may be used in couching down the motifs. Stitching outlines the oval neck and is also applied to the short kimono sleeves where the flowing sections are joined.

7256—Girls' and Juniors' Side-closing Bloomers. Designed for 3 to 17 years. Size 8 requires 1⅝ yard 36-inch sateen These practical bloomers are gathered to waistbands finished with buttons and buttonholes. Elastic is inserted through hems at the lower edges to draw the bloomers in at the knees. These bloomers are appropriate for "gym" wear.

1888—Girls' and Juniors' Bath-robe. Designed for 6 to 17 years. Size 12 requires 2⅝ yards 54-inch plaid blanket cloth ¼ yard 36-inch satin for collar—1⅞ yard cord for girdle. A round satin collar finishes the neck and a cord girdle holds in the fulness at the waist-line.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 117

1169—Girls' One-piece Kimono Dress. Designed for 6 to 12 years. Size 8 requires 1¾ yard 36-inch linen—⅝ yard 36-inch contrasting linen for lower part of dress and for binding neck and sleeves. The applied motifs, design 12696, while they supply the only note of trimming to this frock, may be cut from contrasting scraps of linen and couched down in outline, buttonhole, blanket or chain stitching.

1442—Girls' and Juniors' Slip-on Dress. Designed for 6 to 17 years. Size 8 requires 1¾ yard 32-inch check gingham—1 yard 32-inch plain gingham. Applied, in design 12672, gives a cunning touch to this dress and may be cut from plain colored gingham couched down with blanket-stitching. The dress is slashed and closed at the center-front.

1491—Girls' Dress. Designed for 6 to 12 years. Size 8 requires 1¾ yard 27-inch white chambray for waist—1¾ yard 27-inch contrasting chambray for skirt—¾ yard 36-inch allover lace for collar and cuffs. The appliqué motifs, design 12630, which give such a chic touch to this frock, may be cut from colored chambray and couched down in buttonhole-stitching.

1418—Girls' Pajamas. Designed for 2 to 8 years. Size 8 requires 3⅛ yards 29-inch crêpe—⅜ yards 2-inch ribbon for binding. The pajamas are slashed and closed at the center front.

1398—Child's Union Suit. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 4 requires 1¾ yard 36-inch madras. Front and back of waist are finished with bands.

1285—Girls' and Juniors' Two-piece Petticoat. Designed for 4 to 16 years. Size 12 requires 1⅝ yard 36-inch nainsook —1¾ yard 4-inch embroidery.

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BEYOND THE CROSS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 96

"A question occurred to me that I couldn't resist. I said, 'You lost your husband, perhaps, in the War, Madame?'

"She sat quiet for a moment, then rose and walked toward the fireplace, standing with her back toward me. The light gave luminous touches to her hands and her hair. It painted her vividly against the dusk of the room.

"She said without looking around, 'Who are you? Why have you come?' When I didn't answer she repeated, 'Who are you?'

"'I am a man who has lost his memory,' I said.

"She whirled about, and a flicker of lightning showed me her face.

"'You are he! I know it. I have known it from the first—,' Her voice became blurred. The sound of the storm overwhelmed it; it was drowned in the rain. Then it came out clear and strong again. 'Why don't you speak? Yes, speak now. I've suffered such hope these past three days. I've been half mad with hope! Yet I was afraid to ask. But I can't bear it any longer. You must speak!' She came toward me, holding out her hands in childish appeal. 'Philip, Philip!'

"'I caught her hands. No!' I said, 'not that— I'm not Philip Trainor.' I could feel her tremble. 'Philip Trainor is dead. I have seen his grave—. He is dead.'

"'He is dead,' she repeated mechanically. 'You say you are not Philip?' She seemed dazed. 'You must speak!' She had a new hope sprung up in her. 'You come from him! Oh, why haven't you come before? I have waited so long!'

"'I came when I could. I didn't know— I've been searching for you.'

"'Searching?' Oh, yes, it's that. You have a message for me!'

"'If I have a message it's lost in the darkness of my mind,' I said. There was a dreadful silence: even the storm suddenly had grown still. I heard clearly her despairing whisper. 'No, no! You must remember.'

"'Dear Mme. Bosanquet, there's a great mystery here. Let's sit down and talk it over quietly.'

"I LED her to a couch and drew her down beside me. 'I'll tell you all I know about myself,' I said. I told her everything: how I had found myself two years before on the stairs of the newspaper office, how Trainor's friends had noticed my resemblance to him, how I had become interested in him, obsessed by him. I told her of my thoughts, of my dreams—those dreams where I met Trainor in the fog—and of my groping desire to do his will. I told her of my visit to his grave, and how I had come to Balincourt. She listened without saying a word. When I had finished I turned to her. 'That's all. Now tell me what you know of Philip Trainor.'

"She pressed her hands to her face, then let them fall into her lap. 'I loved him. I have borne his child.——'

"Her head sank lower. She was not looking at me, nor I think considering me. When she spoke again it was as if to some presence beyond and distinct from us both.

"'I loved him from the beginning. It is almost impossible now to recall the feeling of those days. The world was coming to its end in Picardy. Everything was strange and exaggerated. One snatched at moments— One lived a lifetime in an hour.

"'I loved him— I gave myself to him as gladly as any wife ever gave herself to any husband. But I wasn't his wife. There was no time for that. A great battle was going on in the north. He was to leave at once—in a day.

"'I had one letter from him—one short letter, written in pencil. It told me nothing. I waited all Summer—four months. Then I went to Paris. I inquired of the authorities. After another month they told me that he had been killed in combat with the enemy.

"'MY BABY was born in December. I was very ill. When I recovered my strength I came back to Balincourt. I thought I should never want to see this place again, but my heart was buried here and I came back.

"'If I could only live here with my grief! That would be happiness enough. But I can't. I am haunted by a terrible doubt. I am not sure whether I have the right to tell my son that he is the child of love—'

"Her small, white hands were twisting together in her lap. I thought I heard her say 'Philip!' but I wasn't sure. She went on. 'He never told me that he loved me! He was silent and shy always. He did not speak. At the time I hardly noticed it. I didn't care. When one has the reality of love one doesn't stop to think of phrases. But afterward, when they told me that he was dead, it came to me—a thing more cruel than death—that he had never spoken. I thought, I must get my memory, but I could remember nothing.'

"I ventured to interrupt her here. 'Surely you don't doubt that he loved you?'

"'He loved me, yes. But was it the great love of his life? Was it the love that lasts beyond life, beyond death itself? Oh, it isn't vanity that makes me ask that question! I have no vanity. I have no pride. But I must know, or my soul will die as flowers die when the weeds choke them.'

"I glanced at her. The tears were streaming down her face, but she continued passionately.

"'I can bear anything but that. According to my religion I have sinned. I can bear my sin. I can bear the loss of my position and the gossip of my neighbors—even the reproach of my mother, who died without forgiving me.

"'I don't ask for forgiveness. I have lost faith in everything but the love that was my life and that must be my immortality if immortality exists for me. I do not believe in heaven or hell, but only in love and in the want of love.

"'The great fear of my soul is that he did not love me as I loved him. To me it was more than passion, more than the touching of bodies. Was it more than that to him?'

"HER voice had grown sharp with emotion. 'Shall I ever find him again? Shall I find him and know him? Does he wait for me? Does he hear my prayers? Or am I to go through eternity as I go through this house—alone and doubting?'

"I turned to her, and suddenly I knew what it was I had to say to Mme. Bosanquet. It lay in my consciousness as clear as sunlight. I hadn't even to think the words that came to my lips.

"'He hears—and waits,' I said. 'He loves you, as you loved him, with all the strength of his soul. He will be at your side when you shall sleep at the last. You will see him, waking. You will go with him through the fog on the other side of the cross.'

"She gave a cry and seized my hand.

"'You say—? How do you know this?'

"'It is there, in my mind. It's the message I had for you. I can't tell you how I know, but I swear it's true. You mustn't doubt.——'

"'No, I believe you!' she said with a laugh that was like a sob. 'I believe, I believe. It is his own voice speaking through yours. I can see him in yours, and his smile—his dear smile! He is speaking to me——'

"Mme. Bosanquet put her face into her hands. I got up from the couch and walked to the window. The rain had stopped, but a mist was rising from the valley and night was coming on. I knew that it was time for me to go.

"I could hear her crying softly behind me and understood that in the strange way of human hearts she was at last finding comfort in her grief. I wanted to go to her, to say good-by, for I felt that I would never see her again. But something—the realization, perhaps, that there was nothing more to be said, that it was all quite perfect as it stood—prevented me.

"I DON'T remember leaving the house. I remember very little about what happened afterward. I have a dim recollection of going down the hill in the mist. I was supremely happy. I have never had such a feeling before. I saw the whole universe laid out before me, not as a stage set for endless tragedy, but as a highway leading into a country of boundless land of hope.

"I must have spent the night at the inn, as usual, but that, too, is vague. The next day I started back to Chaumont. I took the first train for Paris. I wanted to find you and tell you my story."

He stopped and smiled at me across the restaurant table. "Well, I've told you. Now you know."

"But you?" I said, bewildered by the abruptness of his conclusion. "How does it explain you? How does it answer your problem?"

"I?"

He stared at me, and I realized, more bewildered than ever, that he had utterly forgotten himself in his recital. My question apparently reminded him, brought him up sharply against the enigma of his own identity.

He raised his head and looked suddenly about the café. Its long, narrow room was crowded now with diners. The tobacco smoke hung in level strata above the light of the candles, and through this veil, as through a gauze curtain, showed human faces red with eating and drinking, laughing, and slightly distorted.

The man who had styled himself James White gave an exclamation. "What am I doing here? My God, it's stifling. This room is like a coffin."

He got up before I could move or speak, and walked toward the door. I called the waiter and put a bank-note in his hand. Then I hurried after my companion.

James White had disappeared by the time I reached the sidewalk. I looked up and down the street; he was not in sight. I spoke to M. Druot, sitting in his chair against the wall.

"Where did my friend go?" I asked.

"Your friend, Monsieur?"

"Yes. The man who just went out."

"No one has gone out, Monsieur!"

"What? Nonsense! You must have seen him!"

"I tell you I have not seen him—nor any one else. A great many have gone in, but you are the first to come out."

"I tell you I saw him walk to the door!" I cried, with such force that for a moment M. Druot was startled. Then he shrugged his fat shoulders.

"Monsieur is mistaken. There was no one."

He asked to meet her

AT EVERY gathering, you will find some girl that every man wants to meet.

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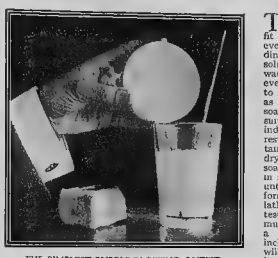
SOAP-BUBBLE TRICKS

A Rainy-Day Entertainment for Children of All Ages

BLOWING soap-bubbles is the time-honored children's game, yet many a grown up looks on with longing eyes. Here are a series of interesting tricks that require skill and expertness enough to warrant adult help, and which will prove amusing to old and young alike. It is surprising the variety of forms you can create with a soap-bubble when you once set about it; the illustrations on this page are only a few out of many possibilities. A good trick with which to start is a chain of bubbles—blowing one with the pipe, throwing it into the air, blowing a second and catching the first with it, and so on, until you have a chain of five or six bubbles.

EVERY CHILD LOVES TO BLOW SOAP BUBBLES

THE illustration below shows the use of the funnel in soap-bubble tricks. Here a small china ornament has been placed in a bubble and the funnel is being raised from it. The method of this trick is as follows: Place the ornament upon a sheet of soapy glass or in a shallow saucer containing a little of the soapy solution. Then cover the ornament with a funnel of suitable size and commence to blow gently down the stem, while you gradually raise the funnel from the glass. Continue to blow till the bubble is sufficiently large; then turn the funnel carefully until it is at right angles to the bubble and can thus be disentangled without breaking it.



THE SIMPLEST BUBBLE-BLOWING OUTFIT

THE ordinary soap-bubble-blowing outfit is of course familiar to every one—simply an ordinary clay pipe and a solution of soap and water. Enough care, however, is not always taken to have the solution just as it should be. All soaps are not equally suitable for this purpose—indeed the most successful results seem to be obtained with common laundry soap. Rub your soap slowly and patiently in a bowl of tepid water until a heavy lather is formed, then remove this lather with a spoon. To test the solution, you must be able to produce a bubble five or six inches in diameter, which will not burst even when it is touched with the forefinger; before touching the bubble, wet the finger with the soapy solution, then try to press through the bubble toward the center. The solution, when once made, must never be shaken up or stirred and all surfaces must be smeared with the soapy mixture.

USING A FUNNEL TO COVER AN OBJECT

A SMALL vase containing a natural flower has been surrounded by a large bubble in the picture just below, by a method similar to that shown in the illustration just above to the right. In both tricks the funnel is a necessity and the success of the trick depends upon the deftness with which the bubble is disentangled from the funnel at the proper moment. How large a bubble can be blown without reaching the bursting point can only be determined by practise and attention to soap and implements.

RATHER more difficult is the trick known as the opening and closing flower—shown in its open form in the picture below. For this you must cut out, of rather thin white paper, a flower form—the five-pointed corolla is the best shape; moisten it well with the soapy solution in order to provide a resting-place for your bubble. Now blow a bubble upon it; if should attach itself readily to the points of the paper, but if it does not do so at once, use a moistened straw to make the contact.

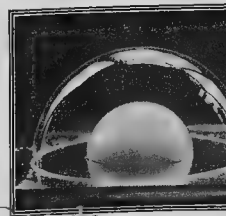
UNDER A BUBBLY DOME

THE BUBBLE OPENS THE FLOWER

THE aid of a smoker is required to accomplish the trick illustrated in the picture beneath—known as the poached egg and consisting of a smoke-filled bubble placed within a clear bubble. A thin film of soap solution is first placed upon a glass surface or plate; next with a straw blow upon this surface a large hemispherical bubble. While the straw is redipped in the solution, the person fills his mouth with smoke from a pipe or cigar and a second bubble, blown inside the first, is inflated with smoke instead of air.

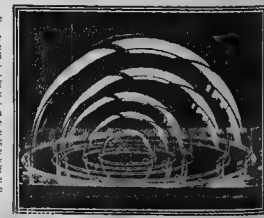
FUNNELS AND STRAWS FOR DIFFICULT TRICKS

HERE, in the picture below, a series of bubbles have been blown, one inside the other, to accomplish a pretty effect. The trick hinges upon the defiance with which the performer places one bubble *within* the other—not one over the other, as the novice might imagine. As soon as you have blown your first bubble, dip the straw a second time into the soapy solution, thrust it quickly through the big bubble and blow a smaller one within it, repeating as often as possible. A skilful bubble-blower may produce as many as a dozen bubbles.



THE EGG IS A PUFF-BALL

BESIDES the soapy solution and the clay pipe, the trickster will need a few simple appliances to accomplish some of the more complex and artistic results illustrated on this page. The funnels must be carefully selected; if glass ones are obtainable they are the best, or if not, see that the funnel rims are tight-fitting.



BUBBLE WITHIN BUBBLE, FIVE OF THEM

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MINERALAVA BEAUTY CLAY

paving the road to Beauty in Natures Way

By HECTOR FULLER

THE amazing success of MINERALAVA has not been entirely due to its high-grade advertising and publicity; nor to the word-of-mouth endorsements of Mothers, Fathers, Sons and Daughters to their friends and neighbors.

These, of course, have helped.

There are other great factors!

MINERALAVA is now sold and recommended by over 28,000 dealers throughout the United States and Canada, and by at least 100,000 clerks and proprietors of dependable Drug and Department Stores, because they have actually tried MINERALAVA and experienced for themselves the wonderful merits of this product.

These stores serve millions of people who depend upon the intelligent service and advice of owners of stores and their sales people where high-grade articles such as MINERALAVA are sold.

The owners of these stores instruct their sales people:

"Sell Mineralava Beauty Clay and Face Finish to your very best trade, with the complete understanding that we will return their money without question if Mineralava does not give entire satisfaction."

That is why MINERALAVA is not sold by mail. We want each purchaser of MINERALAVA not only to have *our own* unqualified Money Back Guarantee, but also the guarantee and endorsement of *their own* local and dependable dealer.

Do you wonder that the readers of this magazine have no hesitancy in ordering MINERALAVA? Thousands order it over the telephone daily!

Of course you have read the testimony of such beauties of the Stage and Screen as Billie Burke, Julia Sanderson, Irene Bordoni, Zitelka Dolores, Irene Franklin, Kyra, Marjorie Rambeau, and we have endorsements from thousands of readers of this magazine.

Now it would seem that every reader of the Pictorial Review would want to try Mineralava Beauty Clay and I believe YOU will when you read the following:

SKIN-MALNUTRITION AND BAD COMPLEXIONS

The evils that affect the skin do not just happen. There is a real cause for the skin eruptions and blemishes, the pimples, blackheads, sagging muscles, crow's feet, oily skin or skin that is harsh and too dry. These things mean that the skin is suffering; it lacks health.

There is no help to be found in massage or cosmetics. It is useless to cover up, temporarily, the imperfections, when all the while the skin is unhealthy beneath the surface.

Every face not clear and healthy-looking, fresh and rosy and blooming is suffering from Skin-Malnutrition.

It is one of the commonest evils which attack the human skin. Few men or women can be free from it unless they take care of their skin's health.

In his world-famous treatise on "The Human Skin and Its Maladies" the noted skin specialist of London, Sir Erasmus Wilson, M. D., F. R. S., expressly states that the human skin is made of two distinct layers. The outer layer, exposed to the wind and weather, is known as the Epidermis; the inner skin, constantly renewing itself under its protective covering, is called the Dermis.

As the outer or protective skin flakes and falls away, having fulfilled its function, the Dermis or baby under-skin is being prepared by Nature to take its place.

It is in the outer skin, or Epidermis that the evils of Skin-Malnutrition become manifest. And the only way to correct these evils is to bring the growing under-skin to such a state of health and vitality that the old Epidermis with its blackheads and other impurities may more speedily flake away and fall off.

"The Toilet Goods Discovery of a Century"

Extract from "The Druggist Link," the Magazine of the New England Retail Druggists

Nature's Way to Beauty

MINERALAVA THE PERFECT AID

MINERALAVA acts directly through the pores on this growing under-skin. It builds up the tiny muscles, restores the vitality to the tissues; stimulates a healthy circulation of the blood; corrects skin-malnutrition of no matter how long standing; and so nourishes the under skin that it is ready when the time comes, to take its place in the perfect complexion, new-born and beautiful.

MINERALAVA SIMPLICITY ITSELF

MINERALAVA is applied to the face and neck with a soft brush that comes with every bottle. In ten minutes a dainty, fragrant mask has been formed. Beneath this you can feel the medical ingredients penetrating the pores, re-vitalizing the tissues; building up the myriad muscles; stimulating the blood circulation. The mild and gentle pulsation you feel, the pleasant constriction, will convince you how wonderfully and effectively MINERALAVA is doing its work.

Wash off the mask—look into the mirror—and you will see a newer, fresher, more colorful and a healthier face!

Long after MINERALAVA was brought to its present high state of perfection its use was limited to the exclusive beauty parlors, where women gladly paid $2.00 and even $15 for a single treatment. Today it has been brought within the reach of every American home.

In spite of its original high cost MINERALAVA is at the service of all women today at $2.00 a bottle. Each bottle contains enough for eighteen full treatments for the face and neck; a trifle more than 10 cents a treatment.

DO NOT BUY BY MAIL

We do no Mail Order business. MINERALAVA is on sale at all dependable Drug and Department Stores. If you cannot get the Introductory Trial Tube from your dealer write us direct and we will see that it reaches you at once, and that thereafter your own dealer will be equipped to fill your future requirements. Your dealer is authorized by us to refund the money to any reader of this magazine who uses a complete $2.00 bottle of MINERALAVA without getting the same results as described herein.

You take no risks whatever!

A WORD TO MEN AND WOMEN

MINERALAVA is ideal for home use. It should be on hand regularly and its use becomes a pleasant and comforting habit. Try this: When in the evening after a hard day's work and worry you have to dine out or meet company in the evening, allow yourself an extra twenty minutes and use this time for a MINERALAVA treatment. Rest while the fragrant mask is drying. Not only will you note, when you wash the mask off, how the lines of care and fatigue have vanished; you will see a fine evening's freshness in the face; a snappy, alert, youthful glow, that is certain to make your friends remark how lightly the years sit upon you, and how youthful and full of "pep" you look. MINERALAVA is the great and speedy renovator of tired faces.

THE INTRODUCTORY TRIAL TUBE

So that the greatest number of people may be able to reap benefit from the famous MINERALAVA treatment, we have placed on the market an introductory Trial Tube at 50 cents. If you use this Trial Tube as directed, we are certain that you, who are in search of that crowning glory of radiant womanhood, Beauty, will not fail to get the full eighteen treatments in the $2.00 bottle, and thereafter you will give MINERALAVA a permanent and honored place on your dressing table.

Remember MINERALAVA cannot be successfully imitated. Scott's Preparations, Inc., 251 W. 19th Street, New York.

A MINERALAVA SKIN NEVER AGES

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Makes Blemished Skin Perfect!

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Hides 25% Bran

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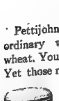

So Pettijohn's supplies two food essentials—whole wheat and bran—and makes both delightful. It should be served at least twice weekly, and it's always welcome. Try it.

Pettijohn's

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PICTORIAL REVIEW'S HOME BUREAU

A SALAD FOR EVERY DAY

BY MARGERY ALDEN

CRISP, bright salads should occupy their attractive place on our dinner-table in Winter as well as in Summer. Some of us seem to have the idea that salads are only for warm weather. Primarily they do constitute a very important part of the Summer diet, but they have a well-established place in our Winter menus as well. Vegetables and fruits are as necessary to the maintenance of our best health at this time of year as they are at any other season; and since many of them from a dietetic standpoint, are best served uncooked, the salad furnishes an excellent medium.

Of course it is quite true that the Winter market does not offer the variety of salad material that we find in the Summer market, and much that can be obtained is expensive; still I believe that with the use of our ingenuity we can plan to have some kind of salad every day.

I want to suggest the following combinations, which are neither expensive nor difficult to put together. I suggest that you cut them out and post them in some prominent place in your kitchen as a daily reminder and help.

Monday Salad

MONDAY'S salad suggests the use of some cooked vegetables left from Sunday. Mix one cupful left-over peas or carrots with one-half cupful chopped celery. Add a few chopped nuts, and chopped pimiento if there is any on hand. Mix well with salad dressing and serve on lettuce.

Tuesday Salad

WASH and stone dates. (Dried prunes which have been washed and soaked overnight may be substituted.) Fill half of them with cottage cheese and the remainder with nut-kernels. Arrange four of them—half cheese-filled and half nut-filled—on lettuce-leaves and serve with salad dressing—preferably a French dressing.

Wednesday Salad

DICED oranges on lettuce, with a few shreds of onion and celery crisscrossed over the top. Add salad dressing and a sprinkle of paprika.

Thursday Salad

TWO cupfuls chopped cabbage (the red cabbage makes very attractive salads), one chopped apple, several stalks of celery, chopped, and one tablespoonful finely chopped onion. Mix well with dressing made from one-half cupful salad-oil, three tablespoonfuls vinegar, and seasonings.

Friday Salad

CHOP pickled beets and arrange two small pyramids of them on lettuce, with a pyramid of cottage cheese in the center.

Saturday Salad

TWO cupfuls grated raw carrots, mixed with one-half cupful chopped celery, two hard-cooked eggs, chopped, and a few nut-meats. Moisten with salad dressing and serve on lettuce.

Sunday Salad

ONE cupful diced apples, one cupful diced oranges, one cupful diced bananas, one-fourth cupful chopped nuts, one-fourth cupful seedless raisins. Mix fruits together, moisten with salad dressing, and serve on lettuce-leaves or without lettuce. Sprinkle chopped nuts over the top.

Salads for Special Occasions

Peaches and Cream Salad

ARRANGE on crisp lettuce-leaves halves of canned peaches from which the juice has been drained. In the center of each half place a ball of cream cheese. Stick three blanched almonds, points down, into the sides of the peach. Serve the salad dressing from a separate bowl, passed from guest to guest.

Fruit Salad

ONE cupful marshmallows, cut in thin strips; four slices diced pineapple, two diced oranges, one diced banana, one-half cupful chopped maraschino. Mix all the ingredients, add a little salt, and allow to stand about an hour before serving. Serve on lettuce with salad dressing into which one-half cupful whipped cream has been mixed.

Asparagus Salad

PLACE six canned asparagus-tips on each salad-plate. Garnish with lettuce-leaves. Serve with a dressing which has as its base the salad dressing you are accustomed to using, to which has been added a tablespoonful chopped cucumber pickles, a tablespoonful chopped pimiento, a teaspoonful chopped parsley, and a little scraped onion, and three tablespoonfuls chili sauce.

Hawaiian Salad

ARRANGE three half slices of canned pineapple on lettuce-leaves so that the rounded edges slightly overlap. Decorate with strips of pimiento and whole nut-meats. Serve with mayonnaise dressing.

Silver Salad

REMOVE skin and seeds from white grapes and add an equal quantity of chopped celery and nut-meats. Mix with mayonnaise to which whipped cream has been added, and garnish each individual salad with a maraschino cherry.

Mexican Salad

SKIN the sections of a grapefruit and break into pieces. Chop three tablespoonfuls each of green pepper and pimiento. Mix with the grapefruit and serve on lettuce-leaves with French dressing, or serve in cups made by cutting green peppers in half and scooping out the seeds. This salad has some very attractive coloring.

SAVE THEM—QUICK!

Without America's Prompt Aid, a Million Children Will Die

LAST year Pictorial Review passed on to its readers Herbert Hoover's statement that several million Russian children, at the point of starvation, would perish unless the United States intervened between them and death.

Five million children owe their lives to America's prompt answer to the S. O. S. of the American Relief Administration at that time. The United States outraced death in what will go down in history as one of the greatest and most dramatic humanitarian efforts of many years.

We have reason to be proud of our brotherly action—but we must not be proud too soon.

For a million of the five million youngsters we saved last year death again, according to a cable just received by Herbert Hoover from Colonel W. N. Haskell, Director of the Russian Unit of the American Relief Administration. They must die in the bitter cold of this late Winter and early Spring unless help comes to them. A nation of little ragamuffins, in their wretched, unheated homes, clad in tatters beyond belief, without shoes or stockings, without undergarments or wraps, pleads for help. They can not even go, unprotected from the elements as they are, to the American Relief Administration feeding stations for their food.

And this is the question—What are we going to do with the lives we saved last year? Are our aid at that time a thing of the moment, impulsive, erratic, or was it an outgrowth of real brotherhood, constructive, enduring?

The American Relief Administration offers a way to come to the aid of these children, and their elders, equally wretched, with its newly instituted clothing-remittance packages. These packages, each one of which may be purchased for $20 at the New York headquarters of the American Relief Administration, 42 Broadway, may be sent to specified individuals in Russia, or merely addressed to any of the million children and the equally large number of adults who, without them, must die.

Each package contains the following: 43/4 yards of all-wool cloth in dark colors, enough for two children's outergarments, or a suit of clothes for either a man or a woman; 4 yards of lining; 16 yards of muslin, for four suits of underclothing; 8 yards of flannelet, enough for two men's shirts or two women's shirt-waists; buttons and thread.

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Accept this treat. Learn how delightful coffee can be with the harm removed. Mail a post card today.

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Without Coffee Harm

MILLIONS of homes now enjoy the delights of coffee at their utmost, in a coffee without caffeine.

Kaffee Hag is an exquisite blend of rare and costly coffees. It is made for epicures. The finest hotels the world over now serve it.

Without changing by one iota the rich flavor and aroma, 95% of the caffeine is removed. Even expert coffee tasters cannot tell that the caffeine has been removed.

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Coffee's bracing effects come from aromatic oils and from heat. You get them in Kaffee Hag.

Caffeine is practically tasteless and odorless. It adds no delight to coffee. Its stimulation does not come until two hours after drinking. Then you rarely notice it unless you try to sleep.

So Kaffee Hag offers all of coffee's satisfactions, without that drug which so many must refuse.

Not A Substitute

Kaffee Hag is pure coffee of a super-grade. There is nothing else in it. Nothing that you miss is taken out.

Everyone may drink it to their heart's content. One may drink it at any hour. Children may enjoy it. It brings no regrets.

Coffee lovers the world over are adopting Kaffee Hag that they may serve a coffee which needs no restriction.

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LEW TYLER'S WIVES

CONTINUED ON PAGE 9

romantically came his *basso cantante* in the process known as "trying out." He began growlingly on the lower register and scaled sweetly up through barytone notes which were full and true and almost as light as a tenor's. What a lovely instrument! Jessie paused in her dilemma to indulge that grateful thought. I ereell, she could not sing a note on the key, but like many another tone-deaf person she admired beauty of sound. She listened, torn between two loves, then glanced swiftly toward the kitchen, a guilty glance at her baby, who lay drooling and contented in his grandfather's lap.

Alta Wade came an instant later. She was a trim young person—Mr. Winkler had always referred to her as "stylish"—and she was pretty with the prettiness of a cameo that has been too sharply cut. She rushed upon her former schoolmate and kissed her several times, adoring her with gentle, yellowish eyes. A package she had been carrying fell damply to the floor.

"Oh," she wailed, "cream-puffs! And they're so breakable."

"They don't look very happy," said Jessie, lifting the bag, "but we can eat 'em with a spoon."

"You darling!" cried her visitor, and kissed her again. "You take everything so lightly. It's because you're happily married. Oh, Jessie, I sometimes think——"

She had entwined herself around Jessie's waist.

"Take off your things, dear," said young Mrs. Tyler, "and I'll put you to work setting the table."

"Just a minute," begged her friend. "I've *got* to tell you. I'm done with Fred Simply *done* with him."

Jessie, when Alta had confided her engagement during the shopping-hour on Fillmore Street that morning, had a right to be confused.

"I'm awfully sorry. How did it happen?"

"He's just been too horrid. And now he's going to Seattle and—not—coming—back."

Alta had melted. To her girlhood compassion the situation might have held more pathos had not Alta come to her so often in the past with a heart equally broken.

"There, there," consoled Jessie, "he'll get over it."

"They never do," wailed Alta, tears freshening.

UP-STAIRS Lew was singing a sailor's chantey to what his wife knew was the vigorous rubbing of a towel.

"You'd better go stay with your sister," she suggested, "instead of keeping bachelors' ball with those girls."

"She—won't—have—me," sobbed Alta, and put in the timely plea, "If I could only have a room with you!"

"Oh, yes," said Jessie without enthusiasm. "Come, get your hat and coat. Lew's going out for supper and we can have a long talk."

"Where's he going?" The freshet abating, she had removed her hat and was patting her handsome black pompadour.

"Buzzy Mandelbush is giving a party in Sausalito."

"*My dear!* Aren't you going? Am I keeping you home?"

"Not by any means. The baby isn't very well, and I couldn't think of leaving him."

Alta's yellowish eyes wandered to where Mr. Winkler and his grandson nestled behind their inverting supplement.

"Jessie, darling, you're very, very foolish," she cautioned.

"I don't think so." Jessie was a little proud.

"But you are. Now, don't be offended. I've known you long enough to speak candidly. You're not *really* letting Lew go to Buzzy Mandelbush's without you?"

"Why not?" came her sharp question.

"Well, if I were married——"

At that instant the bathroom door came open.

"Hello, Alta!" Lew's voice floated down the stairs.

"Hello, Fly-loo!"

Alta had a way of bandying nicknames that did nothing toward endearing her to Lew. Jessie was therefore surprised at the cheerfulness of his response.

"Don't want to come along to Buzzy's party, do you, Alt?"

"But Jessie isn't going——"

"She says she isn't." His damp-haired head was just visible above the rail as he added the advice. "It's up to you to persuade her, Alt. Let's make it a family party. I'll teach you to turkey-trot."

His head disappeared, and his heels were heard thumping their way into the bedroom.

"Why don't you go with him?" suggested his wife, turning to her friend. "I know you'll have a grand time——"

"Without you, my dear!" broke in Alta. "Do you want to have us both talked about? Now be sensible. You know you can't live like a nun and keep your husband's love. I wish I could keep——"

Alta's chin began to quiver, a dangerous sign; therefore Jessie deserted her to bound up the stairs and confront Lew in the act of selecting his costume.

"Don't take all night," she began.

"How's that?" His forehead wrinkled and he stopped his song to stare.

"Hurry up and get out," she demanded. "I want room to dress."

"Now you're talking!" he shouted. "And say, Red, if you got any prettier than you are right now I couldn't stand it."

ADJUSTING oneself to Lew's shifting program was a performance that required both speed and ingenuity. The house was fragrant with the neglected stew, simmering dutifully on the kitchen stove, while Jessie rushed between bathroom and bedroom, changing her attire with the haste born of practise. Alta's Alta must needs go in street clothes, something perverse in Jessie insisted upon her putting on the best she had. She got on her evening slippers—a little shapeless now, but still frivolous—when the piano in the parlor began dinning mournful bluesy chords to the kitchen stew.

That accompaniment Jessie threw on a shabby kimono and went below to make her peace with Mr. Winkler.

She found him in the kitchen, still holding the baby, who had fallen asleep. Her father's face, bent forbidding as he focused his glare on a green sporting supplement. A pair of crescent-shaped reading-glasses sat awry on his nose.

"I've simply got to go, Pop," she began. "It's something we can't back out of the last minute."

"Suppose not." He looked down at the sleeping Buster.

"I'll put him to bed," she said, taking up the child. "Poor little kid! I'm afraid he won't get his bath to-night."

"Ain't going to rush off and leave him alone!" Mr. Winkler's expression was as nearly shocked as he knew how to make it.

"Oh, no. You'll be here——"

"Well, I *was* going to the vaudeville," he drawled. "I'd planned to see that mind-reading stunt——"

"Just this time, Pop," she pleaded. "Next Saturday you can go. Maybe I can fix it to go with you. But just this time."

"How about eating——"

"The stew ought to be done pretty soon. And there's a cup-custard on the pantry window, and fresh cream-puffs. There's a cake and crackers and bread and everything in the box—and some cheese——"

"Oh, Jess! How stupid!" came Lew's good-natured warning, pitched to a musical scale, from above.

She carried the baby to his room, undressed him, laid him in his crib, and was adjusting the windows for the night when she saw Lew, looking handsome in his plaid suit, go stalking down the stairs. She was seized with a panicky fear that he might take Alta and go without her.

With incredible speed she slipped on her gray-blue dinner gown—relic of honeymoon extravagance—and, hatless, ran to the hall below. Her red-gilt hair lay smooth and radiant around her pretty head; the color of her gown complemented her eyes and struck a harmony with the string of false aquamarines around her small white neck.

"You ought to wear a dress suit," said Mr. Winkler to Lew as he stood somewhat crestfallen in the doorway.

"Not to a sawdust party, objected Lew, always a little superior with Jessie's father. "Come along, girls. We're off in a cloud of dust."

"Hope to leave you like this, Pop," Jessie apologized again. "I hope you don't mind."

"He won't mind," said Alta, who had already gone out.

"Oh, an old man like me's used to being left alone," mourned the martyr. "When you get to be my age you can't expect to have much company."

Jessie stood an instant, conscience-stricken. Lew had gone to crank his car.

"The baby usually wakes up at about ten, and he'll want his bottle," she told her father. "The milk's on the pantry window. The bottle's right beside it, all rinsed and ready. You know how I warm the milk."

"Oh, yes," agreed Mr. Winkler, but without enthusiasm.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 126

The First!

PICTORIAL REVIEW was the first of the magazines to wage war upon the disgraceful conditions arising from our many and inconsistent marriage and divorce laws.

The first practical bill for a national Uniform Marriage and Divorce Law is Pictorial Review's, which has been drawn for this magazine by Mrs. Edward Franklin White and printed in this issue (page 2).

No More Wrinkles!

Amazing New Treatment Smooths Them Away Like Magic

A WONDERFUL new discovery now makes wrinkles entirely unnecessary! No longer need women fear the little telltale marks of time which rob them of their youth and charm. For Science has found a quick, easy and inexpensive way to smooth away every tired line, every laugh wrinkle, every deep frown mark.

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You will scarcely believe your eyes when you see what wonderful results this new discovery—called Domino Wrinkle Cream can bring. Even after the first few days you will find that your face has grown years younger looking. Not only your friends, but you yourself, will be astonished at the new youthfulness your skin quickly acquires.

Domino Wrinkle Cream besides banishing wrinkles contains certain marvelous ingredients which soften and whiten the skin, molding it into a new, smooth, firm surface.

Guaranteed to Remove Every Wrinkle

Domino Wrinkle Cream is *guaranteed* to banish each and every wrinkle no matter how deep seated it may be, and a $10,000 deposit in the Producers and Consumers Bank of Philadelphia backs up this guarantee. If within ten days you are not more than satisfied with the improvement it brings, your money will be instantly refunded, without question.

Send No Money

On this special introductory offer you need not send a penny. Simply mail the coupon and we will send you it a plain unmarked container a regular $5.00 jar of Domino Wrinkle Cream. When the postman hands it to you just pay him the greatly reduced price of $1.95 (plus a few cents postage) in full payment. If by using on this special introductory offer, which may never be made again, that we have reduced the price to $1.95. Thus you should act immediately. Domino Wrinkle Cream will soon rid you of every line and wrinkle, for it is a natural preparation—and works always. You won't have to wait long for results either. But, act at once before this special offer is withdrawn. Clip and mail the coupon today—now.

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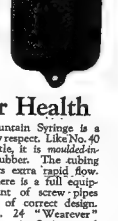

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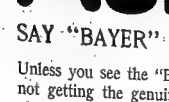

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This new system, which has been put into the form of an Educational Course, provides practical methods for parents to follow. It is highly endorsed by thousands of parents in all parts of the world, by leading educators and others elsewhere. It covers all ages from crawling babyhood to 14 years.

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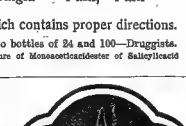

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For quick relief try Piso's—a remarkably effective syrup different from all others. Safe and sane for young and old. Pleasant—no opiates—no upset stomach. Use everywhere.

LEW TYLER'S WIVES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 125

"And he sure and get it just warm enough—shake a little on your wrist, the way you've seen me do—"

"Just how's that?"

She ran to the pantry, got the bottle, and made a pantomime of shaking milk upon her forearm.

"You can do that—and don't give it to him if it burns at all or feels the least bit cool. You understand that, don't you, Pop?"

"I—I guess so."

"And here's Dr. Porter's telephone number. If anything happens—if he chokes or anything—"

"All right, dearie."

"Oh, Red! Hur-ree up!" Her husband's voice boomed this from the depths of the automobile.

Hastily she kissed her father and ran to the curb. Directly from the doorway she could hear the old man's valedictory: "I don't mind being left alone. Got to get used to it when you're my age—"

ONE may reach Sausalito (according to the directions of an incurable landlubber) by taking the boat which turns to the left from the San Francisco Ferry Station. It is a short half-hour of travel across the gut of bay which runs through the Gate, and on the trip one passes the fortified rock fate of Alcatraz and forges ahead into narrow, ramified waters like fiords between high headlands all garlanded with fir-cone and manzanita.

The ferry-boat chugs proudly into a fairy cove. You look up into the overhanging hills and see tier on tier of bird-houses, their roofs just visible among the trees. You imagine that your friends have turned to elves to be living so airily above top branches. There's a toy promenade along the sea-wall and a row of gaudy little restaurants which serve sea-food—or did in ante-Volstead days. Once upon a time, before the automobile had gained its vigor, the Sausalito inlet was dotted with house-boats, irresponsible dwelling-places of offshore lawlessness, some of them, ephemeral shelters for casual lovers or noisy club parties.

Sausalito has its myth, too—what California hill or cove hasn't? Daniel O'Connell, whose wit was as sharp as his verse was dull, allowed his mind to ripen and his belly to grow round in that soft air. There he spoke a thousand wisdoms, rivaling Confucius. The last of the heroes was Dan O'Connell. On a bald stone under a dusty oak you'd find him sitting, broad-girthed as an Irish king, his eyes dreaming across the tips of salt water down below or following the wake of ferry-boats, which he saw, no doubt, as the oaken navy of Boru. One's reverence when the bottle and the company were right, he sang short snatches of the epic that was Dan O'Connell. And all who knew him to San Francisco, One night in Nagasaki harbor—he was then a midshipman on the British war-ship *Hawk* —he quarreled with a French naval officer. Rapiers were the weapons and after a successful thrust the Frenchman lay dead upon the deck.

The *Hawk*'s captain made no allowances for youth's bright code, and he ordered the duelist to the brig and irons upon his wrists; a bracelet's lock stayed Midshipman O'Connell until the day when the British fleet weighed anchor in San Francisco Bay. One Spanish blood brother offered broke Dan's shackles and looked the other way while the young Irishman went headlong into the cold dark sea and struck out for the jumble of barnacled piles beyond Fisherman's Wharf.

"It is the truth I'm telling you and no lie," as Dan might have said. An Irish gentleman and a bard, he sang and he talked like the Irish and the Bohemian that To my boyhood he was a myth like Prester John. To him all nights were as one; roses bloomed in December. His disciples followed him to mark the sword-play of his tongue. And one day in his latter years—things happened like that—a French duel came into San Francisco Bay. An officer steps ashore, and almost with his first handclasp Dan O'Connell recognizes Dan O'Connell, last of Her Majesty's navy. Dan is brought forth from his poet's barrack somewhere in North Beach, perhaps. The two meet, Frenchman and Celt. They fall into each other's arms; they kiss like soldiers. For the French officer wearing an insignia of high rank is none other than the swordsman whom Dan left for dead fifteen years before in Nagasaki harbor.

THERE'S romance for you, and glory in the deeds of men! Another spell of Stevenson! In the Fall of 1911 Lew and Jessie Tyler with their mournful guest came to Sausalito in an automobile-boat to dine with Buzzy Mandelbush of Mandelbush & Block, car-card advertisers.

As the little motor ground its way up the spiral road they passed the O'Connell memorial beach, a friendly, bit of architecture, chiseled with one of Dan's rather stilted rimes.

"He used to sit here, they say," explained Lew in passing, "and spout poetry by the yard."

"Oh, yes."

"Never knew where his next meal was coming from. And when he died the biggest men on the Coast walked to his funeral."

Jessie's thoughts were elsewhere. She was wondering if pop would remember what she told him about Buzzy's milk.

BUZZY MANDELBUSH had a right to be proud of his qualified Swiss chalet, which hung like a carved wooden clock on the side of a steep ravine.

"Built it on a bluff," explained Buzzy, showing them around. "Comes easy in the advertising business."

Lew received Buzzy's sallies of wit with a certain condescension, for the little freckled Jew, already beginning to round out at paunch and fowls, had been a "lark" in the university when Lew had worn a fraternity-pin with that ostentatious modesty favored by the fortunate. But Buzzy had become a famous character before the end of his freshman year; he had gained eminence as a low comedian, had organized class finances, had improvised schemes for promoting patriotism at, the time of year when the Stanford flag glowed red and threatening across the bay. And here he was, six years out of college, proprietor of a business, owner of property, father of the enormous Mandelbush children—in short, a figure of young success.

Buzzy made no attempt to conceal his pride as he led them through a system of airy bedrooms, sleeping-porches, nurseries. Everywhere there were steep-pitched staircases, balconies, latticed windows that would swing open and show Sausalito's enchanted inlet.

Jessie sighed and nursed an ill-formed wish.

"This is the place. Take it from me," said Buzzy, fondling her arm. "Don't cost a cent more to own your own home than to pay rent. We'll have you folks out here yet."

The hum of voices, broken by laughter, floated from the bosom of Buzzy Mandelbush's new house.

"Meech Garrick got here an hour early," explained the leading car-card advertiser. "With all his coin he ain't much on society. But believe me— Come on down to the studio, folks. Everything's there and Nellie's shakin' us a cocktail."

"Can't make me mad that way," announced Lew.

"Never could," grinned Buzzy.

So together they descended into the big brown room with its white center a long, narrow table stretched whitely, a bottle at every plate.

Mrs. Mandelbush—who had been a Miss Nellie O'Brien and had met Buzzy over a glove counter in a Grant Avenue department store—stood pouring cocktails out of a pitcher and thrusting glasses into many outstretched hands. She was an overflowing beauty, highly rouged, and her welcome to Jessie was in the form of a brimming glass with the assurance: "Nothing in that to hurt you, my dear. Mother knows!"

"Miss Nellie O'Brien," boomed Lew, holding up a glass—his second—"queen of hearts and song. And may ye never see the back of your neck!"

"For that," said Nellie, "you'll have to stand up and sing everything you know."

"I'll begin now," threatened Lew, clearing his throat and running a scale.

"Don't you dare—they're having such a good time."

THE moment gave Jessie an opportunity to take Mr. Mandelbush aside. Her attention, however, was only half for Buzzy. From a corner of her eye she could see Meech Garrick's little form as he faced the wall, his head turned upward to give him a clear view of the sample can-card he tacked against the panels. He wore a brown suit with cock-robin tints and his attitude was Napoleonic. The small, smooth head and apex of his head suggested age and wisdom; his prominent ears jutted mouselike; his stature where it began to show was that of a fourteen-year-old boy. The sight of him brought to Jessie memories of other occasions when she had been too kind to the wife of the sample can-card he tacked against the panels. He wore a brown suit with cock-robin tints and his attitude was Napoleonic. The small, smooth head and apex of his head suggested age and wisdom; his prominent ears jutted mouselike; his stature where it began to show was that of a fourteen-year-old boy. The sight of him brought to Jessie memories of other occasions when she had been too kind to the wife of the sample can-card she was filled with the temptations which good wives feel in their desire to be useful to their husbands.

"I hope you'll forgive my bringing Alta with me," she begged of Mandelbush. "I'd asked her to dinner—"

"You never need to apologize for a peach like that," said the whole-souled Buzzy. "Say, they don't make a bad alcoholwhat? You Never Need Apologize for a Peach."

"Wonderful," agreed Jessie in imitation of her father.

"I ought to tell that to Meech Garrick," said Buzzy. "Where's the can, dear?"

"Oh, yes." She was uncertain whether she knew him or not.

"He's backing us to the limit," explained Buzzy, swelling. "It's the best news Mandelbush & Block ever had. He likes us because we're a clean-cut progressive, you understand. That's Meech. Look at the way he put Calla Vista on the map! And he's all for you, Buzzy tossed his forefinger to his lips, a gesture of inspiration—"Say, why don't Lew book up with Meech?"

"I don't think he wants to," she temporized. "He's got a good place—"

"Sure. But there's always something better. I can't think of anything I'd like more than to have Lew with us in the car-

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LEW TYLER'S WIVES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 126

card business. He sells *me!* He's got the comic-opera *stuff*—great mixer—popular with everybody."

A hope surged through her. Deceive herself as she would, she had little faith in Lew as an automobile salesman.

"I want to see that boy get a good start," Buzzy went on with renewed enthusiasm. "It's a long road, selling autos. He's just cut out for the advertising game, the way we can play it now. Big lines."

"You might sort of speak to him——"

"Meech? I've given Lew the biggest kind of boost. But look here, girlie—why don't you make a little fuss over Meech? You can sell him anything. I know he's a sort of shrimp for a big-league peach like you. But susceptible. Say! You can charm the heart out of a chicken, kid."

ON THE wings of this compliment she followed Buzzy to the wall against which stood Mr. Merchant P. Garrick.

"Well, well," said Meech rather gruffly, giving her a grip which would have done justice to a larger man. Her first impression of him was, as usual, somewhat unpleasant. His entire personality was mouselike; an inspired mouse, perhaps, but a mouse nevertheless. Jessie was not a tall woman, but the top of his head was just above the level of her eyes.

"The Tylers are so crazy 'bout the baby," explained Buzzy, "that we had to drag them here with a pair o' tongs."

"Sure enough," agreed the little Meech in a voice which, strangely enough, was deep and pleasant. "Glad to see you here, Mrs. Tyler." Then as if in expression of an afterthought, "I guess Lew comes all right when you do."

"Ain't she the limit?" asked Buzzy, but he was not referring to Jessie. His Nellie O'Brien was beckoning frantically from the other end of the room. An instant later Jessie found herself alone with Meech Garrick. In her previous encounters she had always thought of him as a man to be pitied and not too much encouraged. But to-night her mind was full of what she had heard of Garrick's growing importance. Land-booster of a type indigenous to California, he was opening great tracts everywhere, advertising them with the methods of P. T. Barnum. The cocktail she had taken brought visions swimming into her brain. Here was a man of destiny. More than that, she had always wanted Lew to go into the advertising business.

"I don't see you around much any more at parties," he began fortunately for her.

"No. I'm at home minding the baby," she explained, and gained courage to say, "You're building out by the Presidio. Seems to me you might find time to come and see us."

Meech Garrick's face, narrow and pinched, took on a brilliant red. He had the look of a man unused to women as he said, "You don't really want me to come."

"I wouldn't say so if I didn't," she declared, emboldened.

AFTER that he settled into an embarrassed silence, broken now and then by fruitless experiments on Jessie's part. Along the wall hung numerous samples of car-card advertising; put there on the principle that a studio is intended to show the artist's wares. One red-lettered card saved the situation:

Your Dentist Says:
For Good Gums
Chew Good Gum
Niblets Do the Trick!

"Would that make you chew Niblets?" asked little Meech, rendering her a searching look.

"Nothing would make me chew Niblets," she responded.

"You wouldn't need to," he concluded with a swift, rather shy glance at her even teeth. "But, just the same, I happen to know. That Mandelbush boy's got the goods. Epigrammatic. Makes you take notice. And ain't it wonderful," he went on, warming to his favorite topic, "how much talent we can always find right here in California! We don't need to go East for brains. No, sir. The East comes to us whenever it needs a real idea. Look at the way we're running the newspapers all over the country and how most of the great writers come from California. It's the climate does it. Why, folks that come here from the East seem to get smarter. Mandelbush thought of that when he made me a slogan for 'Calla Vista, the Home of Great Climate.' 'Calla Vista, the Home of Brains,' I'm——"

"That's something to live up to," hinted Jessie, glancing at the long table toward which Buzzy's guests were already crowding.

"Live up to!" echoed Meech. "There's an idea for another slogan—'Calla Vista; Something to Live Up To'—don't worry, Mandelbush'll fix it."

"—I think they're sitting down," she suggested, taking a step toward the table.

Mr. Garrick's social inhibition seemed to clutch him again by the throat, for he fell silent and glared vacantly.

"That's right," he mumbled; "you sit down."

"There ain't any regular places," she intimated. "Perhaps we can find a couple——"

"Aw!" Meech was rosy again. "What'd a pretty girl like you be doing beside a little fellow like me?"

But he followed her, just the same, and settled clumsily into the chair next to hers. She had a chance to study him as the Mandelbush Chinaman passed sausages and stuffed celery. Meech had a kindly face, somehow. She wondered how old he was, and concluded that he was under fifty.

From plate to plate they were tilting bottle-necks into water-glasses, and the garnet hue of inferior claret, struck by candle-light, cast phantom roses into the air. Somebody proposed luck to the new house, and the red glasses went up. Jessie drank with the rest, and there stole over her the blessing that wine gives to a wine country. Youth was speaking to her out of shaggy hills under cold, bright stars. What had she in common with those shoddy houses in the Richmond District, with the quarrelsome Selby family, with the vegetable huckster who cheated her in the price of tomatoes? She and Lew had come into the atmosphere of success.

Up like a rocket she could hear Lew's pleasant laughter. Everybody within hearing had joined in. He was the center. The woman across from her had leaned forward until the rose in her hair tilted over one eye.

"HE'S got a way of fetchin' the crowd," mused Meech a little later, after one of Lew's anecdotes.

"I'm glad you think so," said Jessie, dimpling.

"Yes. Yes." Mr Garrick drained his glass and refilled it before the additional comment. "True Californian. Entertaining. Best entertainers in the world here."

"Lew has a way of telling a story," she boasted a little, by way of prevailing further praise.

"Nothing like that to make friends. Why, I suppose Wells Tyler, his dad—know the old man?"

"No. He died before I met Lew."

"Great card, Wells. If he'd 'a' made money the way he made friends I guess he'd owned most of the Mission when he died instead of——"

His mouth closed upon the revelation. He had turned a keen glance toward Lew and back to Lew's wife before the staccato question:

"What's he doing now?"

"Selling automobiles," said Jessie, and her heart was thumping with the approaching opportunity.

"Makin' a go of it?"

"Oh, very nicely indeed," she exaggerated. "Of course you can't learn the business in a month."

"Can't even do that in *real* estate," he blurted. "But I must say you can do more there with a shoe-string and a pleasant smile——"

"Oh, Jessie!"

She looked around and saw that Lew had arisen and was beckoning to her. She understood the signal. They had asked him to sing, and he had long been Lew's whim that she sit beside him on such occasions. She crossed the room to a fine square Instrument which Buzzy Mandelbush's genius had caused to be procured a fiery red. Lew was one of your musicians who can stand on their feet and play an accompaniment—the position gave him a better chance to breathe, he said. He motioned to his wife to take the vacant stool, and as his muscular fingers rippled over the keys she was flattered by his eyes as they met her glance.

"Old Red Tassel," he whispered.

"Foolish," she smiled, and blushed like a bride.

Before she realized what he was doing he had leaned down and kissed her on the mouth. The room burst into applause. Cries of "Honeymoon!" and "Close harmony!" were mingled with suggestions for the favorite song, "Down at Sanguinetti's."

"Oh, very well," agreed Lew to the roomful, and began his prelude. His voice rang into it, pure and sweet like a great bell:

Down at Sanguinetti's,
Sawdust on the floor . . .

WHEN the applause had died down and his audience had settled back for another song a melancholy contralto voice was lifted in supplication, "Oh, *do* give us 'Babylon,' " and Lew Wade who had made the request. Jessie stiffened a little and, nudging her husband's elbow, whispered, "Lew, don't sing it."

"Why not?" he asked, but the question was quite audible to the room.

"I don't like it," she objected, to be snubbed with the comment that everybody else did.

"I haven't sung it since the fire," he said pleasantly with a smile across the knots of listeners. "I always have a notion it's going to set the old town wabbling again on its foundation. If you want to take the risk——"

"'Babylon!'" commanded a dozen voices.

He brought his fingers down on the keys,

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LEW TYLER'S WIVES

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creating black minors. Only once did Jessie glance at him. He stood, still transformed, his face stony, his eyes set on a lost world. Then his lips opened to a savage monotone:

Smoking ruins of Babylon!
City of wrath, thou hast worshiped well—
Hates of mortals and loves of hell.
Poured like blood on the idol's stone.
Where are ye now, leper and priest,
Tarpâ glutton at the feast,
White, white shoulders to please a king,
Slave with his brand, bride with her ring?

Where are thy temples, Babylon?
Their flames have risen to lick the sun;
Ashes lie on thy shattered streets.
Yet far below
The coals still glow,
And out of the silence I seem to know
That God can not blast thee utterly—
Thy idolatrous heart still beats!

A LITTLE later in the evening she stood with Meech Garrick on one of those spindled balconies which adorned the exterior of Mandelbush's chalet. In the big room they had turned on the phonograph and were dancing; but Jessie had chosen Meech for a twofold reason. She wished to avoid the love-making of a young Italian sculptor who had turned her with compliments, and she wanted another chance to put Lew's case before the influential real-estate man.

Out on the little shelf which held them they seemed to perch like a pair of kingfishers poised for a dive. Far to the east the lights of Oakland and Alameda glowed opalescent under the stars. In mid-water Angel Island lay like a black cloud, a constellation of lights marking its quarantine station. Almost directly under them Sausalito showed through the branches, a toy town with toy streets, toy houses, toy automobiles scuttling like beetles. Across the still waters a low boat came noiselessly in, lights blazing from every window, a two-forked phosphorescence in her wake.

"Oh," whispered Jessie. "It's like a royal barge!"

"You ought to write ads," commented Mr. Garrick, bored to tears, throwing away the stub of a triangular cigar and lighting another like it. "But it's pretty. Trouble with those Sausalito ferries is they don't come often enough. Ought to run every half-hour, day and night. If I had property here you bet your life— Cold?"

"A little," she admitted, for the chill of a California night had struck through her fragile garments.

"Get you a wrap," volunteered Meech, and darted into the house.

The big room of Mandelbush's had grown suddenly riotous veering through the glare. Jessie could see that the ardent Italian had brought out a violin and was assisting the phonograph in one of those tropical dances which had just rolled up from Rio. Lew and a girl in apple-green were giving an exhibition dance; a stamping, clapping, shouting circle gathered around them. Nellie Mandelbush was adding ice to a mixture in a jardiere. Alta was charming the Italian sculptor.

MEECH returned at last with Jessie's coat, and when he had laid it across her shoulders she drew a little away because she had a feeling that he was being needlessly deliberate. One of his peculiarly strong hands touched her arm, lingered an instant, and perked away. Jessie's impulse was to laugh. It was disagreeable, but it had its comic value. The light from the window fell across his head, bared, and the hunger in the face which she had not taken seriously.

"Having a high old time in there," he mumbled.

"Lew has a stunt for every kind of party," boasted Jessie, groping for her chance

"Very versa-tile. Very." Meech said this slyly, and added, "Not much in it for a fellow of my age."

"Oh, you!" She grew coquettish. "You're not really old."

"Oh, yes, I are," he drawled, mocking her tone. "Forty-six last February. That's some number to be unusual."

"Forty-six isn't old."

"Not for an obelisk, maybe, or a redwood-tree. But for me it's age. Great age. Believe me, little woman, forty-six is a bad time of life. When I was twenty I expected to pass John D. Rockefeller. I was forty. Hm. That's the grand thing about kids. The sky's the limit."

He gazed over the hill, then said abruptly, "That's why I like to have kids around me in business."

What better chance than that for wistful Jessie Tyler, striving to find a temple for her god? But the moment passed, and she said lamely, "New blood must help."

"Yes. . . . I'm glad he was dry. Then it enlivened to his subject. "Look at the way I picked up young Mandelbush. Just out of college, enthusiastic, honest as the day, full of ideas, white. First started him advertising my San Diego tract. Nothing but tarweed. Look at it now! Brains did it. California brains."

"Life's sort of like a play," she hinted. "You coach an actor in the wrong part and he never gets ahead. He might be a genius, but he can't succeed if he doesn't have a chance."

"Speaking about Lew?" The question came like a challenge.

"I do wish you'd try him," her answer flashed.

"Lew?" His voice was raised almost to a falsetto. "Try him in what?"

"Advertising. Mr. Mandelbush—Buzzy—says he's got more talent for that than anybody—"

"What's the matter with automobiles?"

"The field's terribly crowded."

"They all are—the good ones," he assured her dryly.

"I know." She felt that she should keep him interested. "But Lew has a wonderful gift for writing—things you remember. He's written hundreds of songs better than that one about Babylon. That's the only thing he really likes to do."

"Sure of that?" Her cheeks burned at his tone.

"Sonderson & Field, the contractors, wanted him to go in with them," she hurried on. "He knew one of the Field boys at college. Lew was doing very well there, then city elections came along, and some dreadful politics—you see Lew's father had been hated by the City Hall ring here—"

"His father was a tea-importer," replied little Meech. "I don't see how that got him in wrong with the City Hall ring. I never heard of Sonderson & Field firing a man because the gang didn't like his father."

"Lew resigned," she informed him with dignity.

"Hm. So he wants to go into advertising?"

"I don't know. I'm saying this all on my own account. I feel that there's a future in advertising."

HE TILTED his cigar at another angle and came closer.

"I don't know much about women," he said, speaking through the smoke, "but I guess they're as much alike as those houses Lacey & Burnham turn out in Richmond—all as near alike as you can make 'em."

"I suppose so," admitted Jessie, her eyes turned toward the stars.

"Every time your husband gets a job you want it to be twice as important, to make twice as much, to put on twice as much style."

"I'd like to have plenty to spend," said Jessie softly. "But I don't think it's that so much. I want to see Lew in the place where he belongs, to have the position in life that he deserves."

"Sure," grunted little Meech. "Nothing's too high or too good for him. You're talking just like any wife about any husband."

"Not any husband," she objected, and her tone was as soft as the starlight. "I'm talking about Lew."

He stood before her, his legs apart, looking for all the world like a pair of pliers. But the lines in his face were stronger than she had suspected they ever could be.

"Look here, little woman," he said, "I hate to turn you down because I expect you think the world and all of Lew."

"You don't think he can do the work, you mean?"

"Oh, he *can*," grunted Meech.

"Well?"

"But he *won't*."

Jessie had gathered her cloak around her and had backed away toward the swinging window when the meager little body blocked her way.

"For pity's sake, what have I said?" he moaned.

"Will you please let me go inside, Mr. Garrick?"

"Not while you're looking that way. Listen, Mrs. Tyler. There's nobody admires your Lew any more than I do. He's the original Californ'nia charmer. If he'd turn that voice loose selling lots for me I'd start setting up street signs in the Mohave Desert."

"Yet you don't want him."

"Nope. Can't say I do."

"Why?"

"Well—" He hesitated, then as by way of an answer pointed through the window to the noisy crowd within. Lew was squatting in the middle of the ring, a bottle in either hand, while his nimble legs performed a Russian peasant's dance to the time of the Italian's fiddle.

"Please excuse me for keeping you this way." Very humbly Meech opened the long window. "You see it's the first time a pretty girl has talked to me on a balcony for over fifteen years."

TRIUMPHANT Lew burst through his ring of spectators just as his wife came up. Quite oblivious of her, he threw off his coat, ran his fingers through his wild hair, and stood panting.

"How's Lew do the 'Kangaroo,' " some one informed her, but Jessie had other things on her mind.

"Do boats go out at night?" she asked him, holding tight to his elbow.

"Listen, girls!" Lew grinned like a bulldog as he put the question to his admirers. "Jessie's got a conundrum. Like this— Do boats go all night?"

"Do snakes have feathers?" suggested Buzzy. But he caught her look and glanced rather shamefacedly at his watch. "The last one goes in about eleven minutes."

"Better say good night right away," she

CONTINUED ON PAGE 129

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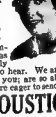

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LEW TYLER'S WIVES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 128

told Lew, dragging him as far out of hearing as he would go.

"What for?" His eyes were rolling and perspiration stood out on his forehead. "Don't look like a frightened fawn!" he mocked.

"But we can't stay here all night."

"Why not? The evening's young."

"I'm not going to leave the baby alone with pop."

"We didn't come over here to go right back again. Did we, Nellie?" He appealed to his hostess.

"Of course you didn't, foolish," Mrs. Mandelbush interposed. "Listen, dearie. We've got a bedroom all fixed up for you folks. Another for Miss Wade—plenty of room. Nobody ever thinks of going back the same night. Just you be sensible and phone home—"

"But we haven't any." She failed to explain the reasons of economy which had deprived them of a telephone.

"Oh, the baby'll be all right. Go home, all wrought up about the children, and they just sit up and laugh in your face," Nellie reasoned with the optimism we show when discussing other people's children.

Meanwhile Lew, shuffling off all responsibility, was shaking hands. The Italian was tuning up again. Feet and hands were sounding in anticipation of the famous rag. By the time Lew-boy, Alta and Buzzy were practising steps of their own.

"Oh, Nixie!" shouted Mandelbush, apparently to his wife, "where do we keep the oranges?"

"Under the stationary wash-tub, dearie," screamed Nellie, and was gone on her errand.

JESSIE TYLER stood deserted, considering what to do. She wasted a precious minute, then ran toward a labyrinth of stairs and passages which, as she remembered it, led to the outer world. She came upon a door with a big iron latch, and when she opened it was relieved to find herself under the stars, a cool drive ahead. Automobiles were parked against the hill.

A few minutes before that she had stood in a balcony and spied the ferry station in the toy town below. Surely, she thought now, she could make it by running. It was all downhill. Therefore she gathered her skirts and started desperately down the slope. But the road proved amazingly tortuous, shuffling and snake among the ravines. Since dancing-slippers are not made for mountaineering her gait was awkward in the extreme, she was.

An automobile honked just behind her, and she turned to see headlights staring her out of countenance. "Hi, there, Tyler!" sang a voice through the darkness.

"Yes?" she found courage to reply.

"I'll take you down to the boat if you like."

"Oh, thank you!"

Already she had scrambled over to the car and had taken the hand which reached out to help her in.

"Never make it on foot. Road's like a ram's horn. Here you are."

He made a place for her beside the driver and, as the car was not built for two, leaned to shift the gears that she caught a glimpse of his face, revealed by the dashlight. It was Meech Garrick.

CURIOUS how quickly she forgot in those days. The soul of youth, like the body of youth, renews itself. It is different when arteries begin to harden and tissues have grown tired of strain.

Both fear and dissipation had been upon her that night when she had run away from the Mandelbush party; she had raged inwardly, too, at the shameless flirting which Lew had become under the influence of drink and admiration. Out in the starlit road she had refused with unnecessary cruelty little Meech Garrick's offer of a ride. Yet angels could have done no more than Meech did that night. He had whisked her down the mountain road so rapidly that his car seemed on two wheels at the shortest curves. He had rushed her under the shed just as the whistle was tooting farewell. A Napoleonic word from him had stayed the boat's departure until his car was on.

All the way home, under obligations to him for his pilotage and his gasoline, she had continued to resent Meech Garrick. With his little body, narrow face, prominent ears, and acute black eyes he still reminded her of a truant mouse. She didn't want to like him, after what he had implied about Lew's infirmities. More than that, she was always on guard, quick with that unreasoning hostility which young women often feel toward the older man who, however innocently, suggests a dangerous approach.

Yet all the way from Sausalito to Richmond her useful escort was discretion's self. If he grew eloquent upon such safe subjects as San Francisco's growth or the increasing value of Piedmont real estate, Meech Garrick was silent from the first. When she dropped her door-key in front of her house he brought an electric torch, almost instantaneously, out of his pocket, passed its brilliant eye along the gutter, and found the key for her. With the aid of that same torch he opened the door, then gave her a nervous handshake, and vanished.

Jessie, who should have been grateful, hoped never to see him again.

Her revolt against Lew subsided after she had passed the threshold and stood listening to Mr. Winkler's satisfied mores, coming from the parlor davenport. She tiptoed up-stairs and found Buster sleeping tranquilly; an empty milk bottle which had rolled to the floor announced that Mr. Winkler had been faithful to his trust.

The absolute serenity of her home galled her with the feeling that she had played a practical joke upon herself. There had been absolutely no sense in her leaving Sausalito in that headlong way. Everybody had advised her against it. And as for Lew, why shouldn't he enjoy the pleasure toward which his every instinct drew him?

She began undressing quietly, and in her abstraction she seemed to hear the thump of the grotesque red piano and Lew's belling note, "Smoking rufus of Babylon!" How splendidly it had sounded, sweet, prophetic, terrible over the wooded hills and monolith bay!

LEW appeared about noon next day, his complexion fresh and pink as the bo he had supped on milk and retired at nine. 'If Jessie's manner was a little embarrassed Lew's was overwhelming affectionate as he seized her under the armpits and picked her up like a doll.

"You would desert the old man!" he bellowed, and kissed her averted cheek several times, rapidly.

"You knew I couldn't leave the baby," she objected.

"Sure you couldn't. And when you got home you found him asleep."

"Well—"

"Red—" he had set her down and was holding both her ears with a pretense of ferocity—"I hate to see you miss all the fun like that. Of course I'd have come home too if I'd thought you were serious about it."

"Yes. And there was Alta Wade." It burst from her lips, quite unpremeditated.

"Alta which? Good Heavens, Red!" His pleasant laughter rang until Mr. Winkler, aroused from Sunday Examiner, came ruffling forth like a startled bird. "Oh, Red, you little 'old foolish Venus! Why don't you find a good one for me while you're about it?"

THERE was a type of French novel, eagerly devoured in my youth, wherein the proud patrician had a way of turning to his plebeian visitor and inquiring in a suave, cold tone, "To what do I owe the honor of this visit?"

More than once Jessie longed to ask this question—less formally, perhaps—during the call of Mr. Meecham P. Garrick, which came most inopportunely in mid-week. Out back Buster was crying voluptuously in his asparagus-box. Jessie, who had just garnered an armful of clothes from the line, smelled something burning in the kitchen and found that a kettle of frijoles had boiled down and were on the point of catching fire. The wind had come up—a rare annoyance in the September calm—and was playing madhouse music with the weather-strip which she had so unskilfully mended.

Had there been three Jessies wind, smoke, and baby might have been cared for with equal efficiency. As it was, she scorched the frijoles, seized upon her squalling child, and permitted the weather-strip to continue its flap-flap-flapping on the side of her flimsy house. Then the door-bell rang. Of course it would.

When the door was opened Buster's earnest wails ceased at sight of Mr. Garrick's little figure, dandified for the occasion. A broad-brimmed black hat of velour annihilated his meager face; he wore a pepper-and-salt suit of sporting cut with a strap in the back, and he carried a malacca cane with a gold band around its slender shaft.

"How do you do, Mr. Garrick?" she began coldly, giving him the hand which her squirming Buster let free.

"I sort of thought this would be the house," he said, coming in without invitation, "when I heard the baby. Got a voice just like Lew's—big as Mount Tamalpais. How you folks on this block tell your house from the one next door gets me. I know. Lacey & Burmeister built 'em. They believe in standardizing. Everything out of a mold. Individuality for me. Stick a German house next to a Greek temple and you've got something to remember. That's the home note."

"Won't you sit down?" asked Jessie, leading him toward her shiny little parlor.

Little Meech perched himself on the edge of a chair, and his sharp glance gave Jessie the uncomfortable feeling that he was appraising the value of every picture, every table. A look at his eyes in plain daylight surprized her with the discovery that they were not monselike as she had supposed, but of a not unkindly brown; intelligent, roving, pathetic eyes.

"I just thought I'd drop in," he explained, rubbing his knees with the shy manner he had when not discussing business. "You see, after the other night—well, we're terracing near the Presidio. Gilt-edge property. Lots of class. Wouldn't care to take a run out there while I look it over?"

"No, thanks." Jessie was inclined to be brief, but the look of his eyes softened her to explain, "I've got so much to do."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 130

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LEW TYLER'S WIVES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 129

"Mmmmmm." Little Meech made this noise as he reached out and poked the baby in the ribs. To her surprise Buster liked it, for he waved his short arms and showed the circles where his teeth should have been.

"What's his name?" asked Meech.

"We call him Buster," she said.

"Most people do nowadays."

This set him back again in her opinion. It was of a piece with what he had said about the standardized houses.

"He's named after his father," she amended. "Lewis Kenaington Tyler. I hope you like that better."

"Can't say that I do," admitted the real-estate man. "But ain't it wonderful to have one of those things around the house? Mind my holding him?"

Buster settled that, for he pitched into Meech's arms, an unmistakable sign of admiration.

"Well, Buster," said Jessie's caller, "what d'you think I got for you? Can't guess. Give you three chances. Give it up? Well, here."

HE PLUNGED a finger into his waistcoat and brought forth a tremendous lozenge of chocolate-covered peppermint. Buster's hand had closed over it with a death-grip and was raising it instinctively to his mouth when Jessie was upon him with a scream.

"Mr. Garrick! You can't feed him candy."

"Pshaw!" he apologized. "What have I done now?"

"Candy at his age?"

"There I go again!" Meech handed Buster back to his mother, holding him delicately as tho he had been a rare vase. "When I was a baby my mother gave me everything I could lay my hands on—pop-corn, frankfurters, beer. That was the good old-fashioned way. And look at me now."

He threw out his little chest, and the posture was so satirical that Jessie could not restrain a smile. The baby, too, was laughing and waving his arms.

"He's taken a terrible fancy to you," she admitted.

"They always do," he agreed, quite without egotism. "Kids seem to know the lonesome old codgers that haven't got any of their own. Case of supply and demand, I gfuess. Well, there's a fine boy. Yes, sir. Nice set of California brains. Hm."

Jessie liked him for that. She might, if she would, have told him all the hopes she held for that unpromising child which she had idealized into a faith. But little Meech stood before her, his sharp nose sniffing the air after the manner of a mouse within the cat's environs.

"Something burning."

"Oh!" Jessie flew to open a window. "Those were Mexican beans. I let them boil down."

"Over a gas-stove, I bet. You ought to use a fireless cooker—best thing in the world for beans. Never burn. I furnish 'em free with every house in the Calla Vista tract."

"Free beans?" Jessie couldn't help asking.

"That's right, soak me," invited Meech, and when he grinned his thin cheeks crinkled like paper.

The wind had arisen. Outside the pantry window that strip of weather-boarding was clap-clap-clapping idiotic applause from an audience of invisible fiends. Jessie winced. The door-bell rang again.

"Here, let me play with the baby," suggested the caller. "You got plenty to do without—"

Impulsively she thrust Buster into his arms and went to the door, where she found a collector from the piano-house from which they rented. "Mission Oak by Upright." He was a blustering, red-faced Celt, and when he had snapped a rubber band from his sheaf of bills he handed her a folded paper and announced in a voice which was audible for a block, "That's for piannarent, lady. Two weeks past due."

"Oh, yes." Jessie had lowered her tone, hoping that the collector would follow her example, "I'm sorry we let it go so long. I'll be down-town to-morrow and settle—"

"Aw, no!" he shouted. "You said that twict before."

"But I'll get the money for you to-morrow. If you'll just go now," she almost whispered.

"Sure I'll go now!" the giant roared. "That song and dance don't work with us. We ain't rentin' piannas 'ere. We'd like to, but we can't afford it. Pay now, or to-morra mornin' we send around the van—"

HAD his neck been in the door and her life depended on his extermination she could not have slammed it more forcibly. This was the climax of Meech's unfortunate call. He had heard every word—how could he avoid it?—and his contempt for Lew had increased accordingly.

But when she returned to the parlor she found Meech on all fours, circling round and round the rug, in the center of which sat Buster, his baby drooling the smile of infant-fashion while his mouth opened, a pink cave that echoed with frantic laughter. After that Jessie lost the heart to hate Meech Garrick. As she stood surveying the amiable, grotesque little scene she had a curious feeling under her lids that might have meant tears had Jessie been of the sort who give way easily.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 131

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LEW TYLER'S WIVES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 130

"Ain't that the way with kids?" marveled Meech, scrambling to his small duties. "The bigger fool you make of yourself the better they like it."

Nothing in his face betrayed that he had heard the bill-collector's demands. But of course he had.

"Say, Jessie," he began, and, seeing her look, quickly amended, "Don't get sore at me for calling you that. I call everybody in California by his first name. And look how old I am. Why, I was lendin' money to Lew's father when he got out of college."

"You're a regular Methuselah," she admitted, overlooking the mention of Lew's father.

"And I've got to go in a minute. Should say so! Nearly four o'clock. But before I pull out let me do one little job, will you?"

HER heart stood still, fearful that he was intending to offer money and that she would have to refuse.

"There's a piece of weather-boarding outside your pantry window. Noticed it?"

"Have I?"

"Lend me a hammer and let me fix it up."

"Oh," she parleyed, "Lew can tend to that."

"He can, but will he?"

"Now, see here, Mr.——"

"Meech," he corrected her. "Just you run get me the hammer, little girl. If that board keeps flapping all night you'll be crazier than you now are."

She might have taken offense at this, too. Instead she brought the tool-chest from its place behind the coal-bin and held the folding ladder while California's most enterprising real-estate operator mended the strip that had so nearly cost her neck the week before.

Five minutes later when she had given him her hand and was saying farewell he paused an instant, his black velour hat twisting nervously in his fingers.

"You're about the age to be my daughter," he said in his chopping way. "But that's buncombe. If I had a daughter she'd probably look like me. And that would be a picture of a note. But look here, Jessie—" He laid a sharp forefinger on her arm. "There might be other things you need fixing."

"There's always something out of order," she temporized a little nervously.

"I don't mean nailing weather-boards and holding the baby. But if anything goes a little—you know—up in the air, why don't you phone me?"

"We haven't any phone," she smiled blandly.

"Borrow one from the drug-store," he advised. "But I'm in dead earnest."

"You mean you're offering to help us?" asked she, a little resentfully.

"That's exactly it."

"I asked a favor of you the other night," she persisted.

"About Lew?"

"Yes."

"Couldn't do that. Nope." He shook his queer forehead in violent negation. "Not that sort of favor."

"Why?" She asked it through tightening lips.

"Because," he snapped, "that sort of thing wouldn't be any favor. Not to either of you."

IT WAS a brilliant morning in October—one of those rare days that come in a season when Winter rains should be gathering and the winds, refreshed from September stillness, sweeping the sea again. Buster, who acted the part of alarm-clock in the Tyler house, had wakened Jessie at six o'clock. With a flowered kimono over her nightgown and a frivolous cap to restrain her tangled red hair, she had given the boy breakfast; aired and swept the dining-room, put clothes to soak. At seven she went to the pantry window to bring in the eggs for Lew preferred to begin his day with a hearty meal.

Across her back yard, over the flowery fences, beyond the strip of blue-gray water that she loved she could see the Marin County shore, buttressed in cliffs. Upon a breast of a high promontory a landslide had torn away the earth and chaparral; and it was easy to imagine that the raw surface, against its black background of dry herbage, had been sculptured into the form of a colossal Egyptian head. It was the profile of a great lady, fine of feature, queenly of head-dress—a Sphinx, perhaps, gazing always westward, toward Japan.

This morning Jessie's Sphinx gazed blandly under clear sunlight. It was a day for great beginnings, for the launching of ships, for the founding of empires. Through the paper-thin partition which separated her house from the one next door she could hear the Salt family greet the morning with their usual quarrel. "Who got my sugar-spoon?"—grandma's voice. "Hilda, stop pickin' at him and he'll learn twice as good"—Papa Saltz. "Why can't I wear yella ones, Ma? All the girls wear yella ones"—Lottie Saltz, aged nine. "Shut up, or I give us a rest once in a while"—Mama Saltz.

A cold finger seemed to touch the young wife as she stood there, thinly clad, in the newness of inspiring day. Must they forever live like this, pent up, unsuccessful, mean voices gibbering in their ears? Her ambitions were always for Lew and for the

CONTINUED ON PAGE 132

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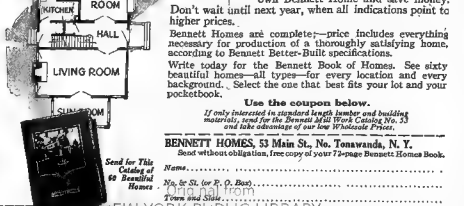

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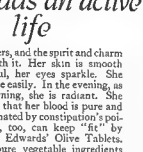

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LEW TYLER'S WIVES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 131

baby. Without faith in her man she could not live, and her mind had taken on a self-protective habit of finding fantastic places to lay the blame for his failures.

But the spectre passed as quickly as it had come. The morning was divine. Great things intended for them; that she felt. Lew had kept his position now for nearly two months; in a month more they would be on the way to paying their debts. Then Lew could take his place in the world, have the things he wanted. They would both prosper; for Lew had always been only too generous with her. Gala days were ahead.

"Oh, Red!"

"A-h-h-h right!"

She set aside the bowl of eggs she had been whipping for an omelet and went bounding up the stairs. She found Lew sitting up in bed, his hair tousled, his cheeks pillow-creased, his smile almost infantile. He always showed a bright morning face, awoke with a laugh, joked before breakfast. He was one of your lovable characters to whom laughter is native. How easy it was for Jessie to laugh with him! This morning she was in a gale as she ran her fingers through his unruly hair.

"Big fazy lout!" she accused him. "You look like a great overgrown baby."

"Give me a kiss first," he commanded, and after she had complied, "This is the best day God's made so far."

"Wonderful!" she cried. "See over there. The Egyptian lady looks as if she'd jump right across the bay."

LEW came slowly out of bed and took in the picture, imagination reflected in his eyes of pale-metal blue. Finally he stretched luxuriously and, facing his wife with one of his infectious smiles, he said:

"Say, Red, what's the matter with our taking a day off? Just bundle up Buster and a lunch and go somewhere—Mill Valley, Cliff House—anywhere to get the kinks out?"

Her heart leaped up at the suggestion, then, on an afterthought, leaped down again.

"But, Lew——"

"Now, Carrot-Top, stop your looking at me like a motherless colt," he began mauling her good-naturedly between his strong hands.

But Jessie was still pensive as she asked, "How'll you get a day off in the middle of the week?"

"Don't go round asking questions," he chuckled, pulling the red pigtail that hung under her cap.

"But it seems sort of funny—" Her heart and her tongue stopped simultaneously. Then very quietly, almost casually, she asked, "Lew, have you lost your job with the auto company?"

"Guess again," he challenged.

"But have you?" she persisted, hoping against hope.

"Well, then—I have not."

"Oh, I'm glad! I was so scared——"

"No use putting it in that tragic way, as if I'd been fired."

"Oh, then you have——"

"I've resigned," he told her with dignity.

She drew her kimono across her breast and settled herself on the edge of the bed. He put his arm around her, and she made no resistance.

"Why?" was all she asked.

Lew grew forensic, as he usually did in the explanatory moments which became more and more frequent in his career.

"Red, if you knew the situation down there you wouldn't ask. I saw I was in wrong the very day I went into the place. It's a perfect madhouse, Red. The way they're running things they'll be in the bankruptcy courts before Christmas. Old Peasley comes down with a hangover every morning and acts so like a sour-ball that he can't keep anybody in the place. Then he wished Harry Wilder into the job of general manager—pooh, it makes me sick! Harry's his son-in-law, and it's all in the family."

"And you resigned," echoed Jessie.

"What else could I do and keep my self-respect? Graft! Why, Abe Reuf was a reformer compared with Harry Wilder. Do you know what they've put over on me?"

Jessie made no try at a conjecture, so he went on:

"I sold eleven cars last month and Wilder's jiggered the books so that he gets my commissions for the whole lot—the whole darned lot. I've seen a lawyer and I'll sue them if it takes every cent I've got."

The last threat was a mere figure of speech, and it might have tickled Jessie's sense of humor had that guardian angel not deserted her. She considered the case for a while before she said:

"You'll get your guaranty, of course."

"I will not," he told her savagely. "I quit before the month was up. That was down on paper."

"My poor boy!" she cried, her voice breaking a little as she reached out and drew his head against her shoulder.

"You don't have to blame, Red," he blubbered, his tears wetting her kimono. "You don't really think so."

"No, darling," she whispered. "I'll never think that. I couldn't."

LEW had wanted to go to Mill Valley and lunch under the little redwoods, but the trip seemed too cumbersome without an

CONTINUED ON PAGE 141

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LEW TYLER'S WIVES

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automobile—he had surrendered his car with his position at Peasley's. They compromised by taking a trolley out to the Cliff House region to find a secret beach where Lew and Jessie once, under the intoxication of courtship, had hidden and loved for an enchanted afternoon.

Had you watched their setting out that morning you would have marked them for a happy family, on the verge of success, smooth roads ahead, not a care in the world. Lew sang improvised nonsense as he swung his boy to his shoulder. All the way to the trolley he made comic figures with his legs, just to gain a shout from Buster. Jessie followed beamingly in the rear, blankets and a box of lunch under one arm, the baby's milk and two bottles of beer under the other.

Lew's holiday mood had carried her out of despond, as on the crest of an emerald wave. Somehow he had charmed her into being glad that they were on the world again, nomads and gipsies without a hint of where to-morrow's bread was coming from. This momentary shuffling off of responsibility made their free as birds and as vulnerable to the whim of nature. At least they were together, the three of them, and the buffeted unit their destiny made of them brought to Lew's wife a certain happiness she could never have found in a better lot. In hours like this when she saw him prancing in the face of defeat he was doubly precious to her loyal heart.

They got off at a craggy platform where the western end of California hangs in tumbled cliffs above the Pacific. The wind, usually howling over the region, breathed kind and low to-day. Deep down as the bottom of a well Jessie could see a cup of sand, touched by an outgoing tide, sheltered by fairy grottoes of green and violet.

"Ma-a-a! Family of goats!" bleated Lew, picking up Buster and capering down the precarious path toward the sea.

Laden with lunch and blankets, his wife made a slower descent. An odor of freshness seemed to descend to her from the skies, as tho they had been newly washed. The sense of smell, sharpest quickener of our imaginations, brought to Jessie a tingling memory of that little cove and of a September afternoon when they had lingered until the stars came out. The hours had been Hesperian, and she had gone home wondering if Lew would respect her as much after that.

To-day she was disappointed and a little jealous to find that fragments of picnic lunches strewed the sand and a circle of scorched stones marked an old camp-fire. Other lovers had intruded upon her dream. She found a rag of cheap cambric and handkerchief fluttering from a stone. Its corner bore the initial H, done in machine-embroidery.

AFTER lunch Lew gathered sticks and stones and weeds to build a little fairy-land for Buster. While the baby gurgled and tossed sand ineffectually his father knit his brow and worked at the miniature landscape he had improvised. Lew had a knack for this sort of thing.

"Here goes the emperor's front yard with a bridge for us to walk over," he explained to his son as he lay on one elbow and assembled his lilliputian materials. "And of course we'll have a fish-pond and a path right up to the palace."

"Ooh!" said Buster, and deluged himself with sand.

"Right. The royal college yell."

Lew had heaped a knoll of sand, covered it with mats of lichen, dug a little pond, lined it with stones, built rocky banks and adorned them with bristling pine-twigs.

"Lovely!" exclaimed the proud wife. "Just like the little gardens you buy in the Jap stores."

"Just wait till it's done," he commanded, suffused with boyish pride. "Curved bridge and everything."

The building of the curved bridge was a delicate matter. It consisted in bending wet twigs to the proper crescent, planting their ends to span the miniature lake, and flooring the skeleton with strips of kelp. The effect was really enchanting, and Jessie sat spellbound, as she always did when Lew did anything well.

"Think it needs one o' those bamboo fences," he explained, and had just arisen to search for a worthy substitute for Japan's favorite building-material when Buster, indifferent of insight to them, brought sight of the handsome garden and signified approval after the manner of his tribe. He pounced upon it gleefully and reduced to rubbish his father's composition.

"For the love of Mike!" shouted Lew, catching up his boy and setting him roughly on the sand. "Can't you keep your hands off of anything—anything?"

His face was red, his nostrils quivering. Buster had set up a sympathetic shriek, and the combatants, equally angry, faced one another. Jessie could not restrain a smile. It was so like a quarrel between two children of about equal ages.

"But, Lew!" she said, "he isn't old enough to know any better."

"I can't start anything but what he wants to crawl into it," complained Lew.

He sat on the sand, his arms caressing his knees as he gazed across the Pacific. His wife had no intention of taking this mood seriously. Lew loved his child and quarreled with him; both were phases of his

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For quick relief try PISO'S—A most effective syrup different from all others. Safe and sane for young and old. Pleasant—no opiates—no upset stomach. 35c and 60c sizes obtainable everywhere.

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LEW TYLER'S WIVES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 133

impulsive nature. Probably he had broken with Mr. Peasley for some reason equal in importance to the episode of Buster and the toy garden.

Meanwhile Buster had found an old tin can and sat pounding it with a pebble, charmed with the sound.

"I wonder," Lew asked, his brow clearing, "if the fellows over there don't get something we miss?"

"Over where?" she asked, and saw that his eyes were on the Pacific.

"Japan, China, India." He dreamed for a minute. "You know, Red, ever since I was a kid, not much bigger than Buster here, I've had a way of looking over the Gate about sunset and wondering what the Japs were doing just then at sunrise. I can see whole villages of them sometimes, priests with funny hats walking up to the temple among the big pines, little devils with targets on the backs of their kimonos trotting among the shops with the paper banners. We see 'em here on the Coast trying to run banks and laundries, and it's hard to think of them as people who go around in robes like the Greeks and won't have anything ugly in the house."

His handsome eyes were set on the gently swelling waves. Jessie knew then that he had been miscast in life. He should have been a poet; he had the voice of a great singer; his personality would have brought him a fortune on the stage. She had never dared tell him that, because the fear that he would be snatched from her was her one obsessing selfishness.

SHE reached out and stroked his cheek along the strip where his beard showed blue and vigorous under the skin. In the languor of that instant she forgot the worries which had like sneering giants in her world beyond the sea-torn rocks. If they could always be together like this it didn't matter, she thought, how they lived or where their next meal came from. Lew brought out a cylindrical pack of brown cigarets with long paper holders. The Tylers lay together on the sand, smoking and gazing out to sea.

"When I was a kid," he said, "I used to run away and come out here to watch the dago fishermen bring their boats in through the heads. They had lateen sails, stretched to curved masts like butterflies' wings; painted all sorts of colors—brown, red, gold, yellow—and I never want to see anything prettier than that lousy mackerel-fleet passing the Gate at sunset.

"One of my pals was a boy named Eddie Coleman. Eddie was a bigger liar than Sindbad, and I believed every word he said. I *wanted* to believe him. He told me that the dagos didn't really go to sea for fish. They sneaked over to China every morning, he said, and came back at night with big flowered vases full of lichi-nuts and jade bracelets and dozens of little gold idols, the kind you see on the ollcloth thrones in the joss-houses.

"My father was a tea-importer, and he had quite a collection of that sort of junk." Lew's pleasant voice meandered on. "Looking at them and studying the queer figures had a dopey effect like smoking opium. There was one big vase that I especially remember—Chi'en Lung period. I believe it's called—that stood nearly five feet high from the floor. It was covered with pictures of Chinese ladies playing mandolins under willow-trees and fat gods floating through the clouds in rowboats. One day I crawled into that jug to dodge a music lesson. They had to get me out with a shoe-horn."

He paused to smile languidly over at Buster, who lay on his back, scrawny legs kicking, thin arms waving to an invisible orchestra as he drooled and gurgled a tuneless tune. Lew raised himself on all fours and crawled over to his son, where he made his peace after the manner of the parent bear. When Buster had been hauled round and round through the sand until he had laughed himself weak Lew tossed him to his mother's arms with the assurance:

"Nothing the matter with that boy of mine."

"I hope not," she faltered, then hastened to the amendment, "I'm sure there isn't." Fate's footsteps were light indeed for Jessie Tyler on that golden afternoon.

BUT as the sun declined it sank into a band of milky vapor—the approaching fog. The wind rose, herald of the white invasion, and along the cliffs the air changed to a wintry bleakness.

"We'd better go back now," said Jessie, who had wrapped her sleeping son in a blanket and was holding him against her shoulder.

"All right, Red," agreed Lew, but he merely shuffled and stood leaning against a rock.

"Don't you think we had——"

"Let's stick around a little longer," he suggested. "Here's a place out of the wind. Y'see I'm crazy about this little cove. And—and if things go the way I think they will—well, maybe we won't see it again for a long time."

"What are we going to do now?" she asked like one in the hands of an inscrutable destiny.

"That's just what I came out here to talk about," he laughed, and she was strengthened by the look of assurance in his eyes.

"Then you've got something?"

CONTINUED ON PAGE 138

Hustler Terrence McGuire of Michigan

You Know This Boy!

Perhaps he lives right in your house. He's a normal, healthy American youngster who knows where every cookie in the pantry is. Occasionally he tracks mud across the living-room floor and forgets to put on his rubbers. Every time he goes out the door he's followed by the dog, the cat, and a warning to return home in time for supper. He'd rather play baseball than eat. He hates girls; and tears a hole in his best suit once in a while. *A Regular Fellow!*

If your son is a regular fellow he wants to get ahead —and you want him to make good. Our Young Hustlers Division is made up of thousands of just such regular fellows; boys between 9 and 15 years of age who are earning their own spending money and laying a firm foundation for their future success in life by means of the practical business experience that every Young Hustler gets. We'll welcome *your* son in the Young Hustlers Division. If he will just fill in and mail us the coupon below we will send him complete business instructions and show him how he can have a bank account of his own. Every Young Hustler who makes good is also awarded valuable prizes and a free course in salesmanship.

We Always Keep Faith with the Boy and with His Ideals!

MR. D. V. HILL, Salesmanager,
Young Hustlers Division,
The Pictorial Review Company,
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Dear Mr. Hill: I want to earn my own spending money and win some of those Big Prizes. Please send me complete business instructions.

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The new Dennison Gala Book is just brimming with party ideas for St. Valentine's, St. Patrick's, the patriotic days and the Easter season.

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LEW TYLER'S WIVES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 134

"Red, I've got the biggest chance a man ever had. *Rags wil* all this cheap stuff! I wasn't made to sell tin autos or rent tenements or keep time on a lot of hod-carrying Micks. All I need's a job that interests me."

"Lew, you're not going on the stage?" she asked, jealous in spite of herself.

"Oh, come on, Red! Think of something intelligent," he invited, a little superior in his air of mystery.

Quite unable to fulfil his requirement, she awaited his further explanation, which came, jubilant and high.

"Red, old sweet, how'd you like to travel around with the New York Four Hundred?"

"Don't be silly, Lew," she implored, plagued by his trick of holding a mystery, sipping it like a connoisseur. "What are you going to do, really?"

"They're sending me to New York to boom the market for Japanese goods."

She studied his triumphant figure, and she was a little stunned by the wealthy ring of his words.

"Aren't you glad, Red?" he asked, "I thought you'd be tickled to death."

"I—I am, Lew. But it's hard to realize. How did it happen?"

"Well, you see I resigned from Peasley's last week——"

"Oh."

"Don't 'oh' like that!" he commanded impatiently. "I knew what I was doing. I learned that Samuel Iwaga & Co., the big importers, want a white man, a banker and a mixer, to popularize their goods in the East."

"Lew! You wouldn't work for a Jap, would you?" she protested.

"Oh, for Heaven's sake, cut out that Oakland prejudice. It isn't Iwaga's fault that he happens to be born yellow. You ought to know him. He's one of the best little sports in the world."

"Yesterday," admitted Jessie, after considering the advisability of telling him, "I ran into Nellie Mandlebush at the Emporium. You'd be awfully stuck up if you knew what she said about you——"

"Me?" His brow wrinkled.

"She says that Buzzy says you'd make the greatest ad-writer in America."

"I don't doubt it," he agreed loftily. "I'd made a good tight-rope walker, too, if I wanted to go into that sort of thing. Look here, Red! What are you so crazy to get me into the advertising business?"

"I'm not crazing you to go into anything you don't want to do," she said, hurt by his tone, afraid to tell him how she dreaded the thought of exile in a port as foreign to her as the moon. "Only I know how much talent you have for writing bright lines—and see all the money Buzzy's making!"

"I don't care to make money that way," he said.

"Of course you don't, Lew," she complied. "And I know we'll find all sorts of splendid opportunities in New York."

STRANGELY enough, she had a childish picture of their packing up and leaving Old Scurvy, her climbing aeroplanes, to perish in the back yard of 1102. The deed smelled of treason.

"Chinese, Japanese, Korean porcelains, brocades, ivories, paintings," Lew was going on with large gestures of importance. "Plenty of money in it, plenty of chance to get ahead——"

"You don't know much about the importing business," she began, and was sorry. she had spoken because he gave her such a look as he had given Buster when the baby razed his palace of sand.

"I thought you'd be glad," he muttered. "We can't stick it out here any longer."

"I am glad, honey," she assured him, putting her free arm across his shoulder. "I can't tell you how happy I'll be to get out of this and go somewhere where you can get a real start. And of course we'll run away from our bills. We're horribly in debt——"

"That's all wiped out," he informed her sweepingly. "We'll leave San Francisco square with the world, money in the bank."

She stepped away from him, her eyes wide with curiosity.

"How can that be, Lew? I didn't know we had anything."

"I've got a backer," he said slowly.

"A backer?" She was afraid of his reply, yet was the question almost stirlby. "What sort of a backer?"

"Meech Garrick," explained Lew. "I went around to Garrick and laid my proposition, and got every cent I asked for. He just loaned it on the strength of my character."

Jessie held the baby more tightly, for the freshening wind came blustering around the corner as if to tear him from her arms.

"I always thought it was something of a tightwad," went on Lew. "But I've sure changed my mind about him. He's a good little sport."

Everybody was a good little sport, in Lew's opinion, so long as he was willing to do a favor for him. She started up the rugged path, unheeding his protest. "Let me take the baby." She held him fiercely, sensing no weariness in the climb. Halfway to the top Lew laid his hand on her arm and asked a little plaintively:

"Red, dearie, aren't you keen about going?"

CONTINUED ON PAGE 136

Mrs. Rosenbach Needed Money

—And how she turned spare hours into $179.62—all in just a few weeks—and without stepping out of the house.

All without interfering with her regular household duties. Started and stopped her knitting just when she felt like it—did as much or as little each day or each week as she pleased. At all times absolutely her own boss. No wonder that Mrs. Rosenbach, like so many others, says that this is the ideal way to add to one's income.

IT was neither his fault nor hers that the Rosenbachs were so often hard pressed.

Mr. Rosenbach earns good wages. And Mrs. Rosenbach knows how to make every dollar go as far as a dollar possibly can.

But somehow the week's pay was never quite enough.

No matter how carefully she planned and figured or how carefully she economized, there were always things she had to do without—things she had set her heart on.

But now all that is a thing of the past.

Mrs. Rosenbach no longer has to make last season's dresses or suits or hats do her another year. She no longer has to mend and re-make the children's old clothes instead of buying new ones. If she wants a new rug or a new piece of furniture, or wants to go to a theatre or have some other pleasure, she no longer has to be satisfied with merely wishing for it.

MRS E. ROSENBACH
637 17th Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

17 Checks in 17 Weeks Altogether $179.62

Here are the exact dates and amounts of the 17 checks sent to Mrs. Rosenbach of Brooklyn, N. Y., for space-time home work during the 17 weeks from April 28th to August 16th. Total of $179.62, or an average of $10.39 per week.

April 28	$ 8.68
May 5	9.05
May 23	11.19
June 1	9.17
June 8	9.36
June 18	28.65
June 27	7.50
July 10	7.40
July 13	9.40
July 17	11.29
July 29	11.15
July 25	9.30
Aug. 1	11.29
Aug. 8	11.29
Aug. 12	11.31
Aug. 16	11.35
Total	$179.62

What Has Brought This Happy Change?

It is an interesting story. And all the more so because any woman with two hands and a little spare time—may easily straighten out the money problem in precisely the same way Mrs. Rosenbach solved hers.

The Secret

Here is the whole secret—Mrs. Rosenbach has become one of the many spare-time home workers employed by the Home Profit Hosiery Company.

Whenever she has a little time, Mrs. Rosenbach sits down at the handy little Home Profit Knitter sold to her by the Home Profit Hosiery Company and knits socks—men's, women's or children's.

The Master Knitter

This wonderful little machine shapes and knits each sock or stocking, leaving only a few stitches by hand to close the toe. Mrs. Rosenbach says it is such a pleasant change from housework—that it doesn't seem like work at all to her.

Above all, every minute that Mrs. Rosenbach spends at her Home Profit Knitter means extra money for her. She sends the finished hose to the Home Profit Hosiery Company and gets good pay for every pair she knits in accordance with specifications—all guaranteed in advance.

$10.59 Extra Each Week

Mrs. Rosenbach received her knitter last April. Between then and the last week of August—a period of 17 weeks—she received from the Home Profit Hosiery Company a total of 17 checks, amounting to $179.62.

That is an average of $10.59 per week. Every penny of it earned in spare time—time that would otherwise have been wasted.

Then, too, Mrs. Rosenbach earned this extra money in the privacy of her own home—didn't have to step out of the house.

More Home Workers Needed

The Home Profit Hosiery Company wants more spare-time home workers like Mrs. Rosenbach — many more.

The demand for genuine home-knit wool hose of the kind so easily fashioned on the Home Profit Knitter is greater than we can supply —because these hose wear longer, fit better and look better than most factory hose.

Mrs. Rosenbach will tell you the work is pleasant and profitable.

It doesn't matter where you live — whether on a farm, in a small town, or in a large city.

You don't have to know anything whatever about knitting of any kind when you begin this work—the machine itself does both the shaping and the knitting, and our highly illustrated instruction book explains the operation in a most simple and easily understood manner.

The Pay is Guaranteed

We guarantee to take all the standard socks you knit on our machines in accordance with specifications, and to pay you a guaranteed and fixed-in-advance price for every pair. And an equivalent amount of yarn for every pair you send us is furnished free.

How much you can make at this work simply depends on how much time you give it—and that of course rests entirely with you. A few minutes now and then—an hour a day—two hours—just as you find time and have the inclination.

You can always count on getting a check from us just as often as you send in standard hose, whether you knit two or three dozen pairs a day or only that many in a week or month. How often you receive a check and the size of each check is entirely up to you.

If You Have Two Hands and a Little Spare Time

Maybe you want more clothes for yourself. Maybe you are looking for the house. Maybe clothes or other things for the children. Maybe it's some old bills you have been worrying about. Maybe to help pay for a home. No matter for what purpose you want extra money, here is a pleasant and sure year-round way to earn it. All you need are two hands and a little spare time.

Even $2 extra each week means $104 a year. $3 extra each week means $260 a year. $10 extra each week means $520 a year. Think of all the things you can buy—all the pleasure and comforts you might have—with that much additional money.

But you don't need to decide now. Merely let us send you full information about this easy and interesting home work plan that every week and every month is bringing in extra money for so many others—then judge for yourself. Simply sign and mail this coupon. That won't cost you anything or obligate you in any way, yet it can easily mean hundreds of dollars a year to you.

Home Profit Hosiery Co., Inc.
Dept. 35, 872 Hudson Ave.
Rochester, New York

HOME PROFIT HOSIERY CO., INC.
Dept. 35, 872 Hudson Ave., Rochester, N. Y.

Send me full information about making money at home in my spare time with the Home Profit Knitter. I am enclosing 2 cents postage to cover cost of mailing, and I understand that I am not obligated in any way.

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City..... State.....
Write Name and Address Plainly

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She Gets $59.00 a Month for Her Spare Time

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"I never have to talk more than five minutes to make a sale," Mrs. E. C. Molstad of Wisconsin wrote us the other day.

And these occasional five-minute talks earn for Mrs. Molstad $59.00 a month.

Mrs. Molstad is a busy mother and housewife. But she uses those spare minutes to earn money by acting as Pictorial Review's local representative.

Have you a few spare minutes now and then? If so, why not earn $30.00, $50.00, or $100, a month just as hundreds of other busy women are doing. No experience is necessary. If you have the wish to make money, that's all you need. Write to-day for full particulars to

Personal Effort Division

The Pictorial Review Company, 7th Ave. & 39th St., New York City, N. Y.

Here's a book to make you chuckle!

"Versiflage"—a gay collection of easy-to-read poems on all kinds of subjects with some funny parodies on Kipling, Browning, Longfellow, Dowson and others that will amuse you. Not a high-brow line in the whole book.

Don't miss a minute—send to-day for a special price copy of

"Versiflage"—*By* Percy Waxman

(The man who writes the "Alec & Al" rhymes for Pictorial Review)

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Please send a copy of "Versiflage" to me, post free, for which I enclose One Dollar.

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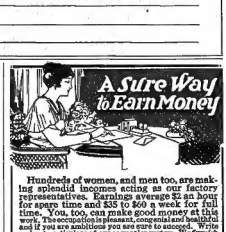

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and teach you our sure sales method without charge. No experience or capital necessary. You start earning money at once. We furnish high quality underwear and guaranteed hosiery at mill-to-wearer prices. You can quickly build up a permanent, profitable business. Be independent—sell on leaves of anybody. We pay all express charges—guarantee satisfaction and give prompt service. You get your big money at factory prices.

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Get Agents Working for You—Make Double Pay

You can make still bigger profits by becoming our District Manager. In addition to your own sales you appoint sub-agents and we pay you extra commissions on their sales. This is one of the big features of our unique and attractive proposition. Don't delay—get started in this convenient, profitable way. Write us—right morning hosiery at once. Don't miss this opportunity. Get busy now and address

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FA QUALITY

Trims as you bind. Cut on perfect bias. All fast colors. Attractive Lawns, Percale, Cambrics. Look for the F-A mark on package, the guarantee of satisfaction in notions.

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You want to be the best cake maker in your neighborhood. I can teach you how.

If you will follow my methods you can on your first attempt build a delicious angel food cake and many other kinds—cakes that will immediately give you a wonderful reputation.

Your Chance for Profit—taught solid 300 cakes, made by my methods, for $3 each. I have thousands of letters from thankful women who are making cakes by the

Osborn Cake Making System—My methods are original. You cannot fail with them. They are easy to learn and you are sure of success the first time. Just tear off the coupon, fill it out and mail it in. I will send you particulars right away with no obligation on your part.

Mrs. Grace Osborn,
Box 222, Bay City, Mich.

Send me without obligation full particulars about the famous Osborn Cake System.

Name _____

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Secrets of Beauty Parlors Revealed

Formerly Closely Guarded Secrets, Make Fortunes

Women easily earn $40 to $75 a week. We make you expert in all branches, such as muscle work, facial work, dyeing, marcel, skin work, manicuring, etc. No experience necessary. Study at home in spare time. Earn while you learn. (Authorized) diploma. Money-back guarantee. Get FREE book, Secrets System of Beauty Culture, Dept. 1288, 1000 Diversey Blvd, Chicago

How Many Pounds Would You Like to Gain in a Week?

If you are thin and want to gain weight, I will send you a sample of the famous Alexander Vitamines absolutely Free. Do not send any money. Just your name and address to Alexander Laboratories, 3210 Gateway Station, Kansas City, Mo.

LEW TYLER'S WIVES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 135

"I'm keen about anything you are, Lew," she answered.

The words of Ruth might have been more beautiful, but there was never a sweeter pledge of faith than Jessie Tyler spoke that day on the windy cliff.

WE HAVE heard much of the heroic forty-niners and those iron hearts which endured always, bearing westward, westward toward new lands, new homes. Indians, storms, starvation, outlaws, disease, they outwitted them all in a drama painted in primitive colors, undeniable as a sunset. They hewed their way into Golconda, a few of them, and settled their children in gloomy palaces in California Street. But the children of the many ebbed back into the tide to the lives of petty shopkeepers, creating innumerable mean little streets in a land which a Spanish adventurer christened romantically with the name of a fairy queen. The god of chance and inborn limitations—the latter more likely—moves the bulk of our races in small circles, place them where you will.

But what of the third generation of these pioneers who turn again East, driven by the same ill conditions, the same adventure lust as set their grandfathers toward the Pacific? The color of their romance is toned down, perhaps, to the gray of modernity, but here again are hearts of iron. To most of them New York is but a fantastic picture, a distortion of a fabulous Four Hundred, a frantic Wall Street. Golconda lies now in the East, but it shines no longer with the effulgence of raw gold; it has civilized itself into the form of first-mortgage bonds, neatly clipped semiannually. So much for the rewards. And the dangers? There is never safety in the combat of one against five millions.

The Tylers came East in November and chose their residence upon the advice of Meech Garrick. The little man, who had become a frequent caller at 1162 since first he played with Buster on the parlor rug, had endowed himself to the office of patron saint, it would appear. He went with them by ferry as far as the Oakland Mole; and there he disrobed the bulky package he had been carrying and revealed a well-selected basket of fruit. "Better hang on to it," he snapped, and added with all the egoism of the Californian, "May be the last you'll get. For all I know they're eatin' frozen potatoes in New York."

Mr. Winkler was there, and the sight of his helplessness did nothing to reassure poor Jessie; somehow he reminded her of Old Sturdy, which she had so basely abandoned to any strangers who might inherit the back yard. "When we're settled," she whispered to Meech as she leaned across the observation-car's rear platform, "steal me a few slips, won't you, and send 'em East? I'll try to make them grow."

THEIR departure took on the look of a reception. Alta Wade had come, bringing an atmosphere of grief and envy, framed in a wish that their every reward might be even *every* happiness. Lew, who had scarcely recovered from the night before, took occasion to kiss her good-by and to bring miserable tears into her yellowish eyes. A number of youngish automobile salesmen, with whom Lew had spent the night drinking *shoil* to the East, gave antic imitations of Lew catching the train-boat, a feat which he had accomplished on a margin of less than half a minute. Then a silver flask—donated by Lew's associates in business and cut—was passed around. Lew took the last drink, returned the flask to his pocket, and bawled courageously, "Who's afraid? Bring on some more wildcats!"

Meech Garrick maintained his air of responsibility for the Tylers. An instant before the trainman had sung "All aboard!" he beckoned Jessie to a corner of the rail and stood on tiptoe to give his final instructions.

"You don't know anything about New York. Remember what I've told you. Don't live down-town. Bad for the baby. Choose a street with a high number, cheap rent, comfort, fresh air."

"Something about Eighteenth Street?" she ventured.

"Gosh, you're young! Something above a Hundred and Fiftieth."

"Do they get as high as that?" she marveled, dismayed with a picture of bleak size.

"They just begin there." Well, good luck, my dear."

His hand went up to hers, and at that instant the trainmen's "All aboard!" warned them of departure. Jessie acted upon impulse, as she so often did. Leaning over, she put her touchers' lips to a little birdlike spot of baldness which lay equidistant between Meech Garrick's prominent ears. The effect was as a hall carpet. The train began to move.

She waved farewell to the vanishing group, then turned a little repentant. Meech Garrick stood like a man turned to stone. Alta was sniffling into her muff. Mr. Winkler was accepting a cigar from the tallest and merriest of Lew's friends; his gesture as he took the gift was so grateful, so humble, so pleasantly crushed that Jessie did a thing unusual for her. She burst into tears and, straining her baby to her cheek,

CONTINUED ON PAGE 138

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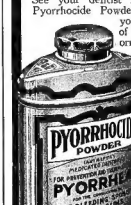

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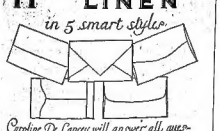

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LEW TYLER'S WIVES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 136

harkened to her undervoice saying, "He's gone. He needed me, and he's gone." That cry was prophetic, for she never saw her father again.

The train gained speed through the sloughs and shipyards; and Lew, sobered by his wife's unusual demonstration, took Buster in his arms and led the way to their Pullman seat. He was considerate of her tears; he distributed their baggage scientifically, held Buster to the window to review the sordid wonders of passing flat cars. Then when she was quite calmed down he gave her a rough, friendly pat on the knee and grinned:

"You sure got Meech's goat that time, Red."

"What time?" she asked, now ready to return his smile.

"When you smacked him on the bald spot. He looked like a regular Romeo. And say!" He leaned over, his forehead wrinkling. "Guess it's lucky for Meech we moved when we did."

"Why?"

"Haven't you noticed it? The little sardine's got an awful crush on you."

She wished he hadn't said that. She hated the coarse reference to "crush"—and how could Lew speak that way about the man who was doing so much for him?

THE apartment which Jessie finally selected was a compromise between what Meech advised and what Lew preferred. It was small, ten blocks above One Hundred and Fiftieth Street and it was on Broadway. Broadway had been Lew's idea. It sounded prosperous, he argued, to give a Broadway address, even if it was half-way up to Albany. Jessie had had her eye on a gray-brick barrack on Amsterdam Avenue, a block east. True it was only a grade better than a tenement with five flights of stairs to climb, but the rental was thirty-five dollars a month and there were six comparatively large rooms.

Those were the days of low rents, but the price she paid for the apartment finally chosen was shocking to her—sixty dollars! Their ten-room house in Richmond had cost them twenty. Their Broadway home displayed a promise of luxury in its name, which was Her Majesty's Hall. The Westlndian elevator boy wore a pea-green, gilt-braided uniform, with the blouse unbuttoned to show a remarkably dirty shirt. The wide down-stairs were done in a greenish-brown tile, undeniably German, and from basement to cornice Her Majesty's Hall was broken out with crabs of ornament—floors, ceilings, elevator-shaft, rubber rugs—everywhere. The rouged and powdered mulatto telephone girl, who chewed a distorting cud of gum and cooed, "Have patience, dearie," to protests over the wire, detracted somewhat from the imperialistic effect.

Her Majesty's Hall was enormous. It had three entrances at its three wings of tapestry-brick; the whole structure covered a city block. Somewhere in the bowels of this behemoth the Tylers brought bed, board, and baby, occupied a few square yards of floor-space, and learned to reter to the ensemble as home. They were just another card dropped into the illimitable index-file that is New York.

Yet Jessie was even a little proud of her apartment once she got used to its limitations. She liked the Circassian-walnut woodwork, overlooking the fact that its veneer had blistered from the steam-heat and showed crude pine below. The house was comparatively new and therefore comparatively clean. The plumbing was excellent. The rooms were all strung along one side of the hall, which was straight as a carnival, and the soldierly formation of doors down the line always reminded Jessie of an order of march, arranged as follows:

1st—A bedroom—*the* bedroom—with outlook on a light-well.

2d—Bathroom with tub foreshortened in such a way as to get it into a space where no sane bathtub would try to go.

3d—Kitchen with a ceiling cell that might have been meant for either a closet or a servant's room.

4th—Dining-room with glass doors leading in every direction, like a conjurer's trick, and an overpowering electric chandelier which hung from the ceiling by a golden log-chain, supporting a lamp-shade composed of amber grapes in stained-glass clusters.

5th—An oblong parlor, Doric in design, with fluted pilasters and rather pretty woodwork, brilliantly enameled in white.

JESSIE was interested in what other newcomers in New York have observed—the lack of neighborhood spirit in the modern apartment-house. Here were several hundreds of people, living on their separate shelves like doves in their cotes, yet they showed little or no curiosity, one for the other. They seldom glanced up when they met in the elevator. Later she learned that some of the young matrons of Her Majesty's met and gossiped on the babies' parade during fair mornings. Then there was always the dumb-waiter shaft. Occasionally on dull days she would open the little door in the wall and—at the risk of being guillotined—gaze down the deep, narrow well to see other heads sticking out at various levels. The servants were gossiping, mostly in German. Through the same medium she could listen to some one in the flat below playing the piano brilliantly, *con amore*. The unknown musician favored languorous selections like "Salome" and Mr. Herbert's desirous "Kiss Me Again."

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LEW TYLER'S WIVES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 137

Lew approved of everything, sweepingly, generously. The night their furniture was in he came home with a spray of three large orchids which he placed in a cup on the new sideboard. They cost two dollars a flower, as he explained, and he expanded in their presence, approving of himself and all around him.

"There's solidity about these New York places," he jubilated, beaming at the new furniture which they had acquired on the instalment plan from a Harlem benefactor whose slogan was "Ike Takes Your Word for It."

"Indeed there is," agreed Jessie. "We can't hear every word the neighbors say the way we did at 1162."

"I sometimes wish we could," sighed Lew, his first show of homesickness. "But we can smell everything they eat—that's one comfort. Going up in the elevator, I get all the floors in courses—onion soup on the first, codfish in onions on the second, beefsteak strangled in onions on the third——"

"Open a window, fresh," she commanded. "We're in for boiled onions ourselves."

"Love 'em!" he rejoiced, then ran his fingers through his vigorous hair with the exclamation, "Hello, what's this?"

In a corner of the parlor, behind polished backs of department-store Jacobean, Buster lay asleep in his crib.

"I'm going to keep him in here for a while," she explained. "I don't think the air's very fresh in the bedroom, and there isn't much space."

"Oh, you modern health fiends!" blustered Lew.

"I know. Maybe we can think of something better. What worries me is having him so far away in the night."

"I'll shake up a cocktail," he decided, "and maybe that'll give us an idea."

After the castinet tempo of ice in liquor had clacked merrily from the kitchen he pushed his way out through the swinging door, a glass in either hand.

"Say, Red," he suggested, "let's get on the subway—it's just a step—and go downtown to a show."

"Oh, darling, how I wish I could! Maybe after a while we can find somebody to stay with Buster evenings."

"Gee! I sure do feel like a party tonight."

"Why don't you go ahead?" she suggested.

"Alone?"

He studied her an instant, then turned again to the kitchen. The cocktail-shaker resumed its merry clack.

WINTER came late that year, altho the muddy, blustery rains that turned Christmas into a hateful holiday were far more inclement than the thing which California calls Winter. It was early in January before the first snow fell. Jessie had never seen snow before, save as an opalescent wonder on the tip of peaks, a hundred miles away. But on that January afternoon, when the storm fell noiselessly over upper Broadway, she realized that snow was real, that people lived among those delicate frost-feathers which fell miraculously from the zenith to turn the world into a sparkling composition like a German Christmas card.

She opened a window and bundled Buster up so that he could dabble his fingers in the white flakes melting on the sill. To her the spectacle was more wonderful than it could possibly be to the round-eyed child. All the tinseled pretentiousness of upper Broadway was softened by the air-change. Before the familiar line of shops across the way—the Venus Beauty Parlor, the Bon-Ton Meat Market, Littmann's Kosher Delicatessen, the Harvard Club Café—an infinite curtain of Spanish lace seemed to be falling, falling, never still for an instant, weaving gracefully, forever repeating its lovely webbed design.

"Look, baby!" she cried to her small confidant, and Buster, who was gaining language with his troublesome teeth, echoed an ecstatic "'Ook!"

On the sidewalks below crowds passed in and out through the fragile mesh. Their steps seemed livelier, their movements gayer. An old woman slipped on the curb in front of the Bon-Ton Market, and Mr. Ganz, the proprietor, came out heartily in his spattered apron to pull her to her feet and brush her judiciously. Altruism was in the air. The brotherhood of man had come to pass in that quick transformation.

Right under her window a thin horse, attached to a laundry-wagon, began sliding on the glassy asphalt. His iron-shod hoofs struck out crazily, he sprawled and came down, his neck stretched out, his barrel-shaped body perfectly still as tho he were already dead. The driver swung down from his seat, roaring as he came. A crowd gathered to enjoy the spectacle of man's inhumanity to brute. "Don't pull off his head, you fool!" shrieked Jessie from her altitude. But the crowd was unheeding, the driver abstracted in his own troubles. A teamster from a neighboring coal-truck lent a businesslike hand to unhitch the animal. A large blue policeman hove into view, and in due course the incident was closed, permitting the horse to limp away with bloody knees and the crowd to seek other events peculiar to New York's snow carnival.

That was Lew's birthday, and Jessie had planned a surprize for him. She had been a poor wife, she felt, since their coming into this strange world. The distances were so overpowering—Lew's University Place office was almost as far from his home as the Cliff House from Palo Alto—and it was often convenient for him to stay down-down when he had business after dinner. He had found a charming restaurant near Washington Square, a picturesque place with Louis Philippe windows and a basement grill where the wits and celebrities of Manhattan came to sit at round tables, talking interminably, ordering food sketchily, going or coming as the whim suited them. Whenever Lew came home late it was with a newer and more glowing tale of the Brevoort, its wine, its food, its cultivated society. He was beginning to use the place as a sort of midway office where he could consort with dealers interested in the things he had to sell. And there was no doubt in the world that Lew was beginning to make a little money.

BUT on this morning, brooding with snow, Jessie had lingered over her kiss and reminded him that it was his birthday. She couldn't dine with him at the Brevoort, as he wished, but she pretended to make a great concession when she promised to turn Buster over to the superintendent's married daughter and go with him to a near-by vaudeville theater. Secretly she had already made her plans; and with these in mind she exacted a willing assurance that he would be home early.

While the snow-storm thickened she went busily on with the little dinner. It was to be a gala evening, the first recreation she had allowed herself since their advent to upper Broadway. Long before six o'clock she had her table-cloth of machine-embroidery spread to best advantage under the effulgent hanging lamp with the glass grapes.

She had been particular about that dinner. Since the day before she had had Mexican beans simmering on the back of Her Majesty's gas-range. All the morning she had rolled Buster from shop to shop, bargaining for luxuries. The price of artichokes had horrified her—twenty cents apiece! In San Francisco they might have had a dozen for that price; but Lew adored artichokes; therefore she brought home two fine specimens and a full-breasted capon and ingredients for a lemon-meringue pie. She had exhausted her skill in the preparation of that chicken, which she had browned at a cunning temperature and basted with olive-oil, flavored with salt and paprika. She was too good a cook to bake the dressing in the fowl, as bunglers do. She had fried onions and bread-crums to crisp, golden kernels. By six o'clock the flat was full of pleasant odors, a blessing on the snowy day.

The jolly-faced clock on the mantel had scarce chimed its six bells than Jessie unwrapped a package and laid Lew's birthday presents ostentatiously on the center-table—three magnificent neckties which she had purchased that morning at the Smart Set Shop, two doors beyond Littmann's. She had no expectation of Lew's coming promptly on the hour. He was always a little late, even after his best promises. At half past six she was still humming pleasantly off the key as she went into the kitchen and opened the oven door; the chicken was becoming slightly overdone.

At a quarter of seven she rushed eagerly to answer the door-bell, knowing that Lew had lost his key again. To her disappointment she found that it was the superintendent's daughter, the bulbous Mrs. Pfaff.

"I'll set by the baby now, if you're going out," suggested Mrs. Pfaff, perspiring freely, as she could on the coldest days.

"Mr. Tyler's been delayed down-town," explained Jessie. "It's very nice of you, Mrs. Pfaff. I'll phone down when we're ready."

AT EIGHT o'clock she dished out dinner and placed it in the warming-oven. This was not capitulation, but a strategic retreat. She had eaten nothing herself; the needs of her own stomach had never occurred to her. Her appetite would revive, she knew, when Lew came home—and he was often delayed until nine.

She busied herself with sewing. She made futile tours of the apartment, straightening pictures, opening windows and closing them again. Under her feet she could hear a piano rattling busily, an interminable ragtime whose shallow, frenzied melodies added something to the loneliness of the place. She thought once of going down and begging the musician to stop a while and give her nerves a rest. Then her mind dwelt on Buster. She and Lew might grow apart. It was possible to think of that now. In her isolation she had learned to rely more and more on the baby for companionship. She wanted to be a supermother, like a goddess, to make him stronger and more beautiful than other children. Surely she could not have lived through those exiled days without that ardor.

Later in the evening Jessie went to her desk and wrote to Meech Garrick. She had often purposed to answer the long, kind letter she had received from him the first week they had moved into upper Broadway, but Jessie was always slow to put her thoughts on paper.

"Dear Meech," she began, and it was easier after that, because she had a feeling of a friend at her elbow, "don't think I'm ungrateful, the way I've never thanked you. I just can't say what I feel—not in a letter. But you've meant so much to us. You've put Lew on his feet——"

She chewed the nub of her pen awhile, tempted to write freely of her fears. Instead she went on: "—and he's really doing awfully well. Pretty soon we'll be able to pay you back part of what we owe you—if that's possible. We have a lovely little apartment; everything in nice style like a hotel. It's much easier than running a house. Buster is doing splendidly—not a sign of the old trouble. There's a Dr. Wolden down-stairs who's looking after him and says there's nothing to worry about any more. . . ."

A high, animal shriek from the street below caused her to drop her pen. A gong's quick clangor reassured her. The fire-engines were passing.

"It's snowing this evening," she resumed. "I'll get used to it, I think. How wonderful snow is, making everything look like a frosted cake! And it smells so good—just like your nose was full of electricity. Have you ever seen snow? You never told me.

"It will be Spring pretty soon in California, won't it? Sometimes I get mixed up and think I can just step down to the Hudson, ferry across to Sausalito, and be among the woods. Do you know this is the first time in my life I've been where I couldn't look out and see geraniums blooming? . . ."

Her next request came in a rush of words, scrawled, almost illegible on the sheet.

"You promised to send me some slips from Old Sturdy. Please, Meech—if you're going by 1162 won't you ask Sago—he's the Egglestons' Jap—to cut a few from my back yard and send them to me? I'm not at all sure they'll live here. Common things like geraniums——"

The last thought touched her curiously and made it so that she could write no more. Laying the letter aside, she arose softly and went over to the window. Taxicabs were tearing black ruts through the whiteness, which was beginning to blow bleak wraiths under unlovely electric signs. The woman at the window, calm till now, struck her breast and gave a little tearing scream. The snow! She was afraid of it. Why had she come here and brought her baby? What was she doing to that innocent life that meant everything to her, everything.

The jolly-faced clock on the mantel struck ten. After she had fed Buster for the night she put Lew's birthday dinner in the ice-box and went to bed.

AT SOME vague hour after midnight he came home. Altho his every step sounded plainly through the apartment she lay with her face to the wall, pretending to be asleep.

"Red!" he began cautiously as he turned on the lights, his wet shoes creaking nearer and nearer. She did not move or open her eyes until he had laid a hand on her shoulder. Then she looked around. His face was the color of a beet, his smile thick and ashamed. He was holding her three birthday neckties, swinging them aloft like trophies.

"Sweet old Pink Tassel!" he boomed. "Didn't forget the old man's birthday, did you?"

"No," she responded coldly, sitting up in bed. "*I* didn't forget."

"Aw, Red, just let me tell you——"

"No, Lew, you needn't tell me," she said softly.

"Honey," he began, but she threw her arms desperately, hungrily around his neck.

What a little fool she was!

The second instalment of "Lew Tyler's Wives" will appear in the next issue of Pictorial Review, published February 15th. If you don't like to read a serial by instalments, save your Pictorial Reviews and read it all at once.

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